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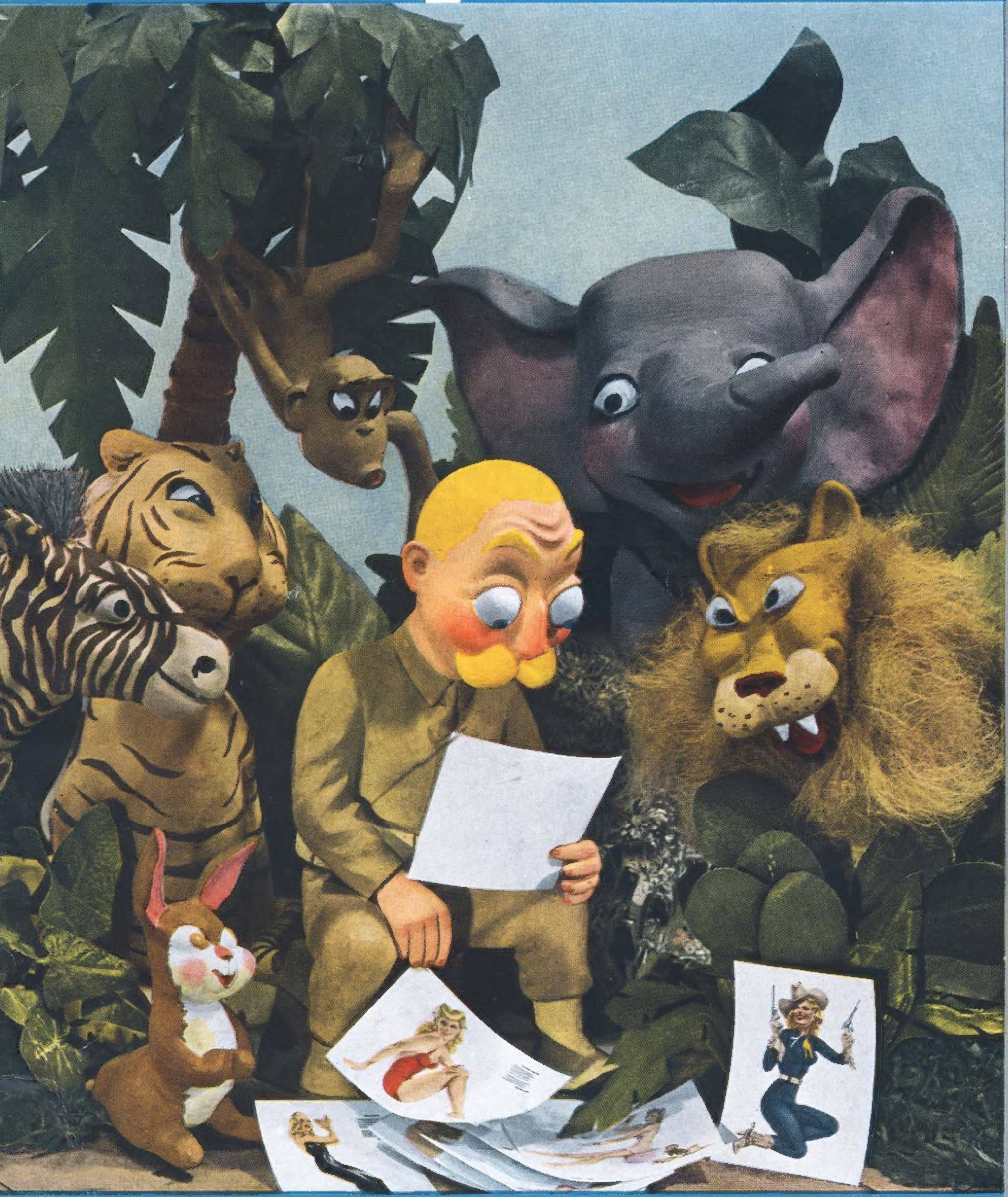

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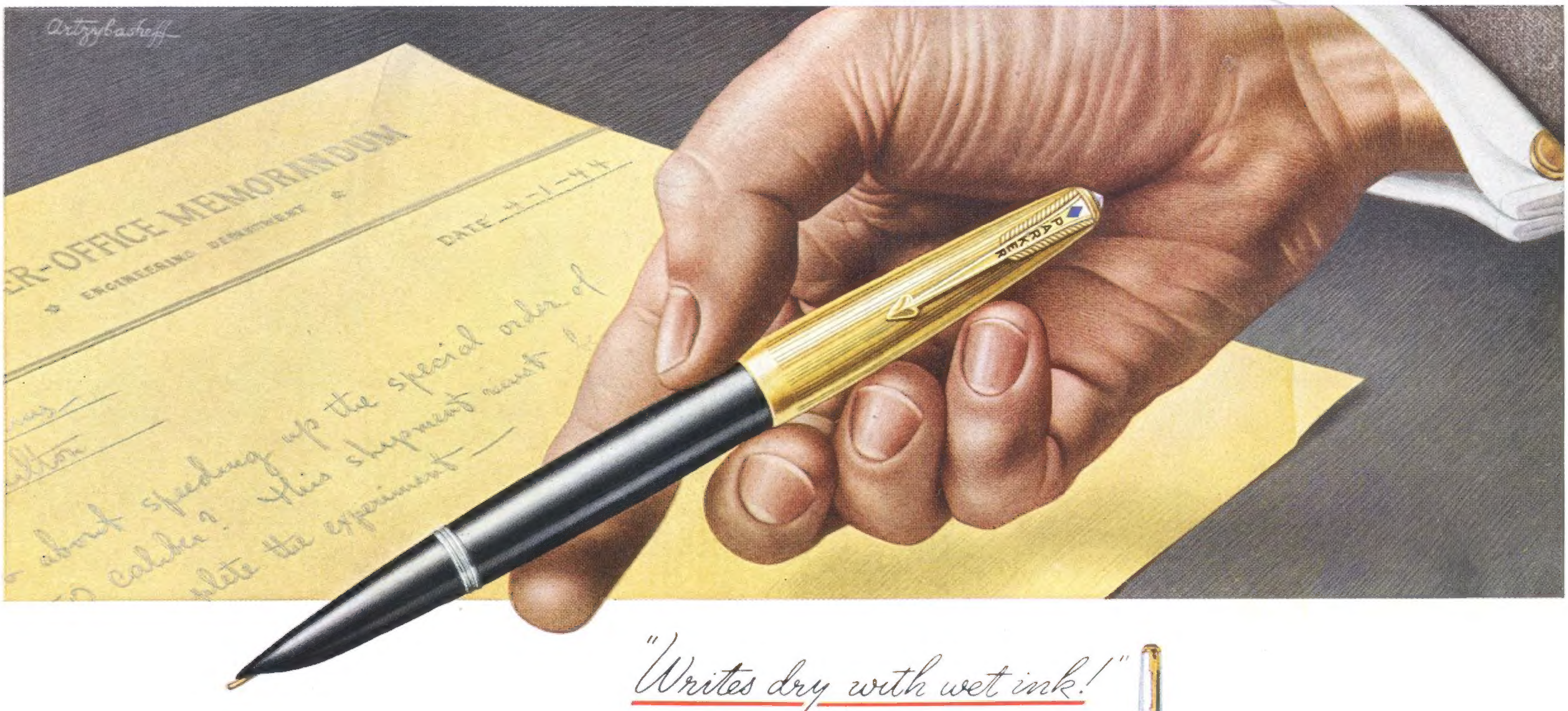

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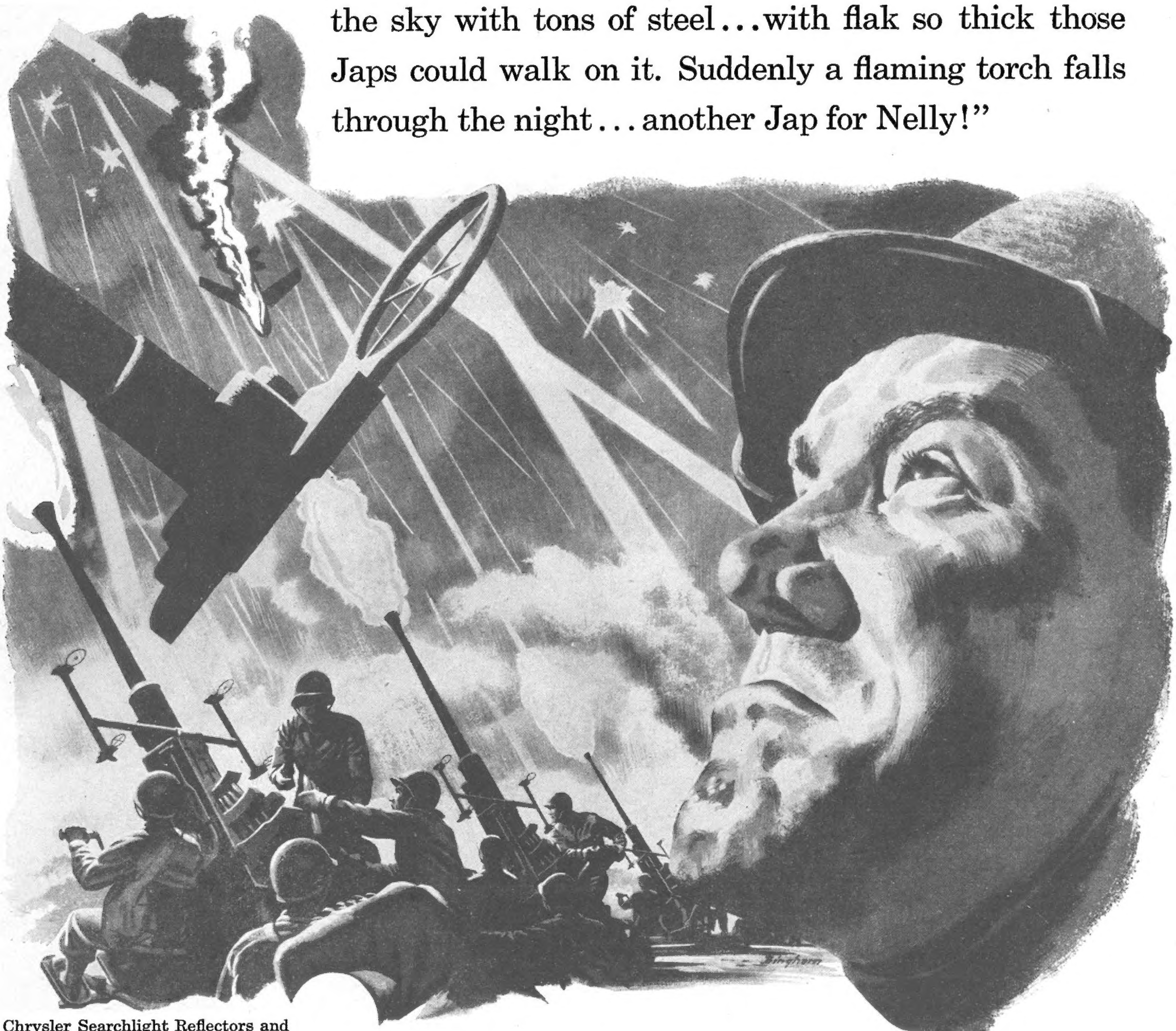

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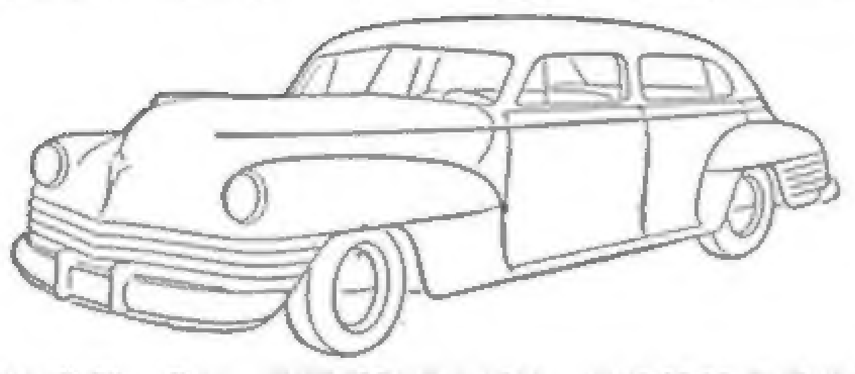

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
May, 1944
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T.M.REG.

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EDITORIAL: Slightly sour commentary on an esteemed and admired contemporary

THERE's even more wisdom than wit, it seems to us, in the little prose piece by our favorite humorist, Parke Cummings, which we have chosen this month to enliven this otherwise probably pretty dull page. Confusion of causes and effects has become, as Mr. Cummings so deftly suggests, so common as to constitute almost a national pastime.

There is, of course, the classic instance, preserved in our own bittersweet memories of our now celebrated Post Office hearing in Washington, of the clergyman who professed to see, in a high-schoolish little joke which Esquire reprinted from an Army camp paper, a grave threat not only to the morals of our youth but even to the foundations of our form of government. (This dire weapon of cosmic calamity, in case you've forgotten, ran like this: "She: Would you like to see the place where I was operated on for appendicitis? He: No, I hate hospitals.") Farther north than that, into the frigid zone of intolerance, we would have thought it impossible to go. Yet that same worthy, as his indignation increased, professed to see even more evil consequences in some equally corny little quips culled from the monstrously popular pages of the *Reader's Digest.*

But lately the urbane *New Yorker*, on the occasion of declining to renew its annual contract with the *Reader's Digest*, has shown symptoms of being infected, even if somewhat more mildly, by the same virus. Because it doesn't like some of the *Digest's* business and editorial policies, the *New Yorker* chose this year, instead of merely saying, "No, thanks," when tendered its previously often-renewed *Digest* contract, to emit a suddenly horrified and widely publicized yawp to the effect that it saw in the *Reader's Digest* a menace to the freedom of the press.

While the *New Yorker's* indictment of the *Reader's Digest* did run so far off at the mouth as to trickle clear over into the sacred confines of press freedom, the bulk of its beef seemed to simmer down to just two basic objections, neither of which is easy to endow with any world-shaking importance. The *New Yorker*, it seems, doesn't like the *Digest's* habit of buying articles and then giving them to other magazines, from which it later reprints them. Planting them, as Louis Armstrong would say, to dig them later. Also the *New Yorker* doesn't like the way the *Digest* cuts some of the stuff it condenses. The worst you can make of the latter count is that the *Digest* is inept, perhaps, in its use of the blue pencil, or maybe that it is tendentious, to the degree that it exercises some selectivity in its cutting, by excising things it doesn't like as well as the things it lets stand in its condensed version. It would be hard for anybody but George Seldes to see anything very sinister in that. As for the first count, it boils down to the fact that the *New Yorker* is accusing the *Digest* of being a phony, to the degree that by digging up the articles it has planted here and there in the magazine press it is pretending to be more of a digest than it is. Of the two, this seems to us to be the more serious charge, but even so it is some miles removed from being an actual threat to the freedom of the press, however much you may deplore it for whatever other reasons you may have for deploring it.

The habit of parceling out original articles to other magazines is not one in which the *Digest* began to indulge only yesterday. It dates back over a number of years, practically to the beginning of the *Digest's* enjoyment of the enormous prosperity that came with its acquisition of multi-million circulation. We find it hard to believe that the *New Yorker* has been so cloistered that it has only now discovered this truth about the *Digest* which has been common knowledge in magazine circles for at least the last couple of years of the *New Yorker's* now suddenly broken-off relations with it.

We see nothing wrong with the *New Yorker's* exercising its right to discontinue its *Digest* contract. That's its own business. But we trust we may be pardoned for pointing out that the manner of doing it went almost postmasterishly far in the direction of minding other people's business. The *New Yorker* should remember that here and now, in this wartime bureaucracy, there are more than military dangers in loose talk. To throw around accusations against a publication you happen not to like, in this present era of Ripleyesque government actions against private individuals and corporations, is tantamount to striking a match in a powder magazine.

As a matter of fact, within a few days after the release of the *New Yorker's* ill-timed and ill-tempered diatribe, there were rumors of a government investigation, not to say action, against the *Reader's Digest* on one of those antitrust or monopoly or unfair competition charges that are so easy to bring and so hard and costly to defend. These rumors were repeated, in all sincerity and seriousness, by people who do not share the *New Yorker's* evident ill will toward the *Reader's Digest*, but who have learned that there are no grounds too unlikely to be ruled out of the bounds of possibility as the basis for such an action.

There are few publications on which a holier than thou attitude seems to us to be less becoming than the *New Yorker*. As our not too distant neighbor in that sophisticated sector of American periodical reading matter, which the present Postmaster General has designated for attack as an "obscure and treacherous borderland zone," we would like to remind the *New Yorker* that now is no time to throw stones at other magazines, but rather for all American magazines to hang together, lest they hang separately.

We are by no means unmindful of the fact that the *New Yorker* expressed itself, most forthrightly and courageously, on Esquire's behalf on the occasion of the opening of the second phase of our war with the Postmaster General. Nor do we flatter ourselves that this magazine is any nearer approach to the *New Yorker's* concept of the ideal magazine than the *Reader's Digest.* But we would have thought, in both instances, that the *New Yorker* would have the wit to see that the regulation of magazines is something much more safely to be left to the good judgment and common sense of the American people as a whole than to be entrusted to the too paternalistic ministrations of either their elective or appointive representatives.

If people have been buying the *Reader's Digest* by the millions only because they were under the impression that they were getting a truly representative and objective cross-section of the American periodical press as a whole, then it is up to them, rather than to the *New Yorker* or any officious busybodies the *New Yorker* might unwittingly stir up, to express their disapproval of its defections from that originally avowed aim, by ceasing to buy it. But if, as more nearly seems to approximate the truth, the people have been buying more and more copies of the *Reader's Digest* the farther it has strayed away from its original policy, and have found it increasingly digestible as it has become decreasingly a digest, why then that is nothing more nor less than the people's expression of a none too flattering opinion of that American periodical press as a whole over whose freedom the *New Yorker* has manifested such maidenly-aunt-like concern.

In its public expression of its apparent private concern over the *Digest's* policies, the *New Yorker* seemed to share the Brandeis view of the "curse of bigness." The *New Yorker* has not been altogether alone in viewing the *Digest* with alarm on this score, although it has been in some rather curious company. Others have seen, in the payment of enormous prices to authors and huge salaries to editorial workers, on the part of both the *Reader's Digest* and the Luce triumvirate of *Life, Time* and *Fortune*, a grave threat to the literary and artistic social-consciousness of America's bright young men—a fear that the effulgence of dollar-consciousness by these "big-business" periodicals will so bedazzle the best of our literary talents that they will "sell out," and that their services will thus be lost to the people.

But here again, we feel, is a concern that is best left to the people themselves. As long ago as Lincoln, to say nothing of Jefferson before him, it was apparent that the people have more sense than those who try to protect them from themselves. The price this country last paid for forgetting that obvious truth was the thirteen year horror of Prohibition.

In the magazine field, at least, the "curse of bigness" is a readily self-curable evil. Magazines that are in the big money, like the *Reader's Digest* and *Life*, will stay big as long as they stay big-hearted, that is, as long as they keep the common touch, and not long after they become big-headed. In our magazines, if not always in our politics, we really do have direct democracy efficiently at work.

Magazines become big only because they appeal to the tastes, desires and inclinations of a big number of little people, plain everyday ordinary average people, the kind God must have loved the most because they're the only kind he made so many of. And their publishers and editors become big only by correctly understanding, interpreting, serving and reflecting the viewpoints and interests of those many little people whose coins they thus attract. But they soon cease to be big, as publishers and editors, when they lose the "little man's" viewpoint, because the little man can quickly make his displeasure clear to them by buying somebody else's magazine.

If either DeWitt Wallace or Henry Luce become big-headed, as a consequence of publishing success, to the degree that they use their publications as mere sounding boards for their private concerns, beliefs, ambitions and aspirations, with deleterious effect on the money's worth those publications offer their customers, then the people in all probability won't wait for the *New Yorker* or anybody else to give them the high-sign to do something about the "bigness" of those magazines.

Meanwhile, the *New Yorker* ought to be no less concerned over preserving the freedom of the press for the *Reader's Digest* than for Esquire or the *Daily Worker* or the *New Republic* or the *New Yorker* itself.

Speaking of the Luce publications, which are always up to something new, the newest is their underwriting of a study of press freedom by a group headed by Robert Maynard Hutchins. One of the phenomena that might well engage the earliest attentions of this group is the curiously widespread tendency to be exercised over the freedom of all but that portion of the press with which we happen either not to agree, or not especially to admire.

Let's hope that study will be so thoroughgoing and fundamental that, once finished, it will make everybody equally concerned over equal rights to freedom of the press for, say, both Col. McCormick and Marshall Field. Or, for that matter, us *and* the Postmaster General.

Everybody Knows That

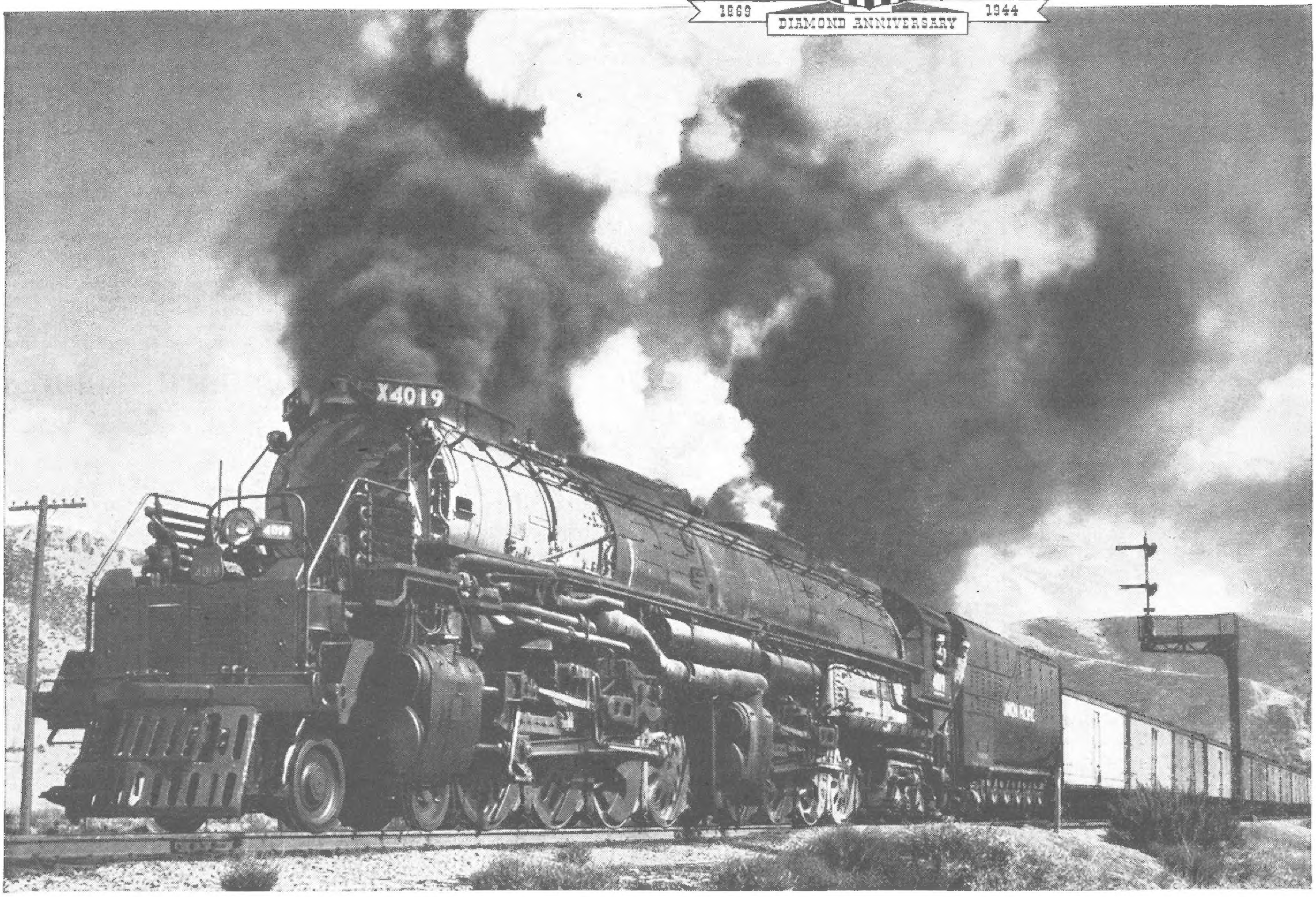
I SEE that Dr. Artur Rodzinski has claimed that boogie-woogie music is the cause of juvenile delinquency in this country. Why, naturally! Dr. Rodzinski has only stated the obvious. The bass in an ordinary non-boogie bar of music goes: "BOOMP-a! BOOMP-a!"—Two down-beat boomps and two up-beat a's. But a boogie-woogie bar goes: "BOOMP-a! BOOMP-a! BOOMP-a! BOOMP-a!" Get it? Eight beats to the bar instead of the traditional four! Twice as many beats. Therefore a juvenile becomes twice as delinquent. And yet there were sceptics who claimed that Rodzinski couldn't prove it!

But solving juvenile delinquency doesn't clear up everything. There is still the divorce problem. The large number of divorces in this country is due, of course, to double feature movies. Double features permit the average movie-goer to view just twice as many glamorous stars of the opposite sex. This accordingly makes him (or her) just twice as discontented with his (or her) own spouse who is bound to suffer by comparison—particularly after a long hard day at the office or the pressure cooker. Do away with the double feature and cut the American divorce rate fifty per cent!

Yes, and we have a terrifically high accident rate to cope with, too. Both industrial accidents and accidents in the home.—And all due to the same cause. Those radio serials. Folks get to worrying about Minnie Clayverman's impending operation and they forget what they are doing and stick their hands in open-mesh gears or try to squeeze themselves into a kettle of boiling water instead of throwing the pot roast into it. Do away with soap opera, and accidents will decrease five hundred per cent . . . Huh? . . . Whadaya *mean*, prove it? I just did.

And then there's war. Wars, as every intelligent person knows, are caused by improper diet. Get people to eat more salads and fresh vegetables and less fried things and you'll automatically—well, maybe we'll take that up later. The big thing is to *win* the war first. And you can bank on men like Eisenhower, Marshall and MacArthur to see to that. Yes, sir, this country's got plenty of A-1 generals. Yep, and plenty of A-1 generalizers, too.

—PARKE CUMMINGS



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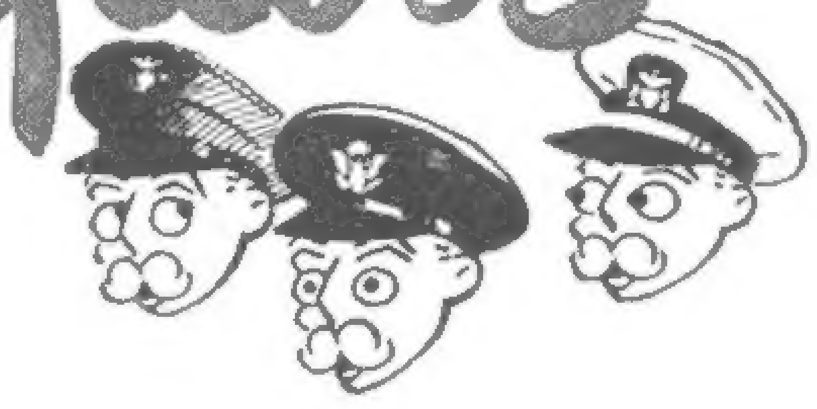
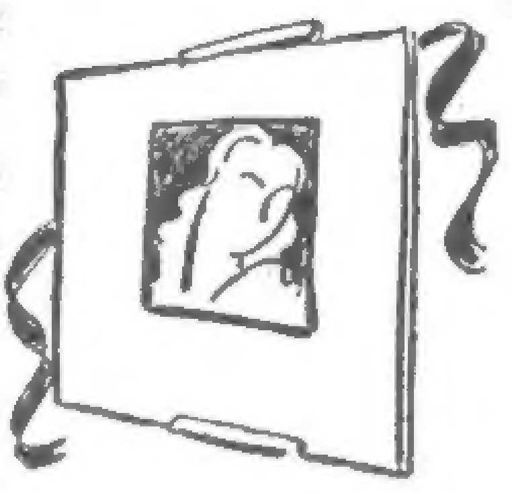
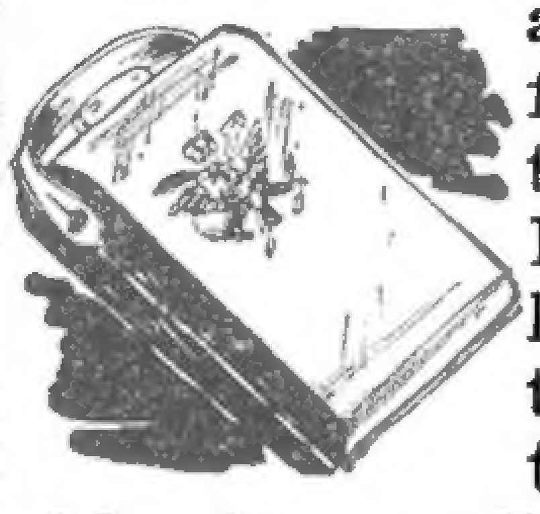


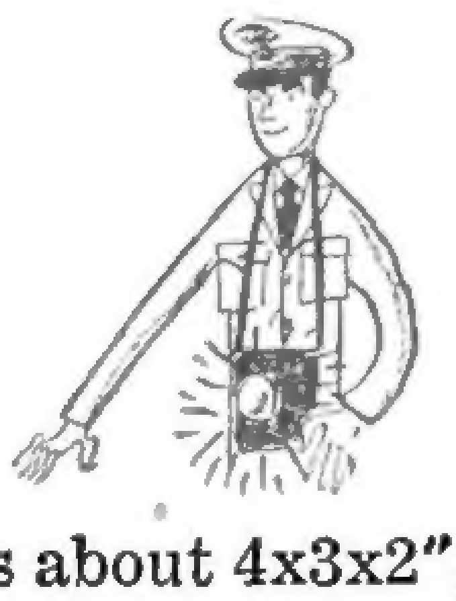
STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



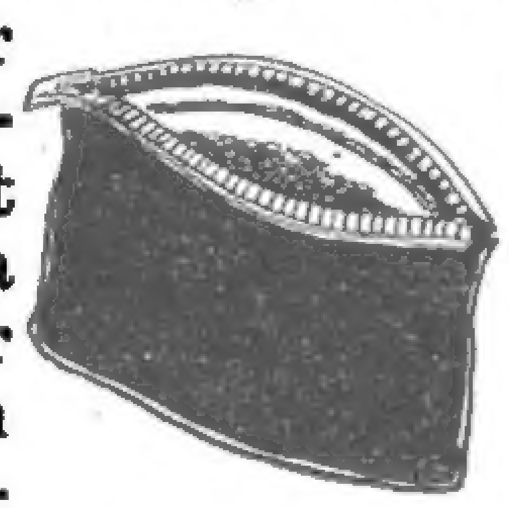
FRAMING THE VARGA GAL. Put your gorgeous pin-up girls in a proper setting via the latest type of modern picture frame consisting of 2 narrow strips of plastic, with a piece of adjustable cord run through each. These braquettes will frame pictures from 2" to 36" high. You just mount your pin-up on a mat, (with or without glass); attach the trim plastic channels, snap the feather-touch, patented lock on the back and your dream girl is ready for hanging. The braquette frames come in clear lucite, black or white, and are so small they can be carried easily in transit, and set up in a jiffy when you arrive.



BACK POCKET KIT. The kit to end all kits is a compact little item with a case of lightweight washable plastic which fits neatly into the back pocket. Its Ripley "believe it or not" interior stows away toilet articles (shaving supplies, mirror, toothpaste, brush, file, comb, etc.) games (cribbage, checkers, cards and dice) sewing equipment, first aid supplies, smokers' aids, saddle soap for shoes and belts. Kits come in khaki, blue or marine green, with all service insignias. "Completely zoot," as the dazzle damsels say.



CHEST IT. Mighty fine is the flashlight which has a web strap which goes around your neck, and two small straps which moor it firmly to your belt (leaving both hands free to cope with problems at hand). The light is about 4x3x2", has two cells and a switch arranged so that the light can be used for signalling.



NO SLOUCH, THIS POUCH! Eureka . . . a tobacco pouch that's air-tight. *Outside*, it's regulation size, in leather with zipper fastening. But *inside*, there's a complete inner pouch of virgin rubber with beaded edges which mesh together as you pull the zipper, providing the patented air-tight feature.

FUN ON FURLOUGH definitely includes a visit to the USO entertainment center at 1 East 65th St. on the Isle of Manhattan. Here, truly, is a spot that is voted "4-0" by service men, merchant seamen and ladies in uniform. Open daily from 10 a.m. until 11 p.m., a chap can have luncheon, dinner and a snack in the evening . . . all "on the house". You sit in comfort at a table-clothed table, are served by willing volunteers, and lavishly fed with chow that rivals Mom's on her best days. You can play billiards, ping pong or cards; dance every night, often to a name band; loll on a deckchair on the roof garden with a pretty hostess to talk to, and a radio playing softly. Wow! The center abounds with thoughtful services such as free dancing lessons, taking a photograph of you which they'll mail home; making a recording of your voice giving out with greetings to family and friends. After you leave, they write a letter to the folks, saying that you've been in, you're on the beam, etc.

Ranger

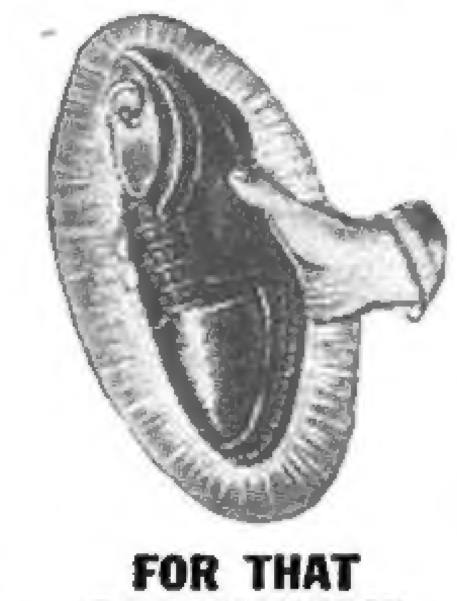
SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH
KEEPS 'EM SHINING

STRETCHES coupon #18

Your shoes are precious, extend their life by using Hollywood Stain Polish, redyes and restores their color, with the soft mellow glow of richly polished leather. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. . . . For sale throughout U. S. by most W. T. Grant Department Stores; leading chain and Independent stores.



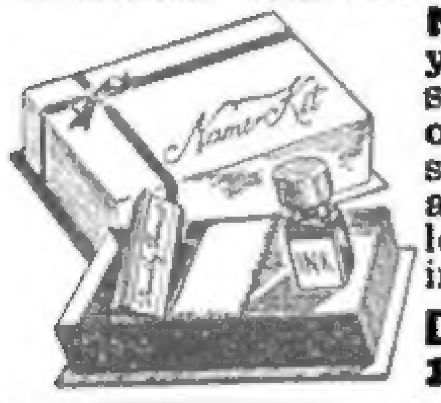
FOR THAT BOOTMAKER'S FINISH

Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH
As advertised in Esquire
Hollywood
BOOTMAKERS Stain POLISH

Send For Set Of Five Colors — *Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, plus a secret process for shining shoes, sent postpaid, if not sold by your dealer. Unconditionally guaranteed.*

HOLLYWOOD POLISH CO.
Dept. 9, 107-32 Van Wyck Blvd., Richmond Hill, N.Y.
Brokers: Write for territories still open

SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING



Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*
Distinctive Creations Inc.
10 West 47th Street. N. Y. C.

Men, here's how you can
STEP UP IN THE WORLD

Now you can be TALLER than "SHE" is
ELEVATOR
Send for FREE BOOKLET in full color

Yes men, it is true. You can be almost **2 INCHES TALLER**, Instantly and "confidentially" in Adler Elevator Shoes. The heels are no higher. Adler Elevators look and feel like any *other* fine, smart shoes. Obey that impulse today.

In ordering by mail, you may detach ration coupon.

ADLER ELEVATORS Exclusive with ADLER SHOES for MEN

Dept. E5-44
122 E. 42 St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER. Send your Booklet in full color.
Name........................
Address........................
City........................ State........

Smokers
Avoid "GIRAFFE THROAT"

—that long stretch of Bite and Burn

Make your smoking *ALL* pleasure with Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Extraordinary blending experience, with the skilful selection of the finest tobaccos, plus a perfect moistening agent . . . make possible this exclusive blend which effectively bars B-B JEEBIES (Bite and Burn) which you usually find in ordinary tobaccos. Try Country Doctor Pipe Mixture.

Country Doctor
Pipe Mixture

25¢
A Product of Philip Morris

PLEASURE BY THE PIPEFUL
If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

TAKE A TIP FROM THE SERVICES
Mark Your Things with
CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

It's a rule in the Services to mark everything with the owner's name. Positive identification is the best way to avoid losses at home, too. Mark clothing and all your belongings with genuine CASH'S Names. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us. And because military business comes first, please ORDER EARLY.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 15c for 1 Dozen of your FIRST name.*

CASH'S
494 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.
6235 So. Gramercy Pl. Los Angeles, Cal.
or 164 Gray Street, Belleville, Ont.

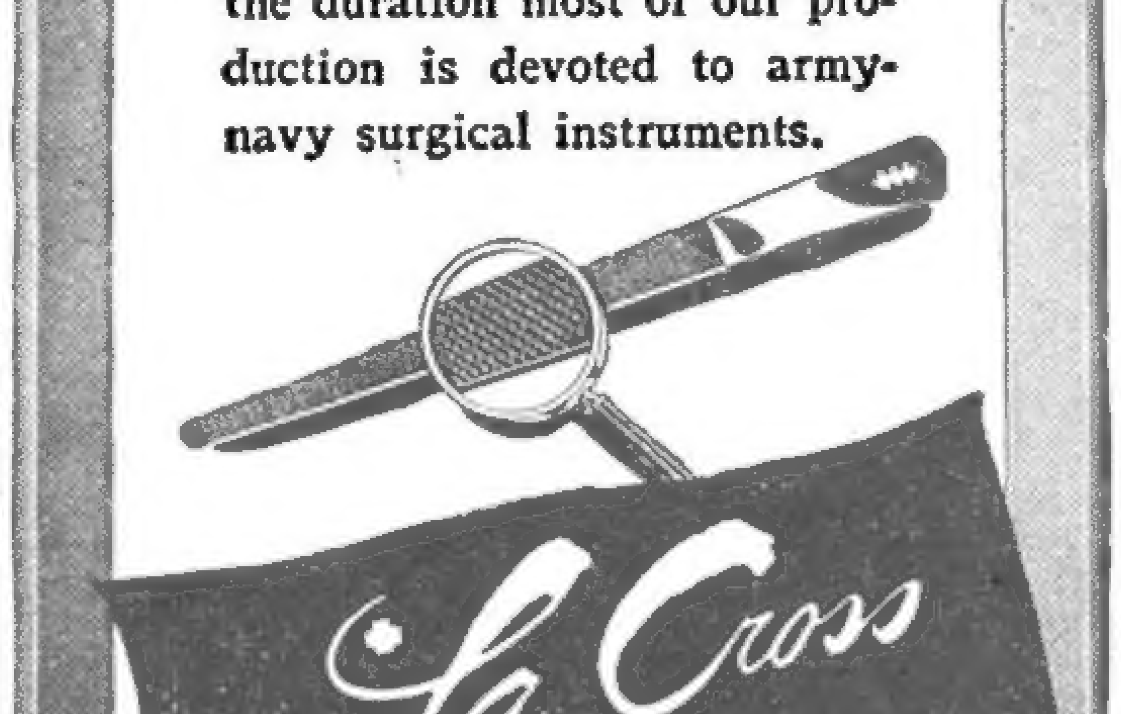
CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube
9 " 2.50 12 " 3.

The Blade With The MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE..!
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

TRY
MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

Precious velvet-cut nail file

If you own one, treasure it. It may be irreplaceable. For the duration most of our production is devoted to army-navy surgical instruments.



For more than four decades, America's Finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION, FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

that men may LIVE to build a better world

Safe . . . because modern science . . . in this case rubber science . . . found a way to close bullet holes in gas tanks.

Thousands of planes have returned to their bases literally riddled with bullets that a few years ago would have crashed or burst into flames in mid-air.

Thousands of boys have lived to fly again.

The development of the self-sealing fuel cell (gas tank) has saved practically as many lives as any single safety device. Yes, research and experiment have reduced even the hazards of combat flying.

We have come a long way since United States Rubber Company submitted its first self-sealing fuel cell to the leaders of our armed forces, prior to the war. Synthetics have taken the place of natural rubber. Many other laboratory developments have perfected the equipment which we still cannot talk about.

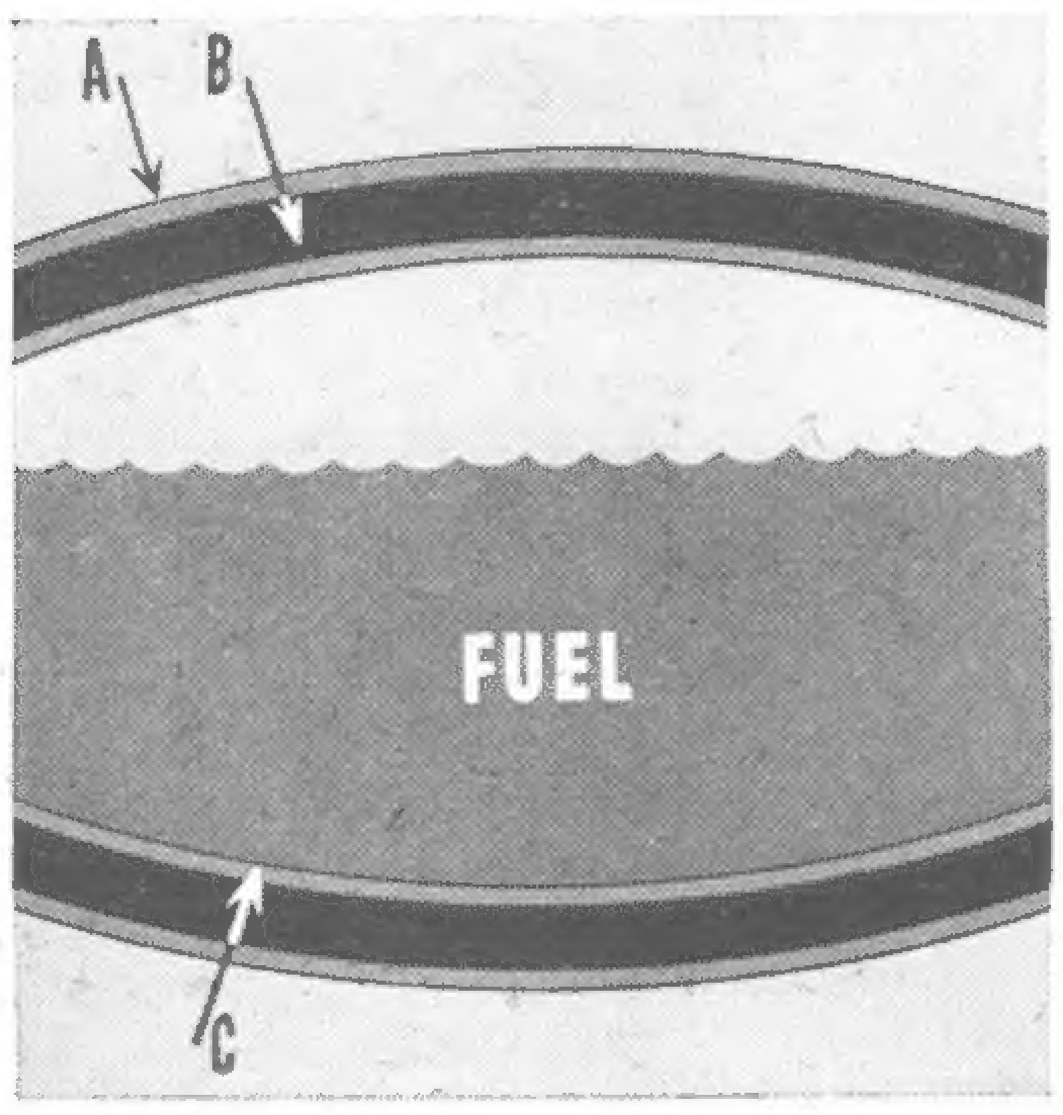
This fuel cell development and its production have been part of our share in the war effort.

Let us give you another picture. If it had not been for the encouragement and enthusiasm of the leaders of our armed forces, their insistence that items to save men's lives be given preference in material and production, these things could not have been done. Industry, with the Army and Navy working hand-in-hand, overcoming every discouragement, has given our boys the finest equipment today and will continue to give them such equipment tomorrow.

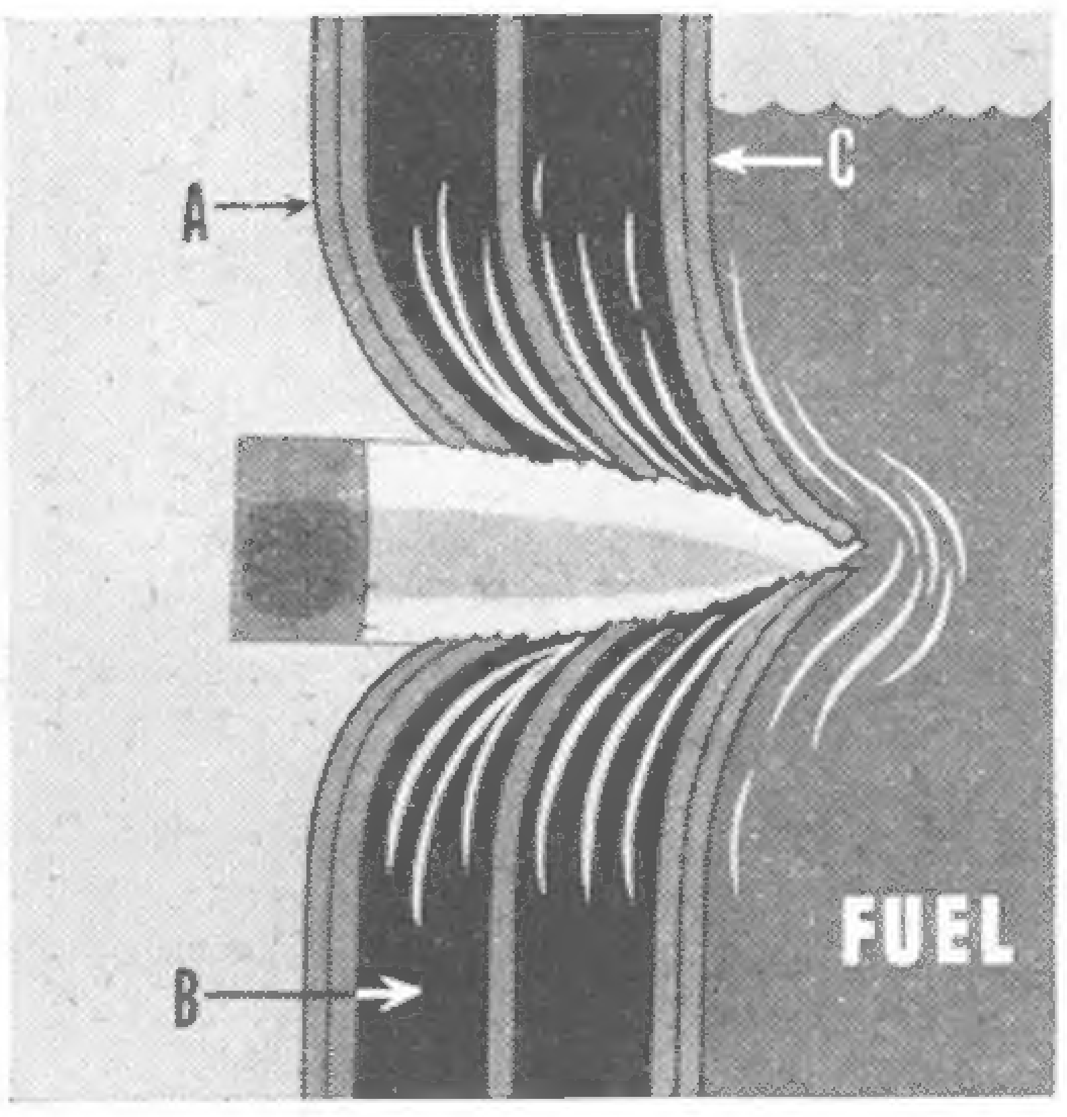
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

SAVING LIVES WITH BULLET-SEALING FUEL CELLS

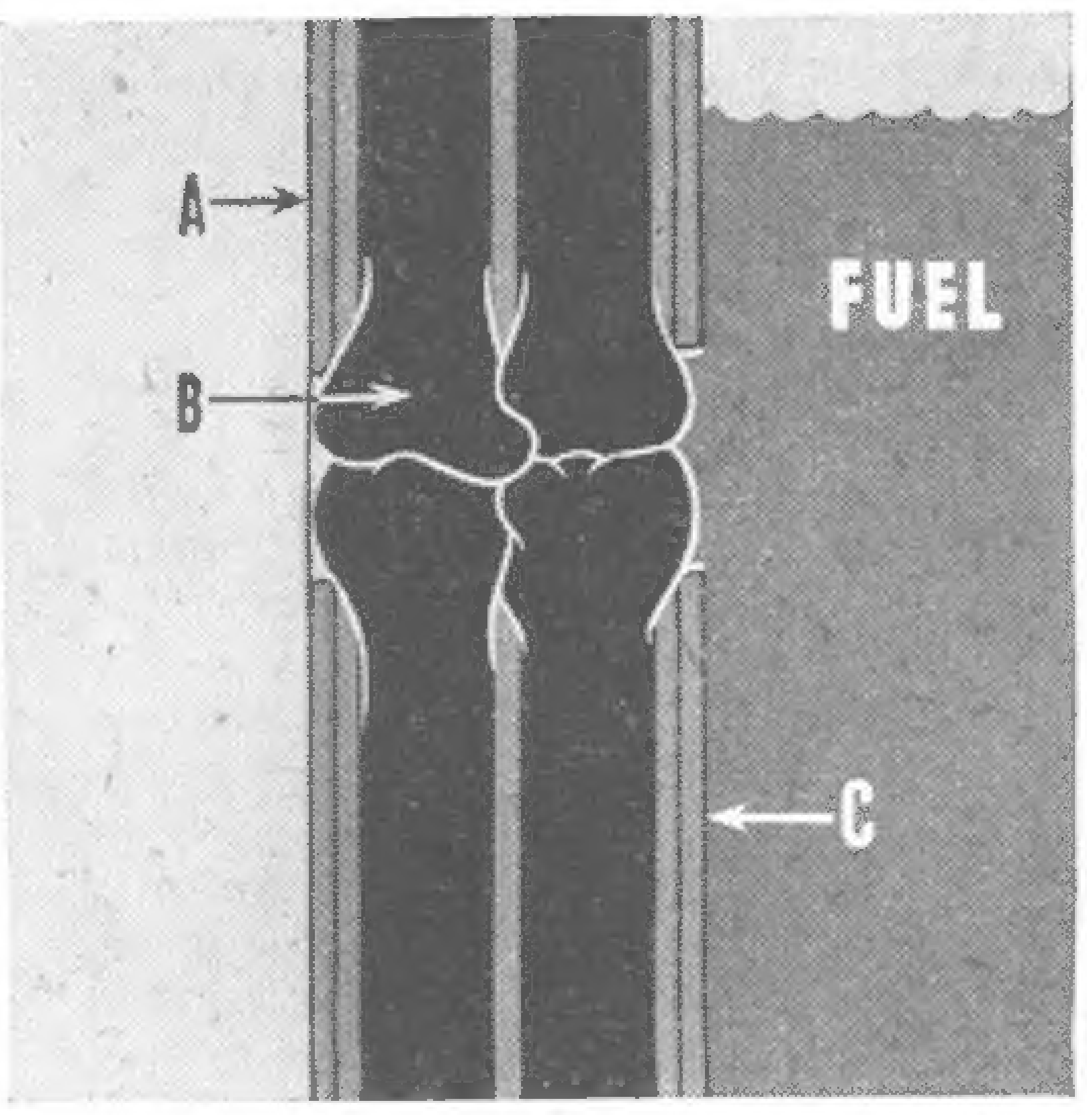
RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES... but safe because the bullet-sealing fuel cells, made of synthetic rubber and fabric, seal up the holes automatically the instant they are made, protecting the precious fuel supply. See how these life-saving, bullet-sealing fuel cells work.



THIS IS A FUEL CELL... built to fit inside the wing or fuselage. (A) is a strong, outside wall of synthetic rubber and fabric. (B) is the sticky sealing material. (C) is the inner lining of specially compounded, gasoline-resisting, synthetic rubber.



A BULLET PIERCES THE FUEL CELL... When the bullet penetrates the outside wall of the fuel cell (A), the layer of sticky, elastic sealing material (B) surrounds the bullet. The sealant springs together quickly and closes the hole as the bullet passes through.



THE HOLE SEALS UP... Some of the fuel touches the sealant (B) and makes it swell, completing the seal. Science has used the natural stickiness of rubber and the basic conflict of rubber and gasoline to seal the bullet holes, to save lives and speed the victory.

Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 SIXTH AVENUE. ROCKEFELLER CENTER. NEW YORK 20, N. Y. • *In Canada:* DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BACK HOME AND STARVED

Having just got back to the good ol' States, am writing at first chance I'm getting and hoping you have one copy of the *Jazz Book* left.

You've heard talk about guys starving for food—well I never knew a guy could starve for jazz, but I am! But starved! Never let me hear *Wabash Cannonball* or *Love Me As You Did Before, Darling*. Give me *Weatherbird Rag, Riverboat Shuffle, Goose Pimples* and *Fine 'n Mellow*—tons of the stuff. I want to soak in it.

Was surprised at some of the choices for the All-American Jazz Band. For instance, what happened to Sydney DeParis on trumpet? Huh? Besides, you've got two of the greatest band men way down the list—Brunis and Waller. Sure, Teagarden and Tatum can solo, but if you want to hear the *whole* outfit jump—well, you just missed the boat, that's all.

U.S.M.C. John F. Bacon III

THE VOICE OF THE BYSTANDER

I wonder if you realize that it is possible for disinterested bystanders to feel even more strongly than you that the decision of the Postmaster General to take away your mailing privileges on the grounds that he mentions runs against every American principle.

If there ever was an action such as your present defense against his decision, which the American people should overwhelmingly support, I cannot think of it. It seems to me that there must be millions of American citizens who feel as I do, and who in some manner should be able to express their opinion, and I would suggest that your magazine take some action to gather these expressions together, so that our "masters" should understand that in America public officials are servants of the people, and must follow the laws of our regularly elected legislators who themselves must follow the dictates of the American people.

Sincerely yours,
Herman M. Davis

Lynn, Mass.

EPITOME OF WHAT ESQ EPITOMIZES

I've been following your difficulties with the post office closely, since I first became aghast at the announcement suspending your second-class mailing privileges. I have read your full page ads and the booklet summary of the case and am fully familiar with the case.

It seems to me that indignation, as an emotion, starts slowly, then mounts in leaping degrees, reaching maximum intensity. Strong language, clever words, devastating sarcasm are used to express the utter disdain and scorn earned and merited by that unprecedented action. The whole thing is so incredibly absurd, legally, logically, sensibly, that further comment and opinion upholding OUR magazine are superfluous.

I have been a steady reader and subscriber to Esquire since the day I fought for the first published edition. I have not skipped or missed a solitary issue. That its contents at any time have been offensive, or less than a joyful addition to social and cultural pleasure through the many successful years of its publication is a ridiculously insane thought.

It has been my work in the Army Air Forces to know what officers, enlisted men and even civilians are thinking—about everything—and why. There isn't a single publication OF ANY KIND OR DESCRIPTION that has contributed more to morale—or which would be more sorely missed—than Esquire. To an enormous extent it has epitomized much of what most men in the armed services feel they are fighting for. It is entirely too easy to elaborate on the delights experienced by soldiers reading Esquire—the Varga lovelies, the cartoons, pictures, sports and variety of articles and stories. Particularly, too, the advertisements represent the goal of hopes on the victorious conclusion of the war. No other magazine presents the clothes, accessories, comforts and luxuries longed-for and cherished by the millions of men now in uniform. Oh! If you could only hear the conversations in the barracks about what this guy and that is going to buy when he gets out of khaki! Here, too, one's imagination needs no limit.

You could not exaggerate this last point. You could not. Everything a serviceman grows wistful about in relaxed moments is exemplified in the fashion and social columns and advertisements contained in Esquire.

Only a word about the postmaster, whom I do not care to dignify, either with Mr. before, or Esquire, after. For the rest of his life, doubtless, he will be plagued and embarrassed by people addressing mail to him with the Esq. fully spelled out.

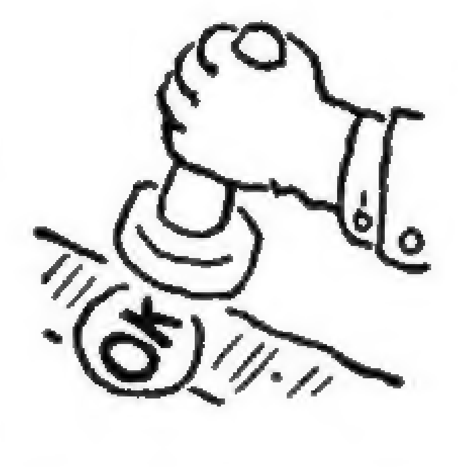
Devotedly,
Jules M. Lieberthal

Hunter Field, Ga.

ON LAW VS. MEN

You of course know that for some years we have been governed, not by law, but by men, and administrative rulings based on ignorance or narrow minded bigotry are in evidence wherever you care to look.

I am a recent subscriber, but an old reader of Esquire. For years I have bought it at the newsstands for the reason that I consider it not only entertaining, but instructive and excellent value for the money.



Though I was raised in a small town under definitely rigid moral and religious environment, I have yet to see anything in the magazine which would cause me to carry it under my coat or retire to the cellar to read it. In fact I have subscribed for a son and a son-in-law, both of whom have children in school. If the morals of these much loved grandchildren are destroyed by this action I shall be forced to the conclusion that there wasn't much to destroy.

I sincerely trust that by the time your action reaches a decision we will have returned to a Government of Law, by the people, and hope to have the pleasure of reading Esquire for many years to come.

Yours truly,

Reading, Pa. D. Arthur Karr

CURTAIN CALL FOR HOT JAZZ CLASSICS

Now that you have given us a good sample of jazz record history can't you do something to have these classics reissued in greater number? For, after all, you make our mouth water to hear these out-of-print jazz recordings.

What's the good of reading about jazz if we can't hear it?

Sincerely,

San Francisco, Calif. R. Clark

COMMENT FOR A COMMENTATOR

I want to pass along this word to Mr. Gilbert Seldes, who is the commentator of *Esquire on the Record*. The information I have concerns his wondering who it was who played the piano while Benny Goodman rode along on Columbia's waxing of *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*. That pianist was Mel Powell, now with Captain Glenn Miller's band at Yale. That recording is safely stowed away in my files, and I can assure you it will live a long life as one of the best of the modern jazz classics.

Sincerely,
Francis Cullinan

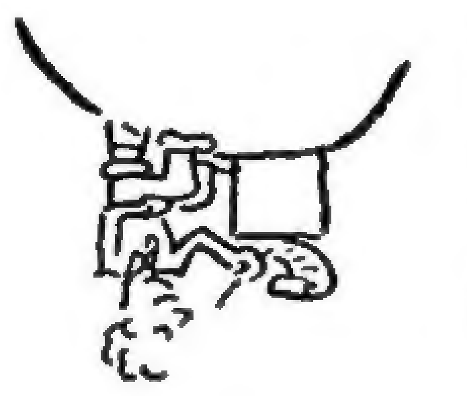
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, N. Y.

REQUEST FROM WAY DOWN UNDER

I am writing this letter to ask a favor of you.

I have been a regular reader of Esquire for a number of years and now find, much to my disappointment, current copies are unobtainable from any of our bookstalls.

I would like to know if you know of any of your subscribers who would be willing to forward me their copy of Esquire when they have finished reading same.



There is actually no gain to you in this request, but we are unable to remit money overseas for magazine subscriptions and I would like to continue as a reader of your magazine.

If there is a subscriber who would do this I should be very grateful.

Below is my home address, and as I am frequently changing my R.A.A.F. address anything could be re-addressed to me where I am stationed.

Looking forward to many more happy hours of entertainment,

I am,
Yours faithfully,
F/Sgt. G. D. Rugg

23 Taylor St.
Lakemba
N.S.W., Australia

ABSENT WITH GOOD CAUSE

You said the war would be over by a certain date.

I bet on this.

I lost.

Therefore, I have no money to pay for renewal of your magazine.

Happy memories.

Good-bye,

Carmel, Calif. Bernard Rowntree

GOOD JUMPIN', JACK

I must admit I nearly fell through my foxhole upon receiving the February issue of G. I.'s "No. 1. Morale-Builder," Esquire, so soon after publication, and when I spotted all the jazz articles in said edition; well, Jack, I was completely sent.

Due to the exceedingly griping "ban" on the mailing of your mag, I hadn't expected to tie onto any more copies through the mail but it popped up and I enjoyed the February edition very much, as keeping in contact with goings on in the field of music is difficult for us chaps overseas.

At any rate, I am enclosing a couple of bucks and hope you will lose no time sending along to me, via air mail, the Esquire *Jazz Book* and record as it will really hit the spot. I shall be gnawing on all Jap fingernails I can find until the book reaches me.

Meantime, may I wish you all the best for continued success and offer thanks for giving us fellows the type of reading material we really want. I shall be looking forward to receiving the *Jazz Book* soon by air mail and till then, "good jumpin'."

Sincerely,
Sgt. Glenn Graves

APO No. 914
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

HOW WE LOOK FROM OUTSIDE

Whenever the Esquires arrive, they are royally received not merely by myself but by all my pals, and when read used as "pin-ups" by my men. In their thickness they are like a breath of peacetime, for no periodical here boasts more than a dozen or so pages.

Your magazine is so much superior in every way to any other we see here that it almost amounts to impertinence to comment on it. But I am sure you will not frown if it is constructive. I think your stories are very good, which can also be said of the articles when the subject is of interest (about four in five are interesting). Your sports are most excellent if you follow baseball or softball, but to myself they are so much waste of newsprint. Your humor is typically American, and about five times funnier than the *New Yorker* where it is rare to laugh at one joke in ten; but then I suppose you think the same of *Punch*. With regard to laughs, *Goldbricking with Esquire* is way ahead of anything else. By far the best reading matter are your regular articles on the Theatre, Literature and Records. But why you have no regular article on the cinema is beyond my comprehension, since your readers outside the States are far more likely to see your films than see your shows or read your books. Finally may I say that in no other magazine have I ever seen anything so exquisitely beautiful as your glamor photographs and Varga paintings. They are lovely.

Lt. A. Van Gelder

Hempstead, London 3,
England

HOPE FOR HELP IN A MUDDLE

Esquire is to be congratulated! It clearly defined the difference between jazz and swing . . . but there is another category which should have its own niche. It belongs to singers like Miss Horne, Dinah Shore, Dave Rose and several others. They are neither fish nor fowl, but they are quite superior to many of the artists in the other two classifications. They deserve recognition and the right to be criticized by a separate set of standards.

Pfc. James H. Sutton

Fort Brady, Mich.

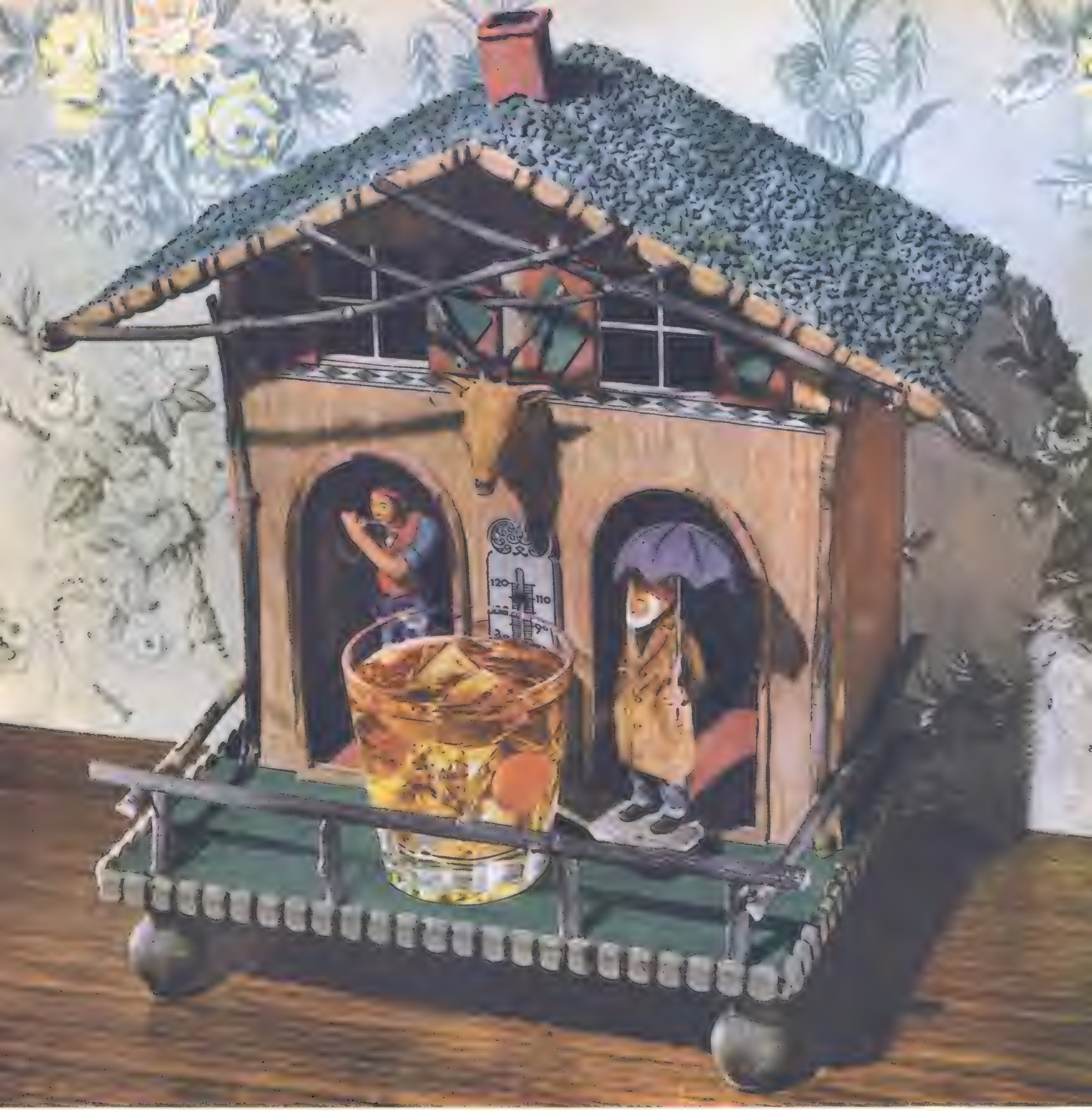
AN OPEN LETTER TO G. J. NATHAN

Your cynicism is a thing to behold! Have you ever tried Dr. Warmwater's Sure Cure for Dyspepsia?

I hope that your herculean efforts to pan everything you ever see in the theatre draw large crowds, because otherwise there would be no justification whatever for allowing you to continue in your misery!

However, a word of warning—don't try TOO HARD to pan every living thing you see, or some day (soon, I hope) you will turn into one huge poisonous boil!

Toronto, Ont. Eunice Mills



How to do something about the weather

IT'S PERFECTLY all right to talk about the weather—as long as you *do* something about it, too.

For instance, rain or shine, we can't think of any more agreeable way of discussing the weather than over a Four Roses Old Fashioned.

One thing's certain: No matter what the barometer says, we believe you'll say an Old Fashioned made with Four Roses is by all odds the most magnificent cocktail you've tasted in many a day. Try one and see!

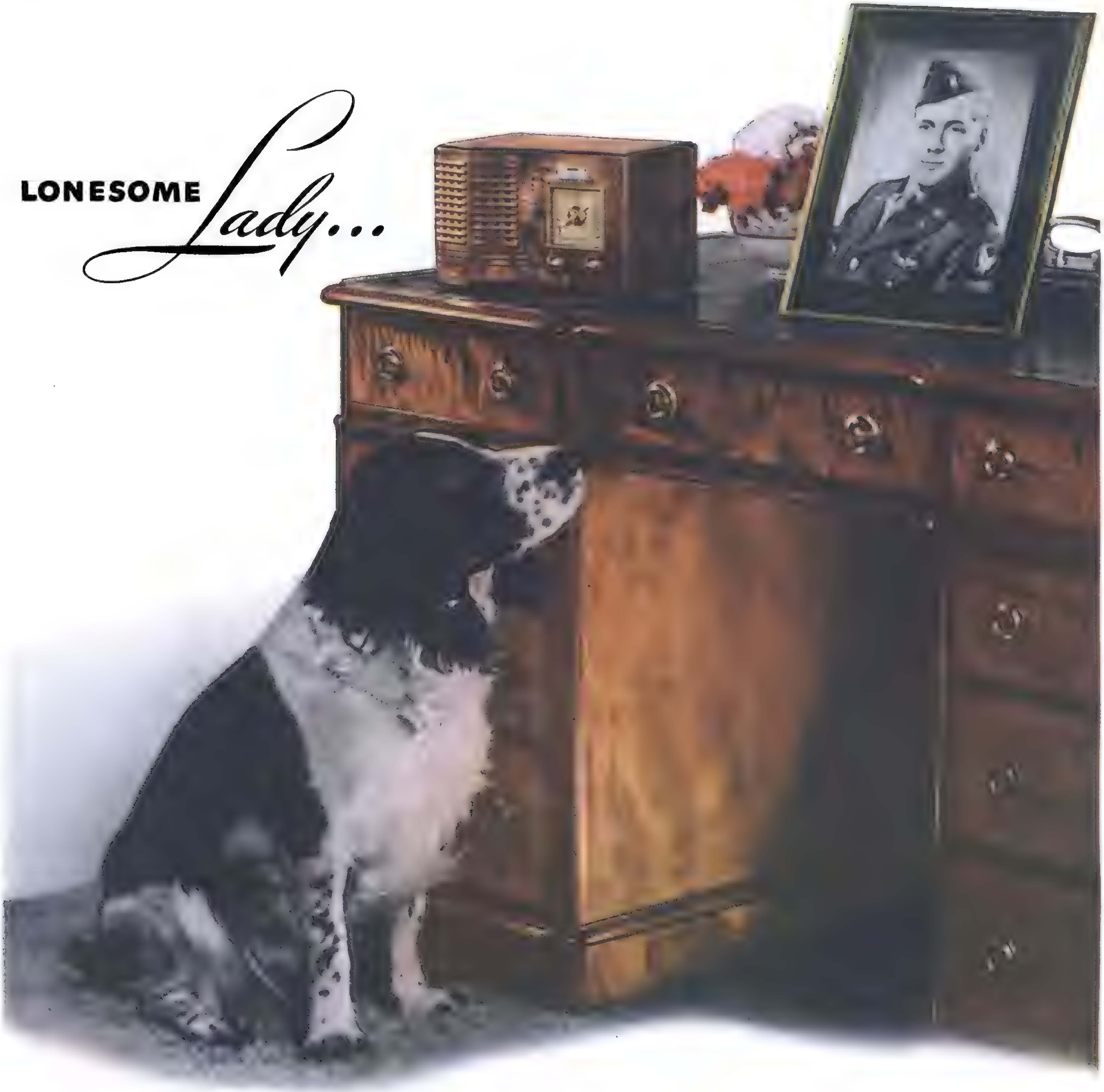
Just one thing more: If, when you ask your dealer for Four Roses, you find that he's temporarily out of it, please be patient and try again. He'll have more, soon.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City

LONESOME *Lady...*



We know how it is, Lady. But he has a job to do — and we'll all be together again, just as soon as it's over, over there. * * * And when our war job is done, SONORA, too, will be on hand to renew old ties—and to cast its magic spell of thrilling voices, sparkling music and triumphant tone through countless American homes.

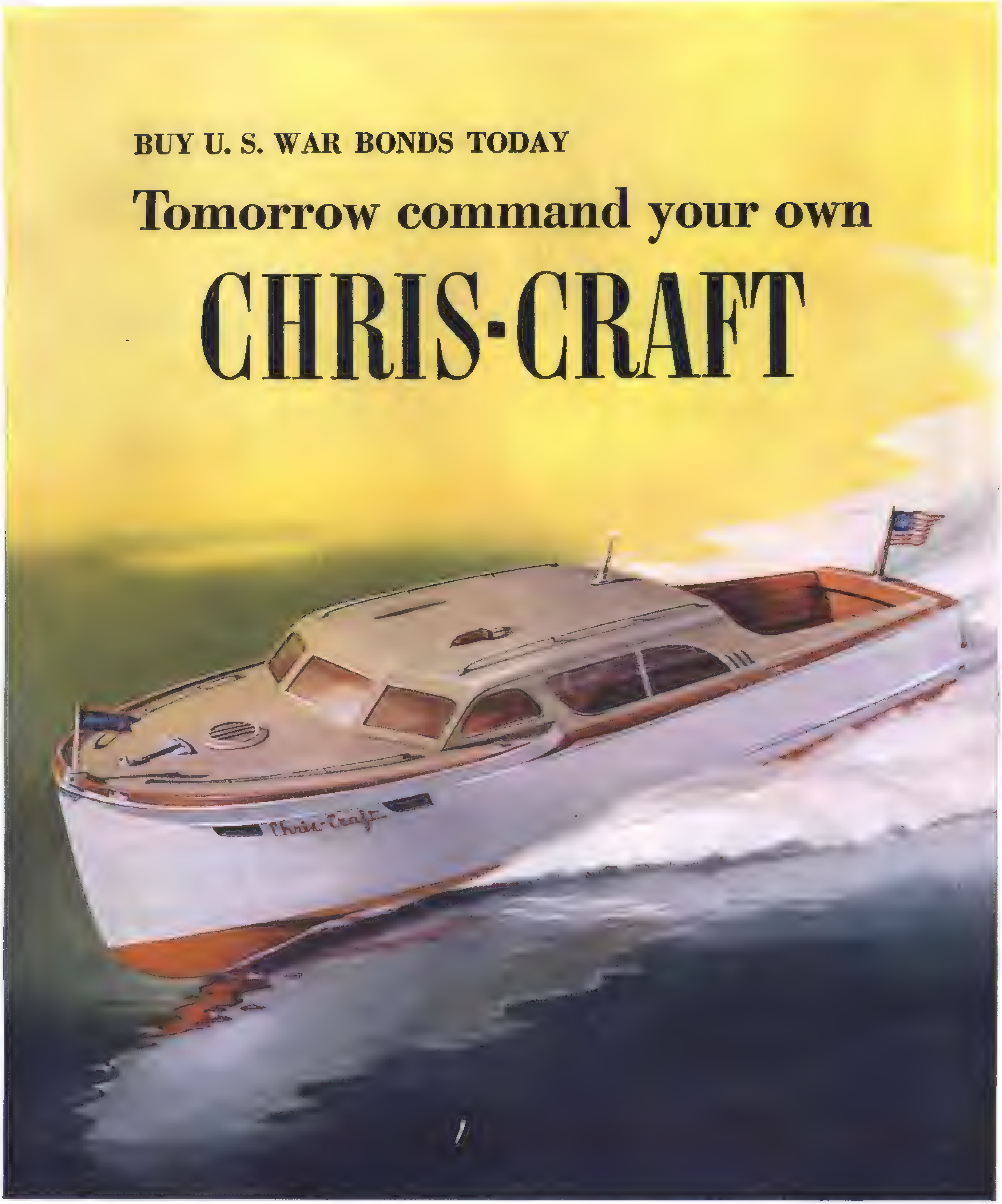
Gypsy music
RECORDS TODAY
RADIOS "TOMORROW"

BRING THE BOYS HOME SOONER—BUY WAR BONDS

Sonora
Clear as a Bell

SONORA RADIO & TELEVISION
CORPORATION
325 North Hoyne Avenue, Chicago

RADIOS • PHONOGRAPHS • RADIO—PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS • RADIO—PHONO—RECORDERS


BUY U. S. WAR BONDS TODAY
Tomorrow command your own
CHRIS-CRAFT
Chris-Craft

Coming — New De Luxe Enclosed Chris-Craft Cruiser for postwar delivery . . . Today, we're 100% on war work.

Keep Your Spirits High ☆☆ Speed Victory

CHRIS-CRAFT

Algonac, Mich. Cadillac, Mich. Holland, Mich.
FOR PRODUCTION "WELL DONE"

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICH. ★ WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

RANTED
CORRECT
BOTTLED-BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

You'll be years ahead
in a suit of
COHAMA
MIRRO-POINT
FABRIC

super-rayon tropical suiting

. . . air-conditioned fabric of tomorrow, ready to refresh you *today!* Tailored to your strictest standards . . . as flattering as it's cool. Lightweight . . . light on the checkbook, too. Crush-resistant, and well-groomed *always!* COHAMA MEN'S WEAR FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Look Well-Groomed ALL DAY LONG!

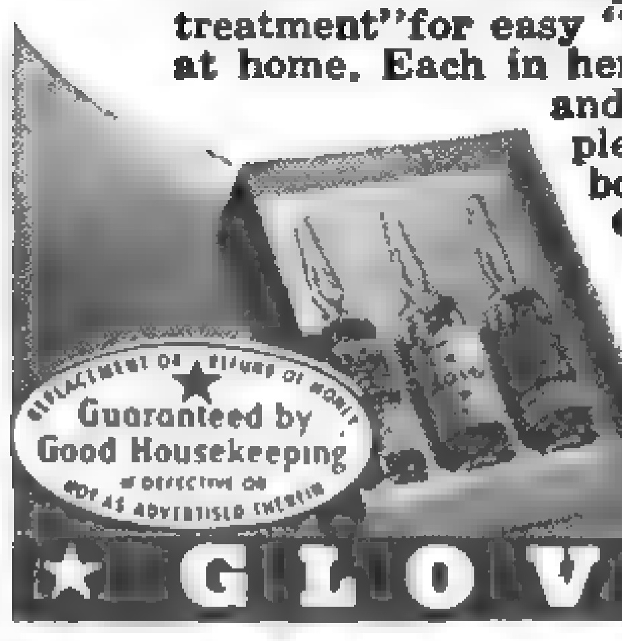
Michael Whalen, Popular Hollywood Star

Michael Whalen tells you how in 3 simple steps

Michael Whalen uses the famous 3-Way Glover's Medicinal Treatment to keep his hair well-groomed. He suggests you try ALL THREE of these preparations for a complete treatment—or any one separately! Ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the Coupon today!

TRIAL SIZE includes: **GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE**—recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair... **GLOVER Shampoo**—leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! **GLOVER'S Imperial Hair Dress**—Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delightful "oil treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle and special carton with complete instructions and *free* booklet "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.



★ GLOVER'S ★

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 815, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised. I enclose 25c.
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[ ] Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

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AMAZING RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER

RAZOROLL sharpener for all standard makes of double edge razor blades gives more-shaves-per-blade! Helps preserve keen shaving edge longer. RAZOROLL really sharpens the blades because it strops on leather—uses same principle of barber's razor strop. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges quickly. You hold blade at correct angle and with proper pressure. Then simply turn crank to sharpen both edges of blade at same time. No gears. Well made. Handsome—compact—sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Ideal gift for service men and others.

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Write Today For FREE BOOKLET which tells all

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I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS"
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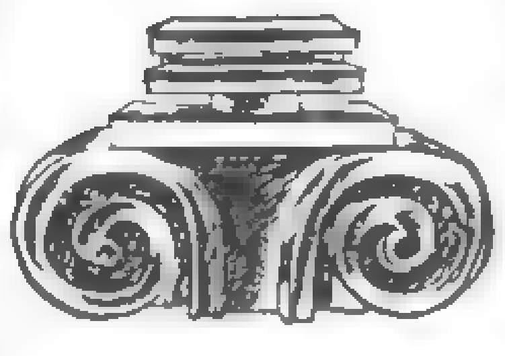
STONE-TARLOW CO. Inc.
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Talking Shop with Esquire

SCENTIMENTALIA. Perfume is a gracious tribute to any Mother. These are carefully chosen for their appropriate fragrance and the beauty of their packaging. Lilac-laden "Duchess of York" in its distinctive gold crown bottle; "Reflexions", conjuring up memorable moods imprisoned in a beautiful cut glass bottle; "Miracle"... a deep, rich, important scent in a gorgeous modern bottle; "Je Reviens", hauntingly sweet and lovely with a fragile-like beauty; "Mille Fleurs", a floral bouquet with lily-of-the-valley predominating. Charming flowered box lined with turquoise blue satin; "Parma Violet"... like fresh violets in a delicate hand-painted porcelain bottle, to be kept forever as a charming ornament. And a favorite with many mothers ... "Early American Old Spice" perfume, a romantic scent of roses and spice in an enchanting Steigel-type glass bottle.



FOR YOUNG MOMS. A sterling silver compact, maybe, with a heart motif in one corner to be engraved. A gorgeously striking lapel pin which glorifies the birds and the bees, done in clear crystal-like lucite and flashing jewelled stones set in gilded silver. Pertinent to the times (or impertinent) is the storkpin; then there's the sailfish, the horse, the worrybird, the poodle, frogs, lizards, bees, etc.

A wise gift, too, is the "hoot owl" set... pin and earrings composed of hoots with enormous jewelled eyes and enameled chests... perfect for sophisticated mamas. You may fancy another set of pin and earrings made like slender gold arrows, jewelled with rhinestones and colored gems. What gal could resist an arrow from her beau?

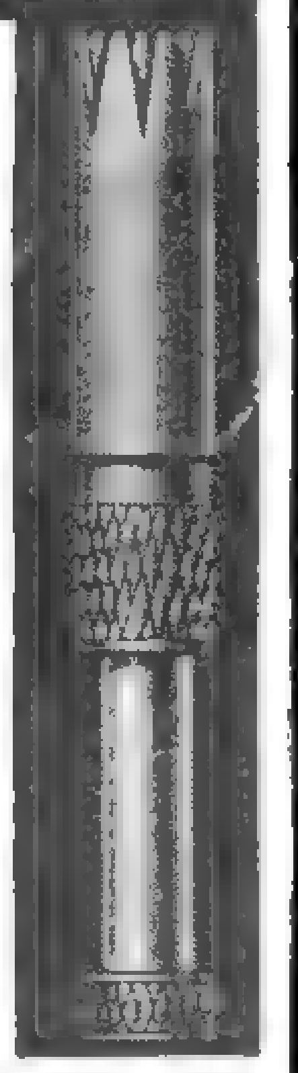
NOSEGAY HATPINS ... an inexpensive remembrance ... a hatpin or two topped with tiny nosegays of artificial flowers, or trailing floral pieces. Buy her a huge daisy-topped pin and let her play "he loves me—he loves me not" on the petals.

Ranger

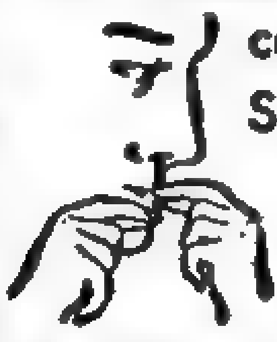
For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.



SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back $1 Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J., Dept. 353
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
Name
Address

"JEWEL" ELECTRIC FOUNTAINS

For Home And Pools

In Metal, Stone, Natural Rock

Sparkling, bubbling, decorative fountains in metal, stone, natural rock. Cool and humidify atmosphere. Preserve furniture. No water connections. **COLOR CHANGE FOUNTAINS.** Send 10c for our large catalog describing patented color change fountains, waterfall, and pump units. Also House and Garden Specialties. Est. 1880.

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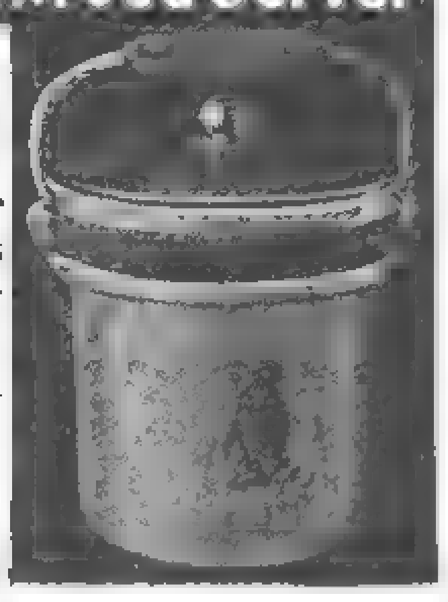
Perfect for parties, picnics. *Full gallon* stoneware with Turned-Wood Lid and Handle in Wheat-Straw Tone. Beautiful, durable, practical. Retains heat and cold. *Really keeps the ice cubes*... Also fine for cold salads, hot dishes. Only $7.75 Prepaid. Free Folder sent.



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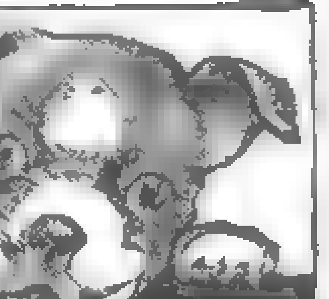

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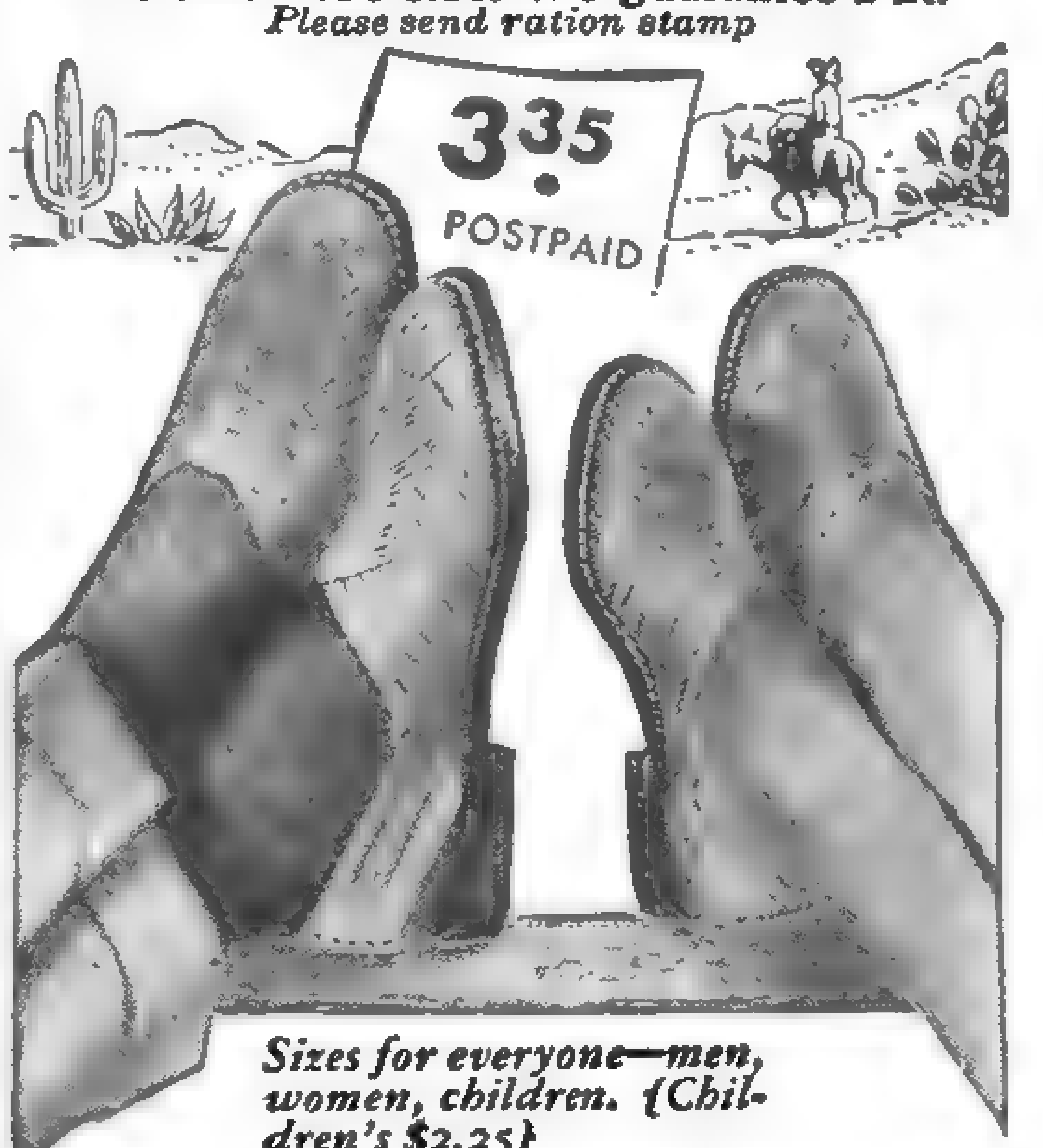
THE SAME COOL COMFORT, THE SAME RUGGED WEAR

Your STEERHIDE Huaraches will be well worth the ration stamp you must now send us, because they are carefully handcrafted of real sole leather and have the stamina of a shoe. Work, walk and play in them, they can take it, and every pair you buy saves American shoe leather needed elsewhere. Send your foot outline and shoe size. We guarantee a fit.
Please send ration stamp



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Please send..........pairs Huaraches
Foot outlines enclosed, sizes..........
Name..........
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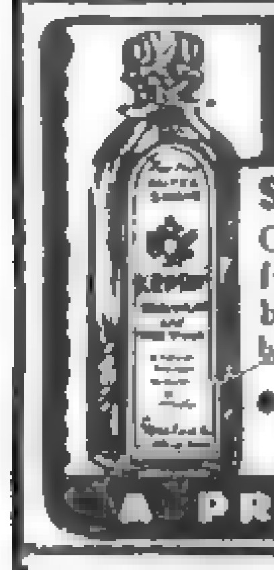

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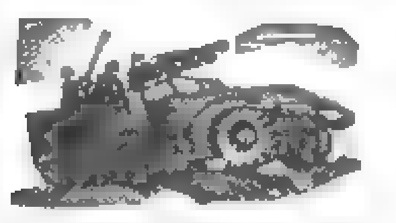

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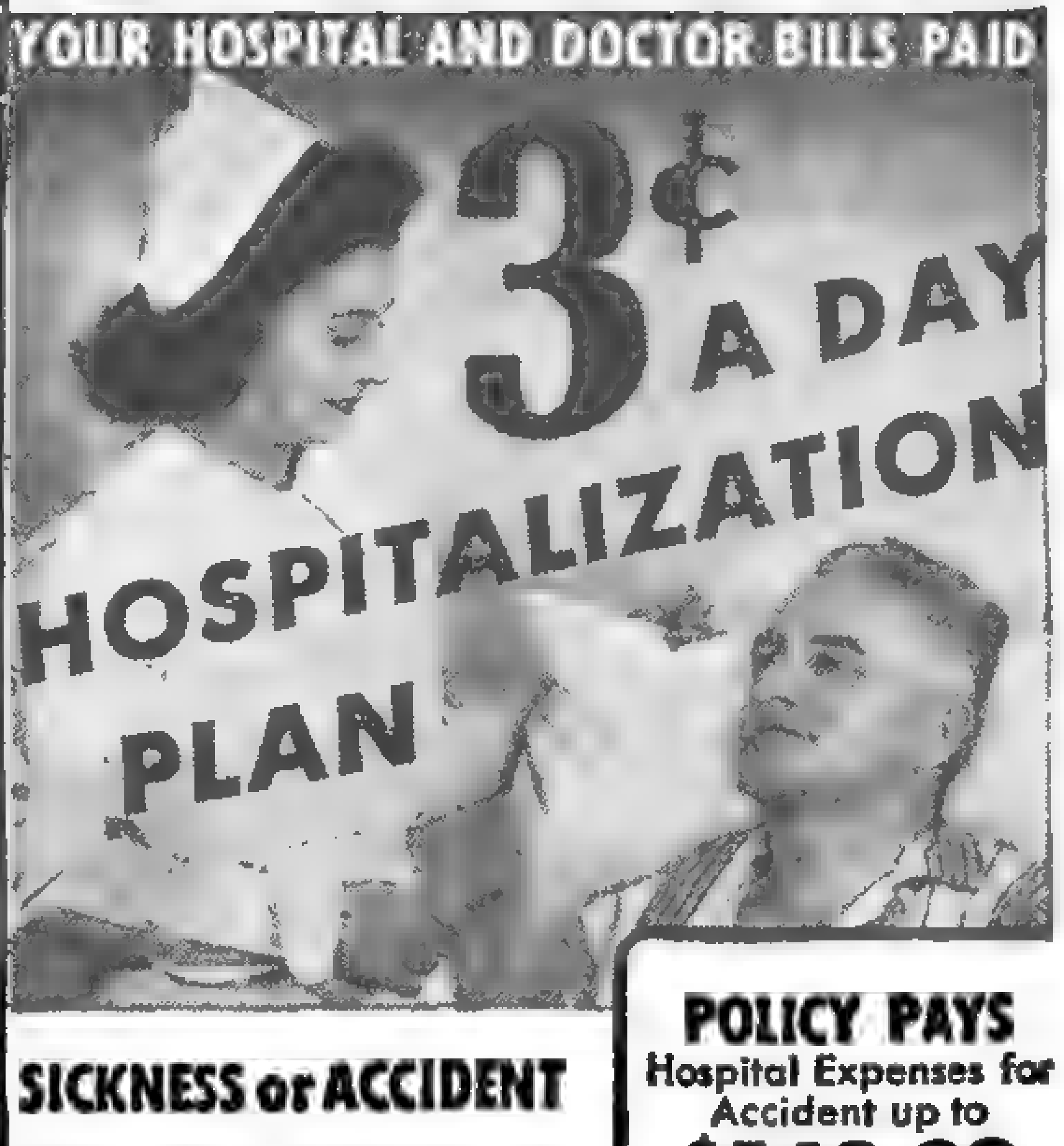

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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".
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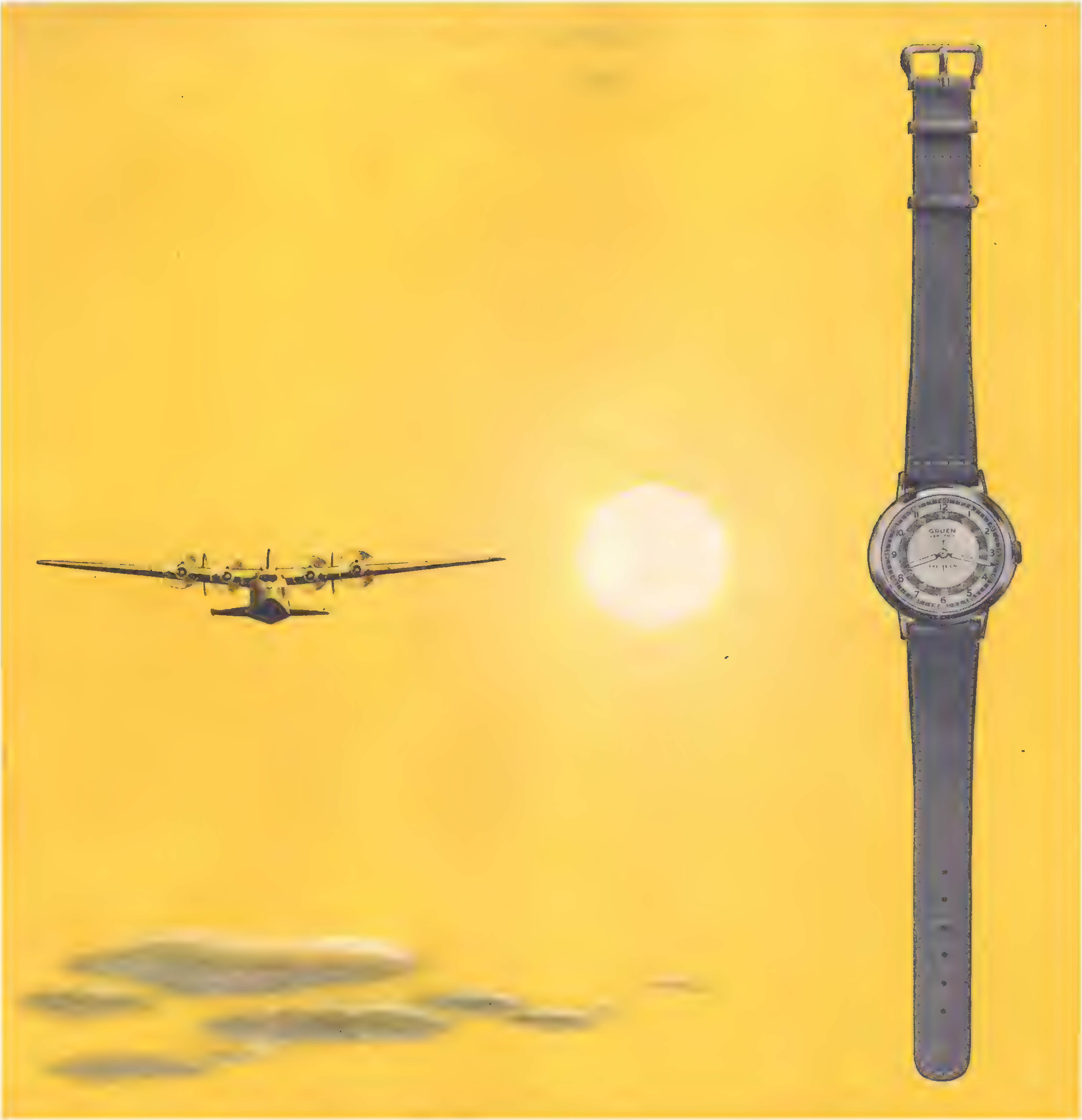

The new watch that took a tip from the sun!

It's THE GRUEN PAN AMERICAN and it's travelling the skyways with famed Pan American Clipper pilots.

Instead of sign posts, these men fly by seconds — their course is charted to the exact moment when their ship is over a point invisible far below. Their timepieces must show where they are as precisely as the meridian crosses the sun.

The Gruen Pan American was chosen as the Official Watch of Pan American World Airways because it does tell time with precision accuracy.

It's numbered for the 24 hours of the air-world day — in fact, in every respect it's the thin, smart watch of the future.

Naturally government requirements get first call on our production of Gruen Pan American watches . . . and civilians may not find them at their jewelers today.

Nevertheless Gruen jewelers are regularly receiving other Gruen watches in such quantities as war conditions permit.

In addition to manufacturing vital precision instruments for war and watches for the armed forces, Gruen is continuing to produce fine watches for civilian use . . . built to the same high standards that have made Gruen the choice of discriminating Americans since 1874.

The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

GRUEN
THE PRECISION WATCH
AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

BUY A GRUEN WATCH . . . BUT BUY A WAR BOND FIRST!

"PRECISION" AND "THE PRECISION WATCH" ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

GRUEN . . . MAKERS OF THE PRECISION WATCH . . . AND PRECISION INSTRUMENTS FOR WAR

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See the Difference
...YOU'LL FEEL IT WITH YOUR VERY FIRST SHAVE

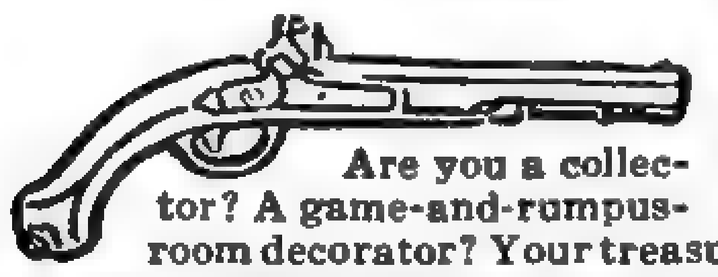
Pal Blade hollow-ground, flexible edge
Ordinary Blade sharpened like a jackknife
RESULT
PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
alko

Pal Blades last longer because they're Flexible in razor. You shave with just a "Feather Touch". No "bearing down" to ruin delicate edges prematurely.

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE

Fit all regular razors perfectly


GUNS & SWORDS

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New condition *U.S. Civil War Artillery Sabre* **$10.00**
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WALES
McGregor
BILLFOLD

WALES
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REMOVABLE SCOTCH PURSE! The Scotch Purse slips out for "Solo" use. Easy to remove — easy to replace.

*EVERYTHING . . . the Wales McGregor has five different compartments to carry everything . . . bills . . . change . . . cards . . . snapshots . . . identification . . . sleek and slim . . . a new innovation in billfolds for both men and women.

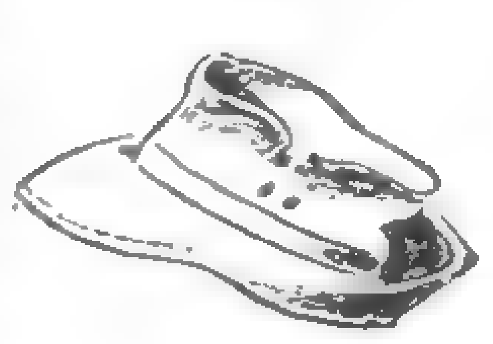
In a variety of leathers, to retail from $5.00 up.

At your favorite store; or write:

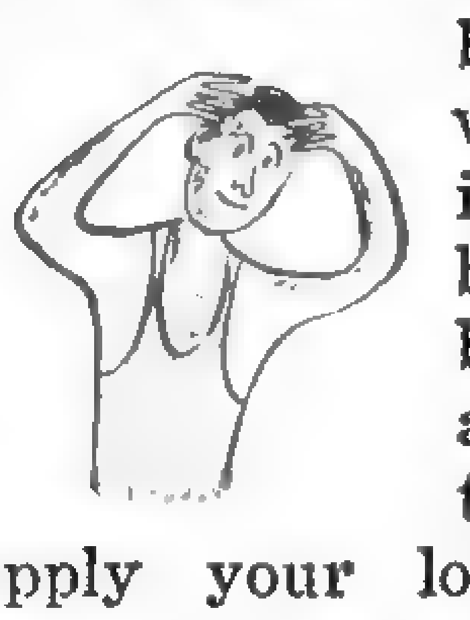
COLUMBIA WALES CRAFT CO.
24 West 32nd Street, N.Y.C.

Talking Shop with Esquire

POPLIN FOR POP. You will soon find out, gentlemen, that there is a definite shortage of straw chapeaux. Pay it no mind. Into the breach steps the new town and country hat made of fine, shower-proofed *poplin*. Both crown and brim are handsomely stitched, and there's a self colored puggree band. These fabric hats have much in their favor . . . they're lightweight, comfortable, keep their shape and look smart in either tan, grey or natural color. 1944 theme song: "If you haven't got a boater on your bean you can settle for a poplin on your pate."



SCALP WORKOUT. The specialists are great ones for advocating a 2 or 3 minute massage daily. You brush your hair with a special flexible, long bristled brush, always brushing upward and away from the scalp; then apply your lotion, massaging with circular, sweeping motion to release scalp tension. Then follows an odorless, colorless pomade, applied to *thin* spots on temples and crown . . . it not only helps control receding hairline, but softens too dry hair and acts as a hair dressing which gives gloss without grease.



GOT HAIR WORRIES? A prominent firm of men's hair specialists claims that most hair troubles stem from constant head dunking in showers plus slapping water on hair to keep it in place during the day. They claim that this, plus too frequent shampoos, robs the scalp of natural oils so that the hair deteriorates more quickly, becomes dry, brittle, prey to dandruff and often baldness. Many of their clients only get a shampoo every two or three months. Rest of the time, the hair and scalp is kept scrupulously clean and healthy with a very special lotion for cleansing and loose dandruff.

"THE TIE THAT BINDS." Latest contribution to the goodwill movement down "Me*h*ico" way... is a necktie inspired by Broadway's smash hit, "Mexican Hayride". Upon a pure silk background of brown, blue or red roll a series of Mejicano-laden little carts, drawn by the inevitable beaten burro. The cravats manage to be amusing and topical without forfeiting good taste.

Ranger

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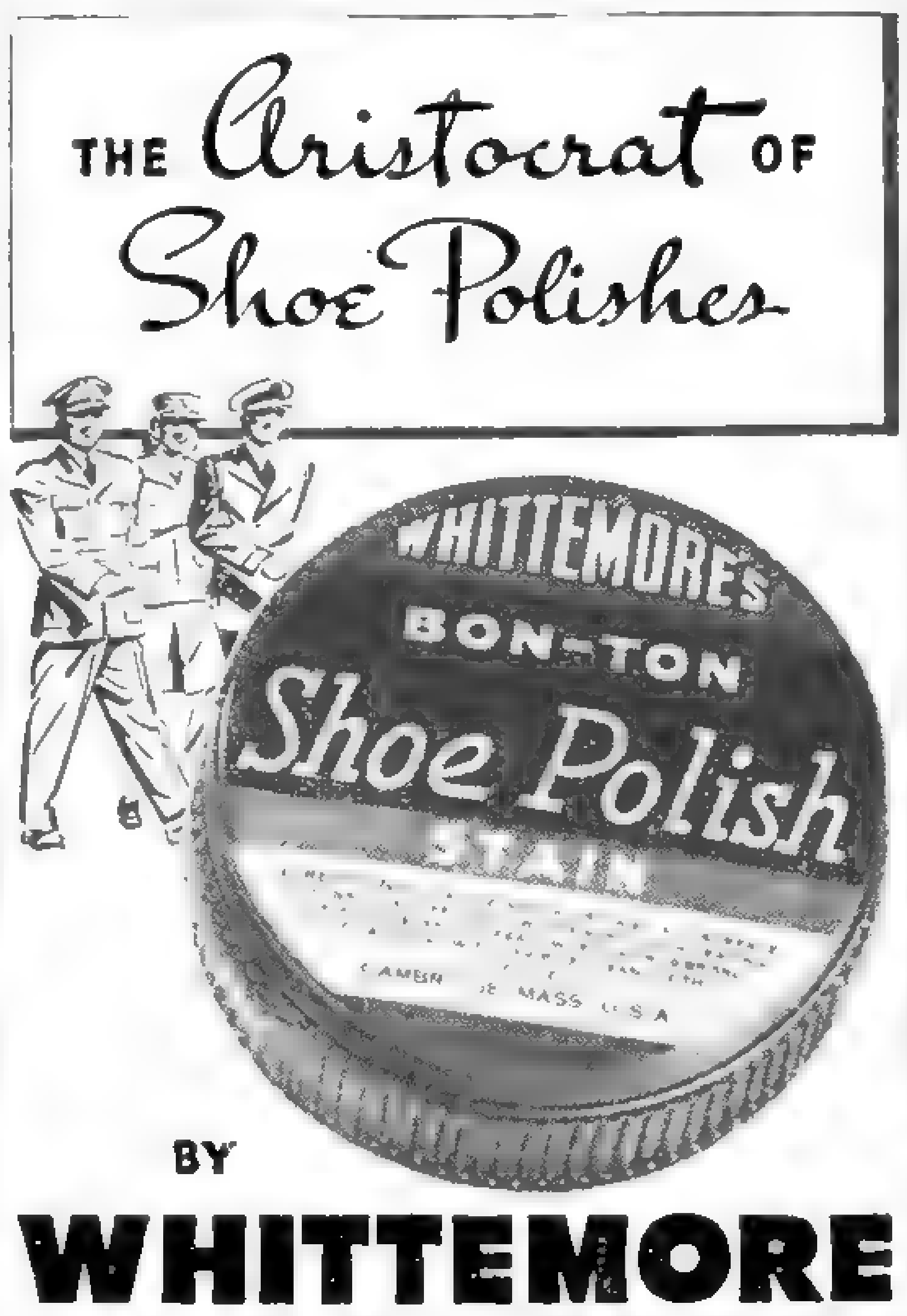
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No Screws-No Nails-No Holes to Drill

Lock No. 10

Slips on instantly and locks securely. Designed to fit every type of drawer or door. Has 4 adjustable positions. Locks two drawers at one time. Will not scratch furniture or woodwork. Has beautiful rust-proof finish. Theft proof. Thousands in daily use by leading firms, department stores and U. S. Government agencies. Ideal for home, office, factory or hotel use. Splendid for locking work benches or store rooms. (Also made for glass or wood sliding show case doors.) *Priced only $2.50 each.* Send check or money order today. Full satisfaction or money back guaranteed. (When ordering 2 or more specify if keys are wanted alike).

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DOES REMOVE Smoke Smudge
Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth *easy* to bryten and No. 2 for teeth *hard* to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit *your* teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

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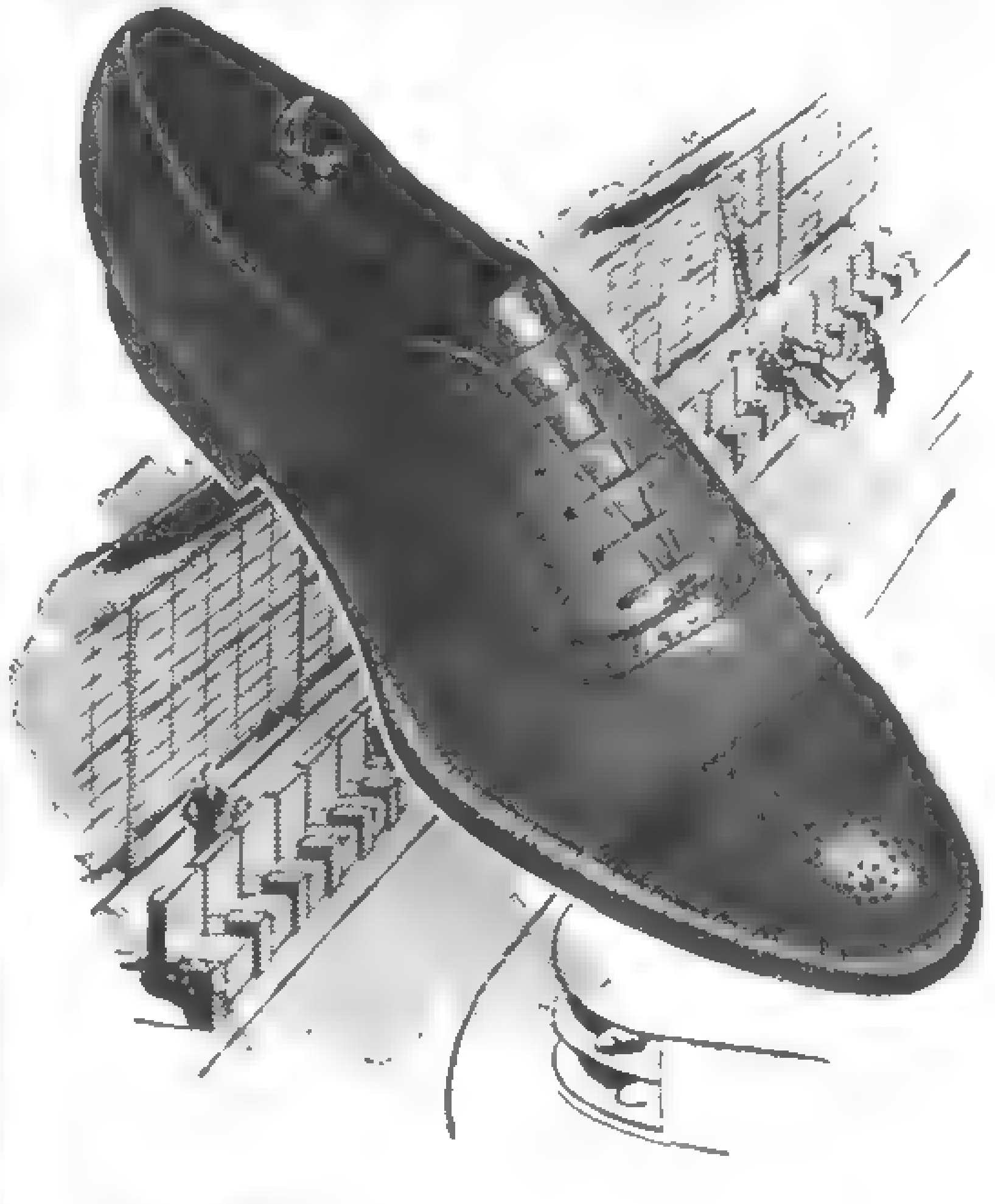
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Some Higher

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Shoemakers Since 1875
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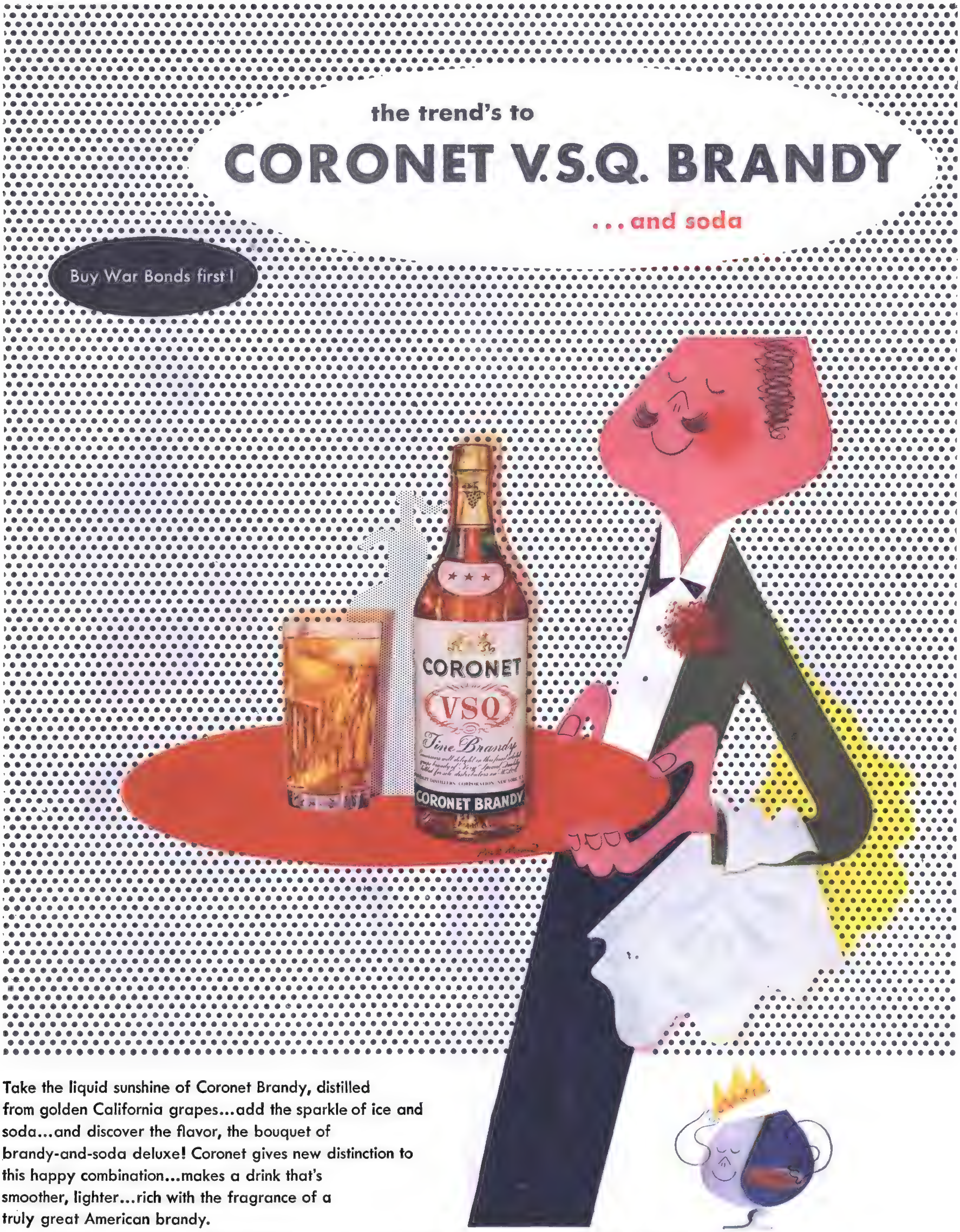
the trend's to

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

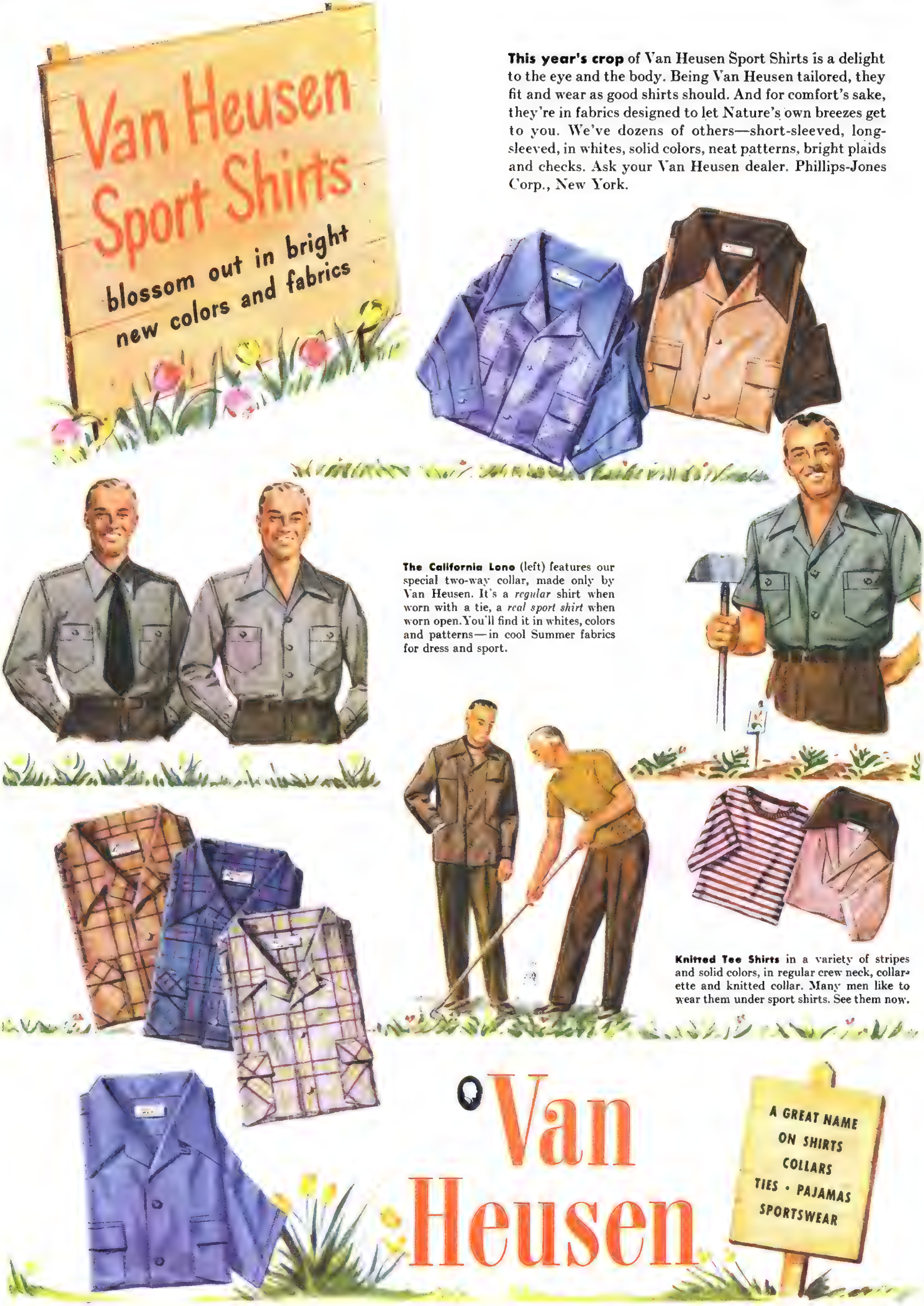
...and soda



Take the liquid sunshine of Coronet Brandy, distilled from golden California grapes...add the sparkle of ice and soda...and discover the flavor, the bouquet of brandy-and-soda deluxe! Coronet gives new distinction to this happy combination...makes a drink that's smoother, lighter...rich with the fragrance of a truly great American brandy.

Tune in "Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival of Music" starring Morton Gould's orchestra and Alec Templeton over C. B. S. each Wednesday evening.

California Grape Brandy 84 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.


Van Heusen Sport Shirts
blossom out in bright new colors and fabrics
A GREAT NAME ON SHIRTS COLLARS TIES · PAJAMAS SPORTSWEAR

This year's crop of Van Heusen Sport Shirts is a delight to the eye and the body. Being Van Heusen tailored, they fit and wear as good shirts should. And for comfort's sake, they're in fabrics designed to let Nature's own breezes get to you. We've dozens of others—short-sleeved, long-sleeved, in whites, solid colors, neat patterns, bright plaids and checks. Ask your Van Heusen dealer. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.

The California Lono (left) features our special two-way collar, made only by Van Heusen. It's a *regular* shirt when worn with a tie, a *real sport shirt* when worn open. You'll find it in whites, colors and patterns—in cool Summer fabrics for dress and sport.

Knitted Tee Shirts in a variety of stripes and solid colors, in regular crew neck, collarette and knitted collar. Many men like to wear them under sport shirts. See them now.

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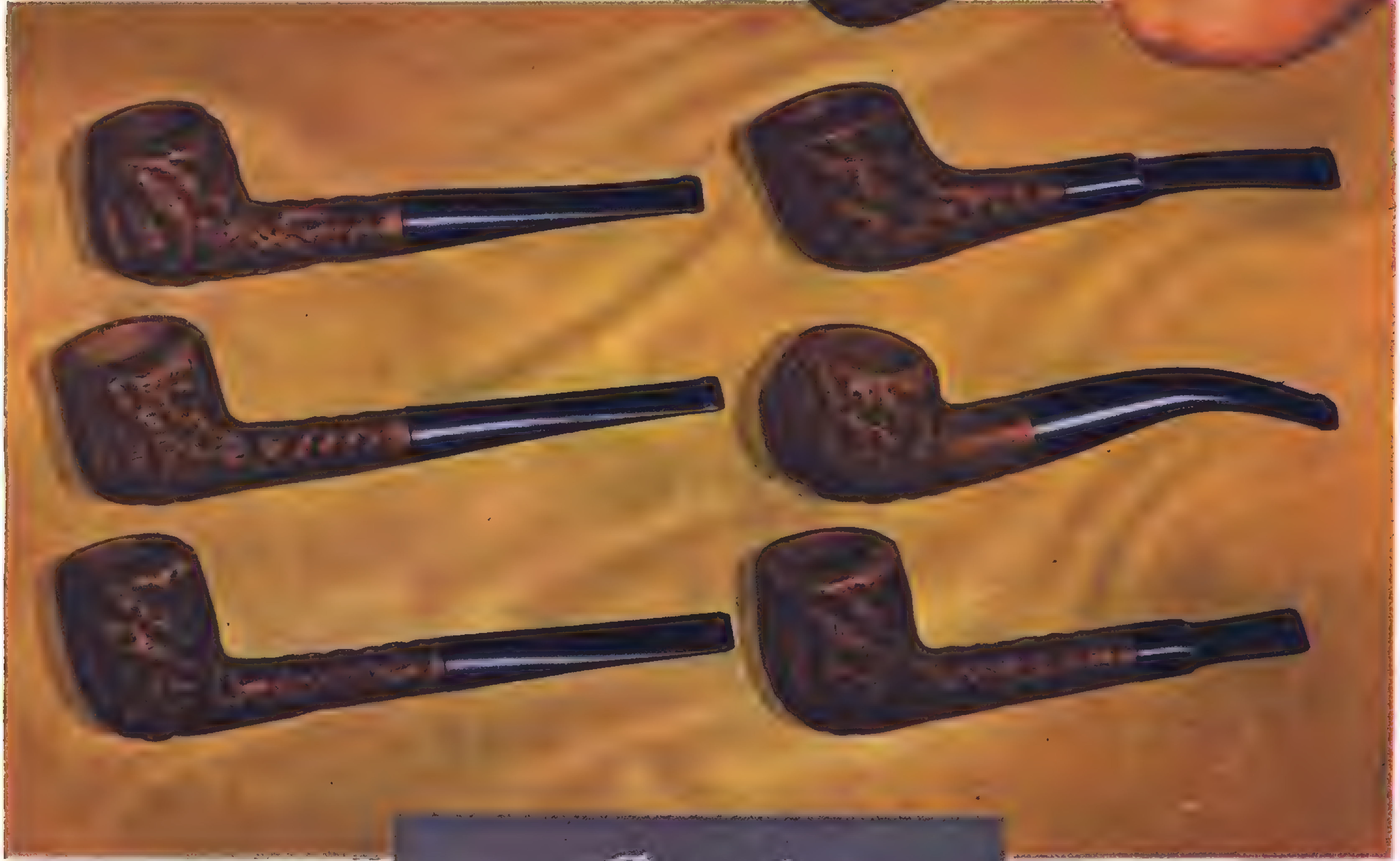
FOR MEN OF *ACTION*

MARXMAN PIPES ease the tension . . . the strain of battle, the breakneck pace in the office and factory. Men of action everywhere depend on MARXMAN Pipes to relax . . . *to lighten the load!*

When you're working at top speed, straining every nerve and muscle to do the job . . . when the day's work is over and you settle back to rest . . . *light up a MARXMAN!* Make your task easier and your rest sweeter.



The Handsome Marxman Pipes Illustrated Here Are the Famous Mel-O BRIARS

Price **$3.50** *Each*

Enjoy the smoothness, the mellowness, the cool and satisfying sweetness of the Mel-O. You will pronounce this the easiest-smoking pipe you have ever owned. Your dealer will have many shapes besides those illustrated. Select the style that fits your personality—and become a MARXMAN fan.

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Relax with a MARXMAN!

Bench-Made by expert craftsmen from thoroughly aged and carefully selected briars.

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JUMBO BENCH-MADE—massive shapes, individually sculptured by hand. No two alike. $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00

HAND-CARVED HEADS—novel creations for the collector of unusual pipes. $3.00

THE MOROCCO BRIAR—all surplus briar hand-tooled away. A cool smoke. $2.50

First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
THREE FEATHERS
RESERVE
RESERVE

PLEASE NOTE:

Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY! Three Feathers Distilling Co., N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

singing in the sun . . .
singing in the rain . . .

smart as a topcoat...
and ready for rain!

Whatever the weather . . . you're dressed for any occasion in a Rainfair. Soft, supple, superbly tailored, every Rainfair keeps out the weather . . . and fits like a topcoat. A certain number of these Rainfairs are still available for civilian use. If you need one *now* . . . buy it! If you *already* own one, our *new free booklet* will give you detailed instructions on how to make it last. Booklet also illustrates other popular Rainfair styles. Write for it . . . *today!*

Tackle Twill* (at left, above) . . . **$16.75** A medium-length, double-duty coat in a smart shade of tan, eggshell or olive, made from the famous Tackle Twill used for paratrooper uniforms. Raglan sleeves, slash pockets.

Ziprain* (at right, above) . . . **$13.75** Casual knee-length English raglan style with slash pockets, wide sweep, important topcoat details. Fine quality *showerproofed* gabardine in bleached bone or light olive.

Watch for Rainfair's V-Seald and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear*

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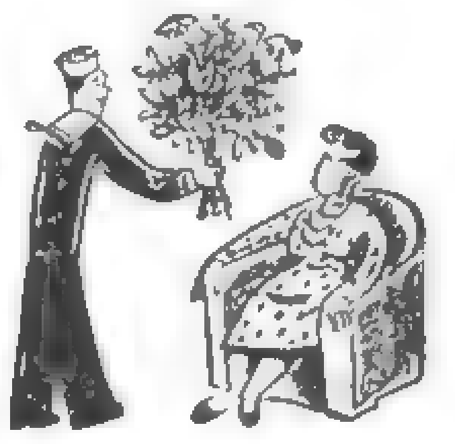
RAINFAIR
storm coats
showerproof

buy war bonds first

Talking Shop with Esquire

DON'T FORGET — MOTHER'S DAY — MAY 14TH! This year, particularly, every fellow will want to send some sort of remembrance to Mothers at home.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS. You can order all manner of unusual, imported gifts right here in the U. S. A. A handmade blouse from Syria, for instance. Sheer georgette with a wealth of hand-drawn work in a mosaic pattern. Or a gorgeous dressing gown of brocaded Persian *silk* to make her look like a Queen. Or a Persian bracelet in fine silver filigree work. And India contributes a pure silk scarf or shawl, hand blocked in amazingly beautiful designs.

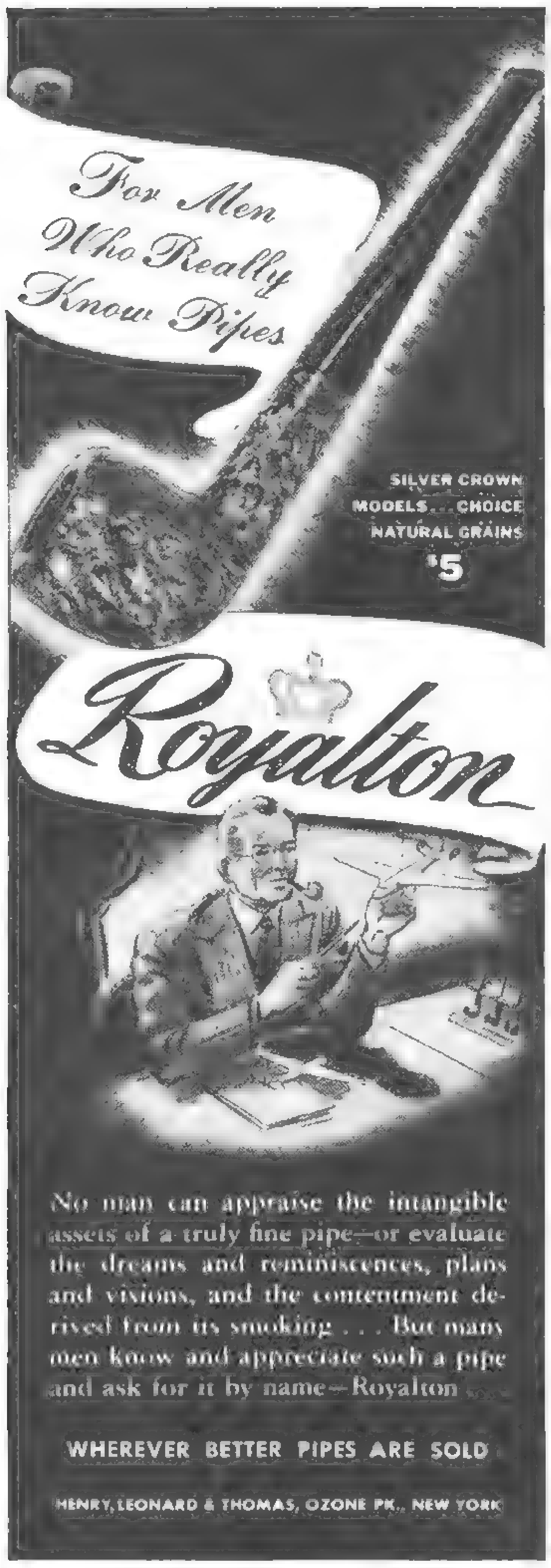


SURPRISE GIFTS. An unusual package designed to look like a printed apron, in fancy paper with paper lace edging, ribbon ties, and generous bouquet of flowers. Inside it holds fragrant toiletries, sachets, soap, etc. Handsome indeed is a genuine alligator wallet, filled for fun, with a dozen different scented bath oils, two tiny cakes of soap, and a tiny bouquet of flowers for her lapel.

KNITTING KITS. What with Red Cross, etc., Mom's busy fingers fly! What better than a deluxe knitting kit? Red, white and blue box, filled with knitting aids, plus a supply of tri-color needles, precision tapered for speed and accuracy. Or a white box containing genuine sterling silver needles; or fancy knit cases of leather or striped silks, nicely fitted out.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.


For Men Who Really Know Pipes
SILVER CROWN MODELS... CHOICE NATURAL GRAINS
$5
Royalton
No man can appraise the intangible assets of a truly fine pipe—or evaluate the dreams and reminiscences, plans and visions, and the contentment derived from its smoking . . . But many men know and appreciate such a pipe and ask for it by name—Royalton . . .

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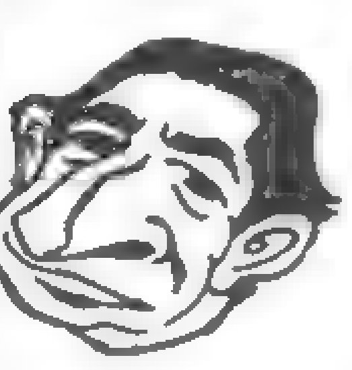

A brass monkey with the mumps would laugh at this collection of Willie's most hilarious songs...his most devilish dissertations. Here is sophisticated entertainment you'll never tire of!

French Taught In a Hurry (2 sides); Tyrone Shapiro, The Bronx Caballero; Impressions of Moscow Art Players; Imitations of Jolson, Cantor & Jessel; & the famous "Comes The Revolution."

Three 10 in. double-faced records in album, only $2.85 (add 45c for packing and postage in U. S. A.)

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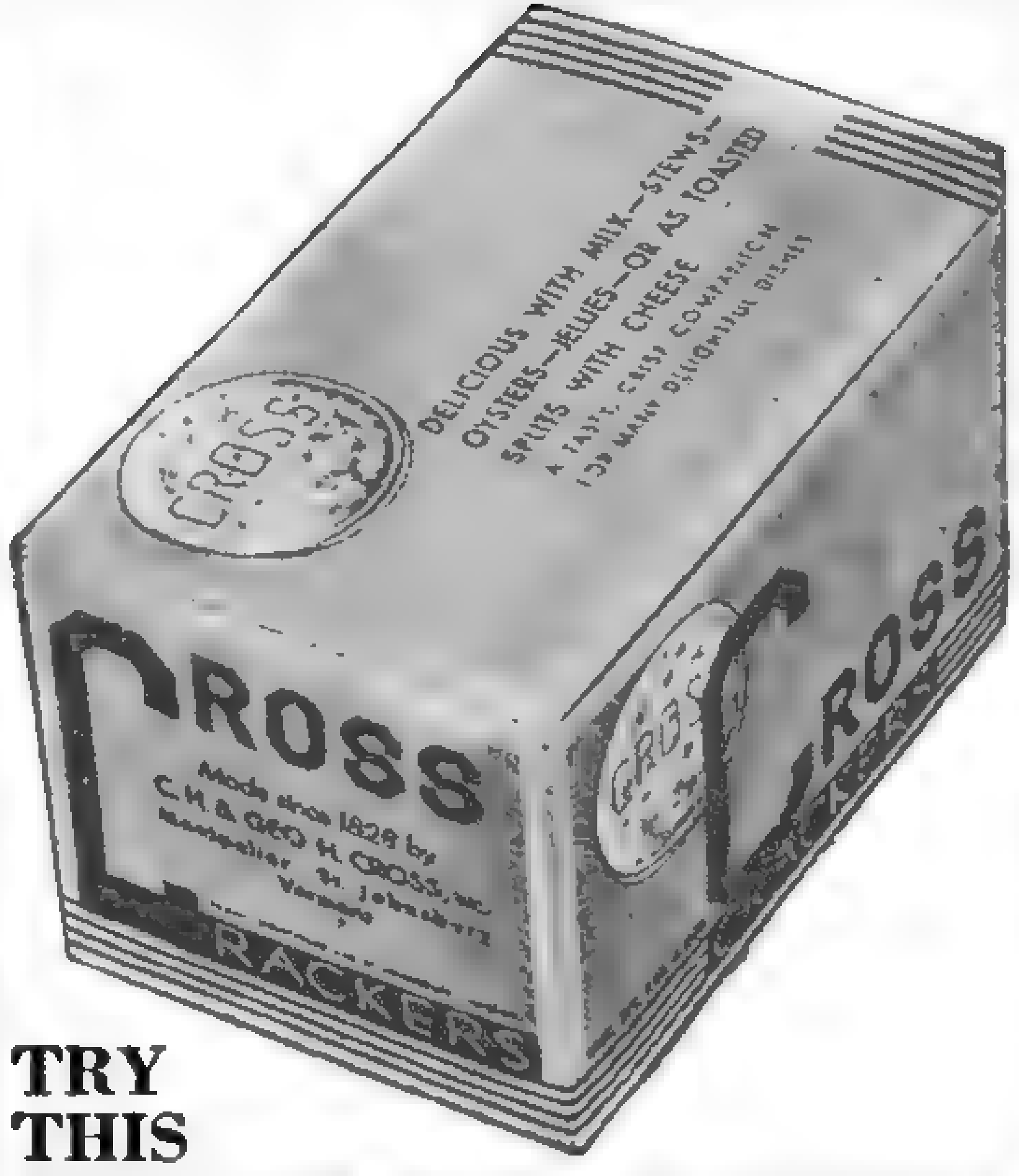
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with SOUPS, CHOWDERS GRILLED CHEESE

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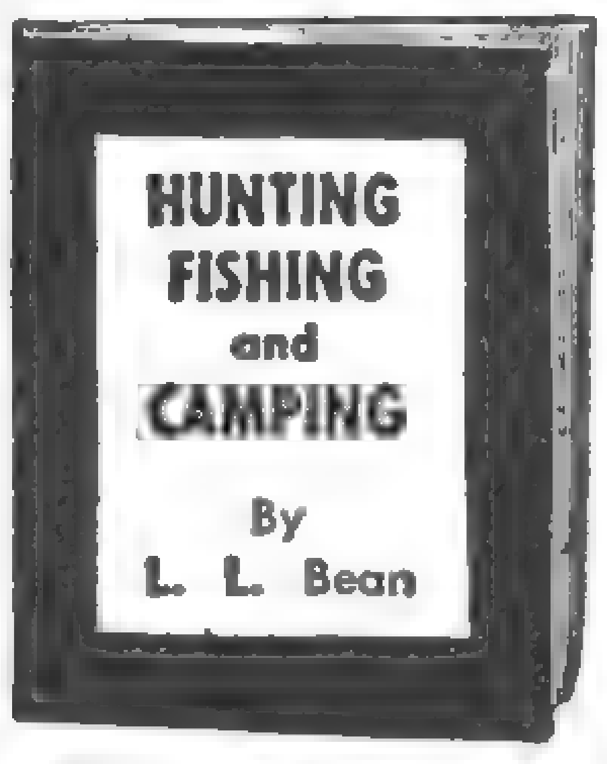

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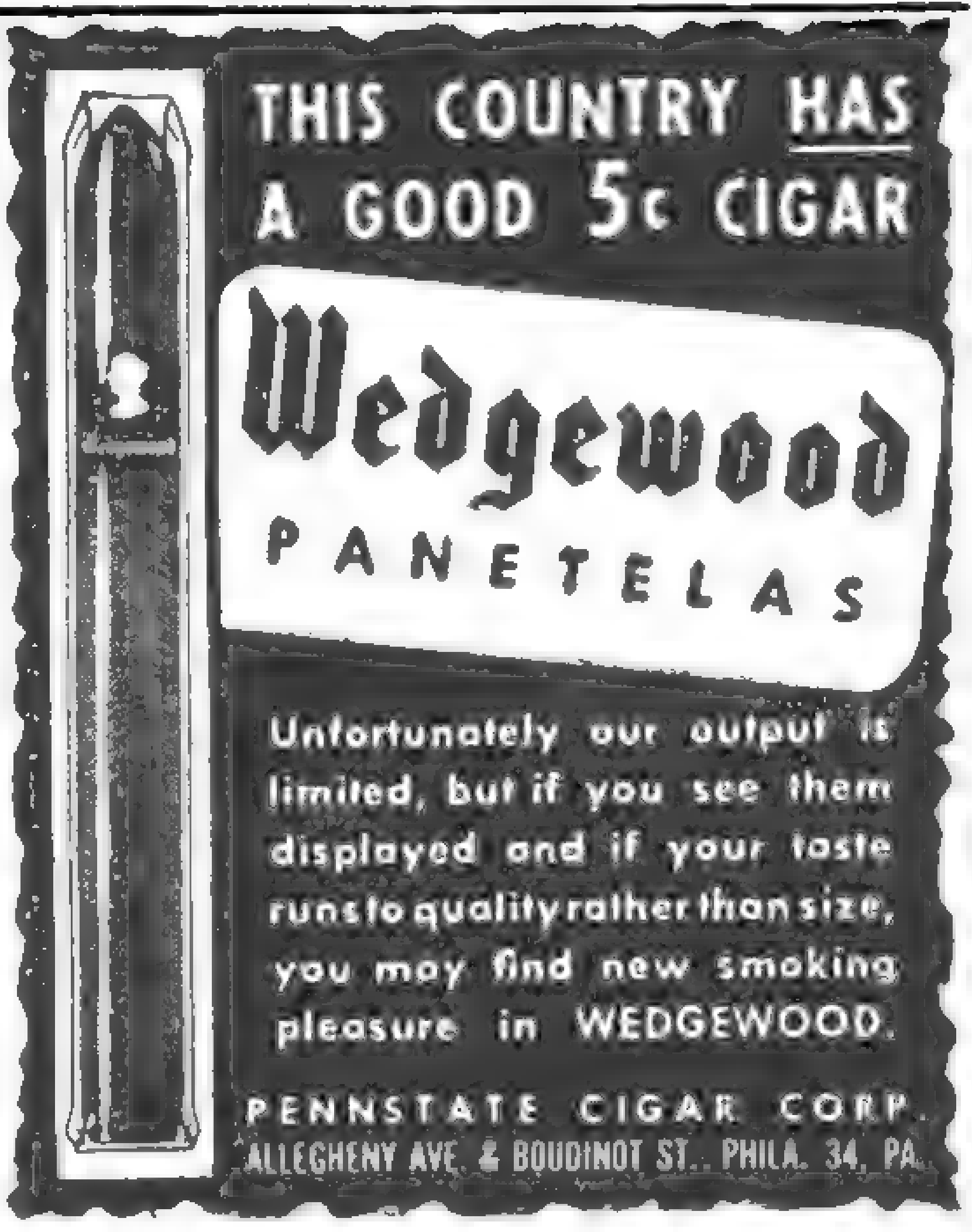
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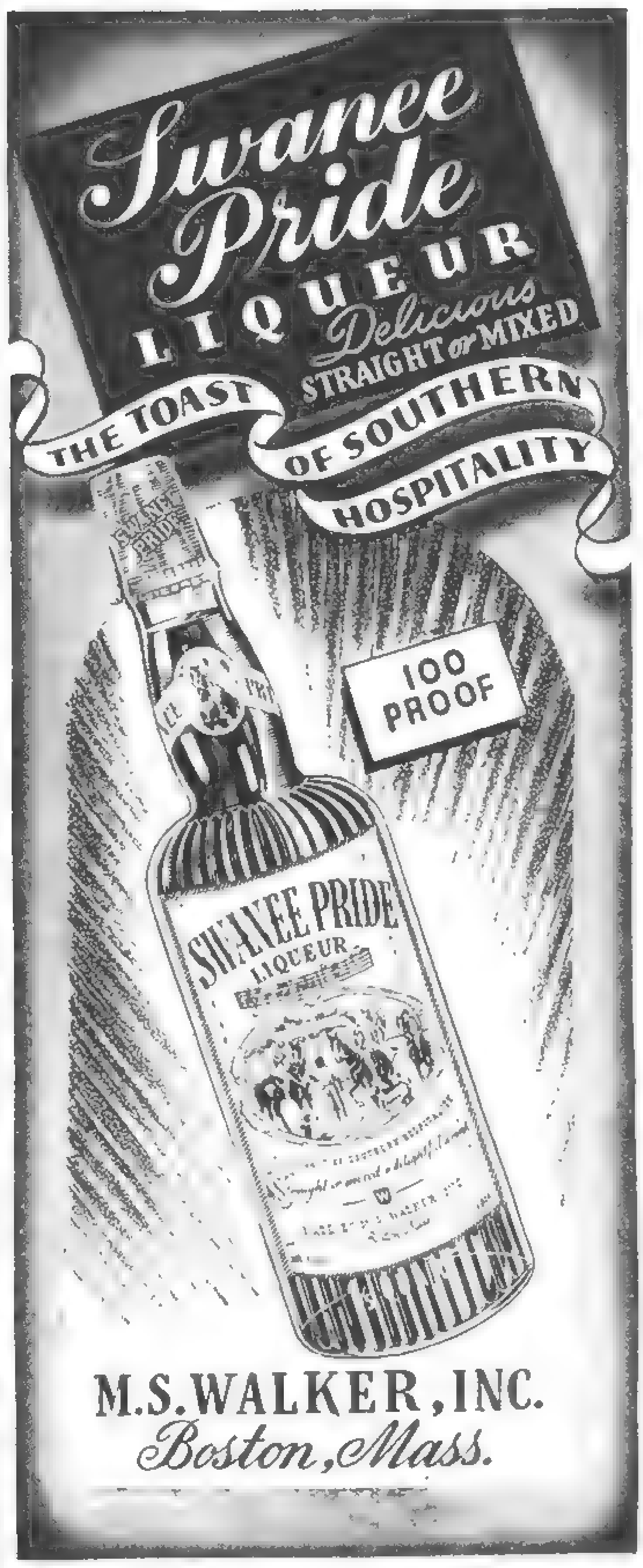

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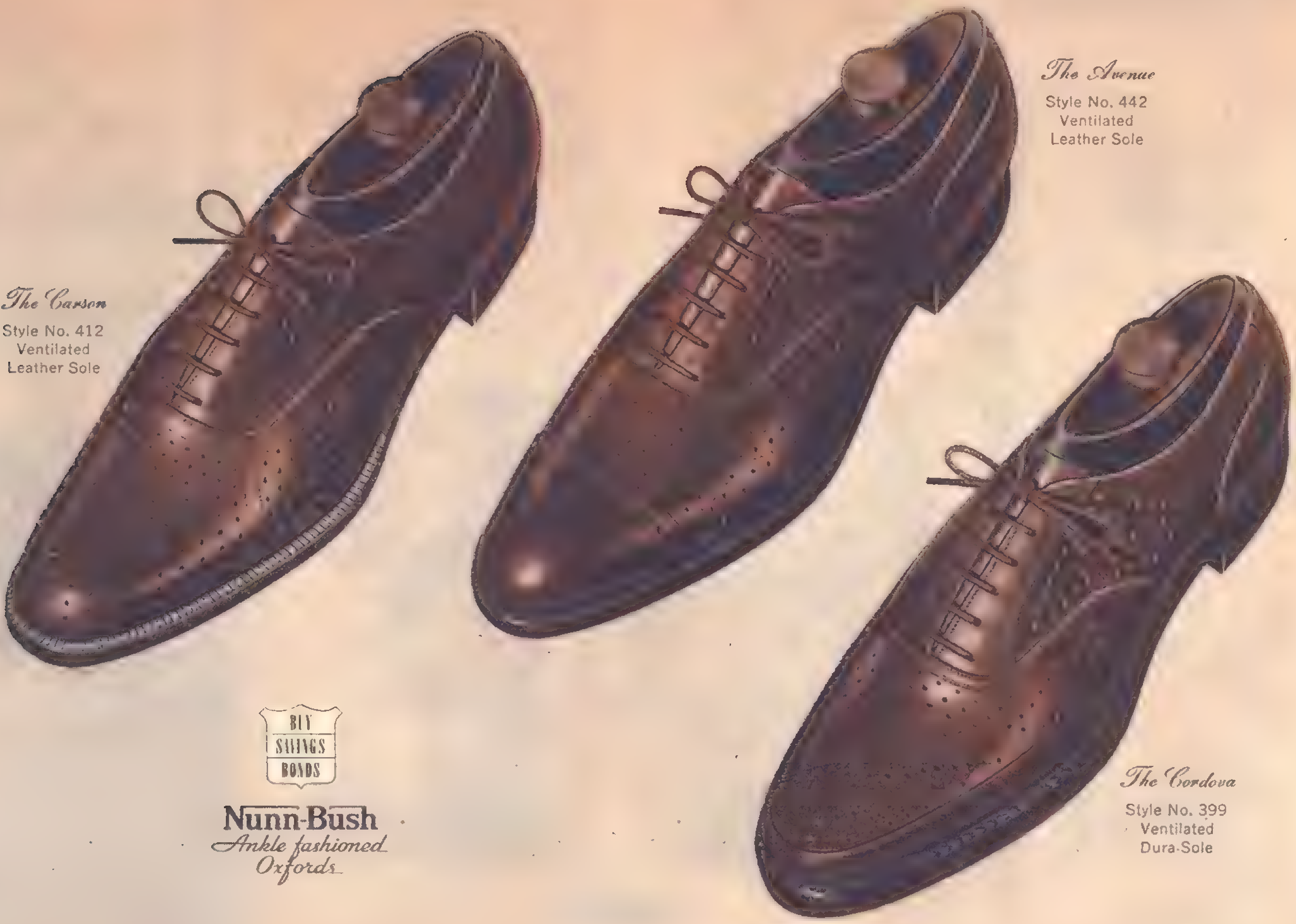
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords For the Well Dressed Man

It is and always will be the Nunn-Bush purpose to achieve the highest levels of shoe craftsmanship that Nunn-Bush training and skill can muster. Reason will tell you that shoes of unusual character must result from such determination. These ventilated models, for summer coolness, provide the fit, comfort and style endurance for which the Nunn-Bush development known as Ankle-Fashioning has become famous.

Most Styles $10 to $13.50



The Carson
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Ventilated
Leather Sole

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The Cordova
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Painting the Town with Esquire

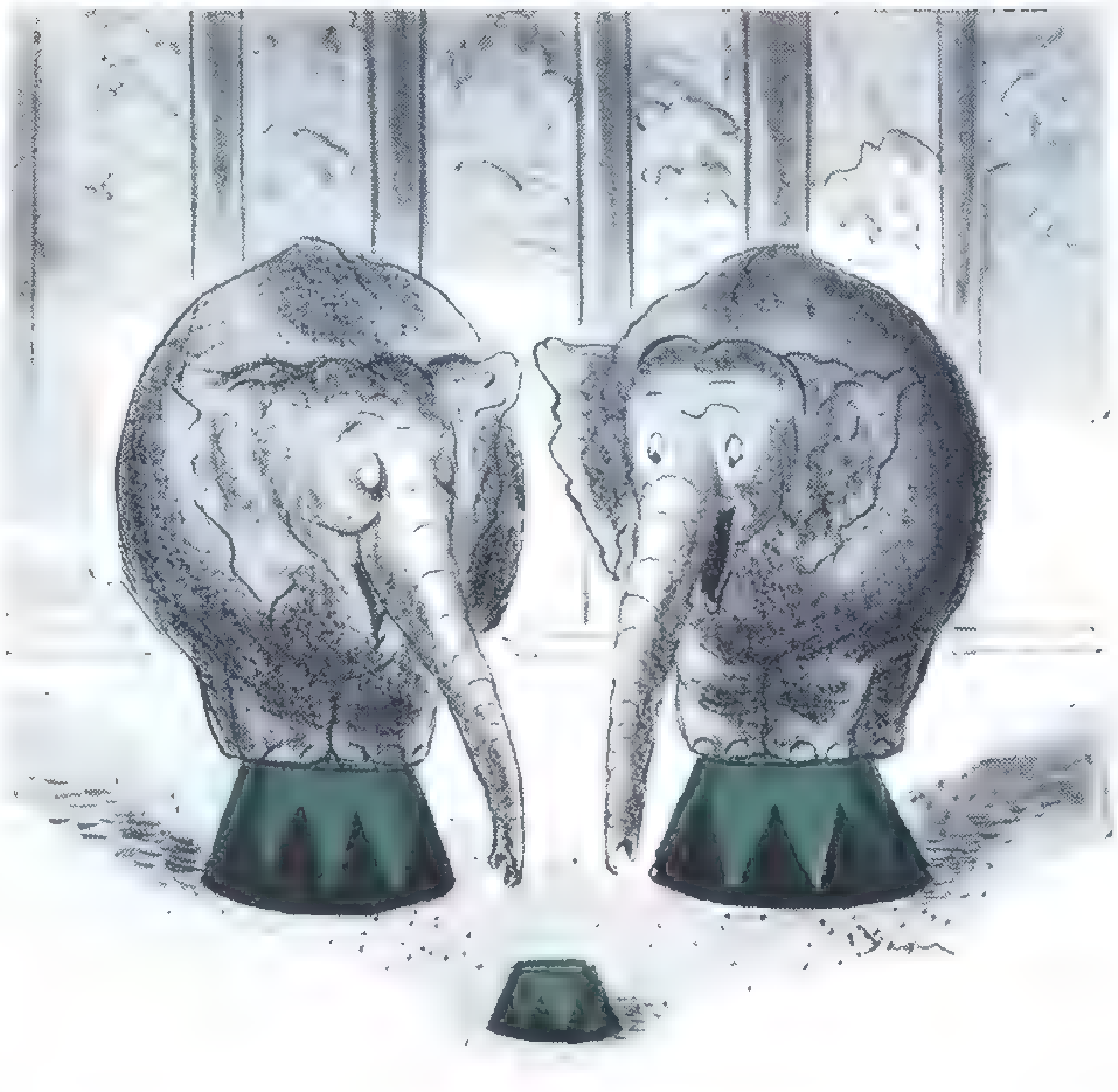
SENTIMENTALISTS who grabbed flintlocks off their walls and rushed to defend the Weylin Bar against rumored changes, are gasping easier. Sundry mirrors et cetera have indeed been added in the southerly huddlery, and the entrance altered, but the treasured Parthenon of the parched still stands as it did on Repeal night when it pioneered the present era of smart hotel bars . . . One's heart's cockles are in for a warming any Sunday noon at Lee's in Chinatown when Chinese families are partying their G.I. kin on leave . . . El Borracho (15 East 55th) bills its ham-roofed veal cutlet as *Saltimbocca,* meaning "leap into the mouth." And how true that is!

LATIN rhythms at the Café de la Paix of the Hotel St. Moritz are purveyed by fiddle-wizz Horatio Zito and his orchestra, with sultry Dolores del Carmen doing the vocaling, able to hold the attention of even the tone deaf . . . Yo-ho those parachute-sized pancakes at Luchow's (110 East 14th), berried, rolled à la rug, and set aflame with rum!

TO avoid confusion, the management of the gorgeous new Copa Cocktail Bar (10 East 60th) had better announce from time to time, "This isn't Heaven." The hell of it is, you can rarely get a table . . . Every time we emerge from the Restaurant Robert (33 West 55th), sacro-swank conservatory of the great traditions of flavor and flourish, we feel so ennobled à la Robert, our stomach deserves framing.

EVER-thronged, multi-stalled, Enduro's in Brooklyn, happy rallying place of service men from both sides of the river, is now offering hot-cha and hooptidoodle from noon on, staged in the midst of the huge serpentine bar's mob scene. The sizzly-wacky Toppers are the featured crew, with other talent interspersing. No dancing, however. Couples have to be content with eats, drinks, and paw-squeezing, which they seem to be. Out of mercy to Manhattanites whom Brooklyn bewilders, this place is located right over the DeKalb Avenue subway station. Hardly have you had time to say, "Where am I?" when there it is, full-tilting.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



Croix Royale Fruit Brandies served after dinner, leave your guests with a delightful glow of well-being

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Fruit Brandies
CROIX ROYALE
APRICOT BRANDY
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PEACH
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84 Proof

Fresh ripe fruits grown in the famed San Joaquin Valley distilled in Old-Fashioned pot stills, give Croix Royale fruit brandies their unique ultra-fine flavor. Plum, Apricot, Cherry, Peach.

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1/3 jigger lemon or lime juice, 2/3 jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum, 1 1/3 jiggers water and lots of cracked ice.
Shake until frothy serve at once.
★
The rigid centralized controls that guard the quality of *all* Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand or type, are doubly important today—assure you that wartime pressure has forced no compromise with Jamaica's superior standards of quality and flavour.

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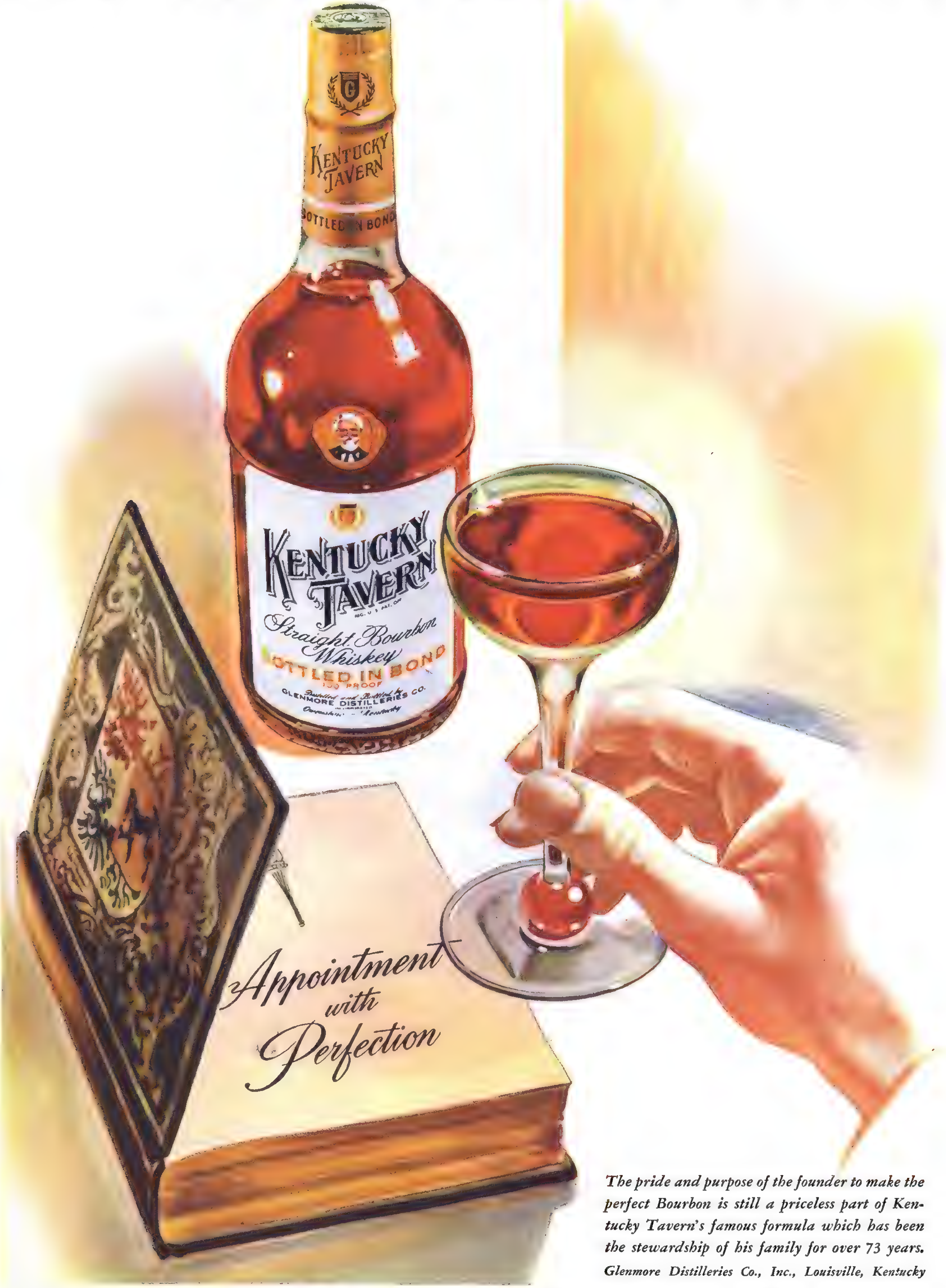
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BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
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GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
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Owensboro - Kentucky
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The pride and purpose of the founder to make the perfect Bourbon is still a priceless part of Kentucky Tavern's famous formula which has been the stewardship of his family for over 73 years.

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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

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FOR TOMORROW . . .

IF THE LABEL IS KNOX **. . . THE HAT IS RIGHT . . .**

CIMARRON *Ten Dollars*
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KNOX

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY THE MOST HONORED NAME IN HATS

Boiling hot?

Raving won't get you anywhere ... except hotter.

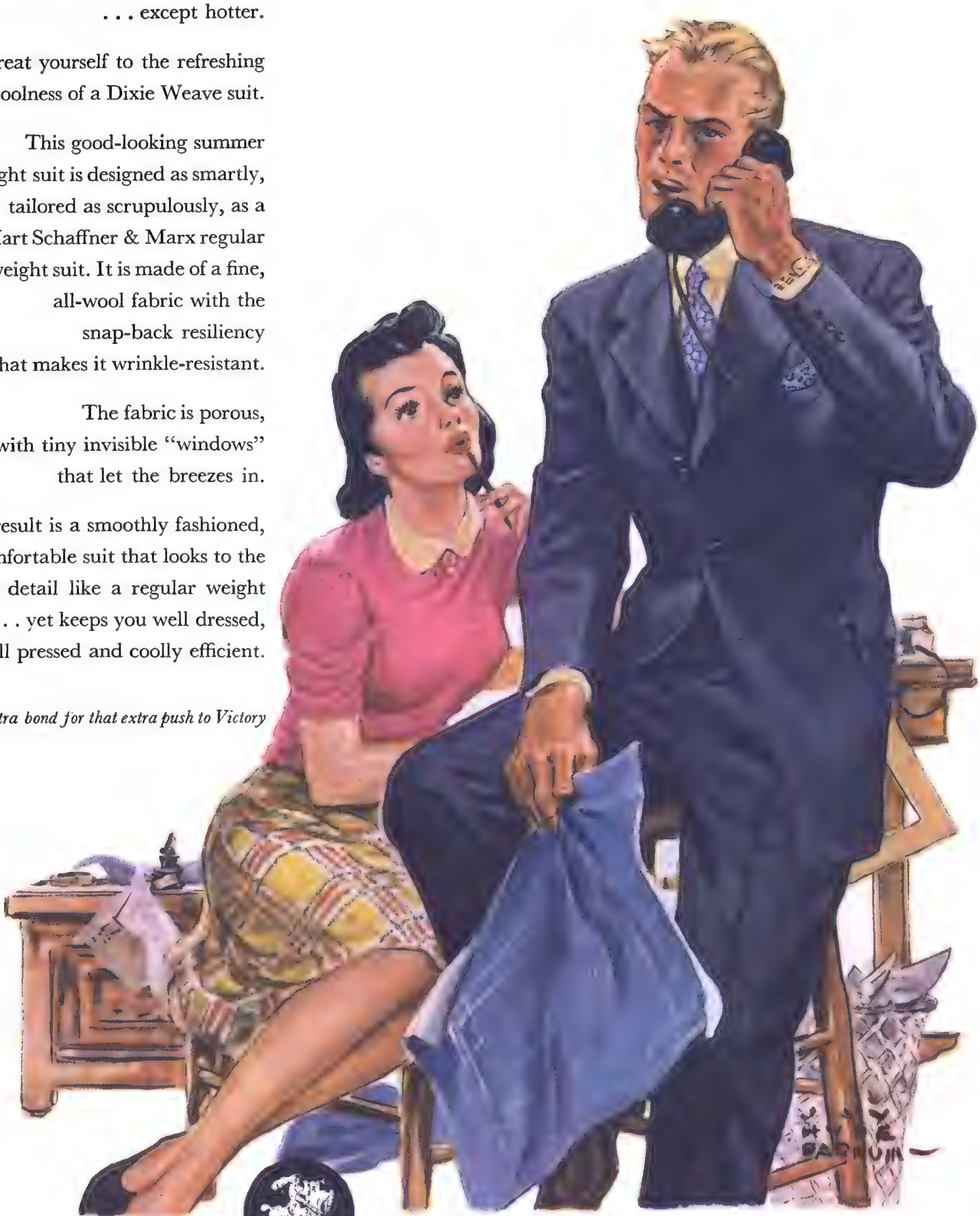
Treat yourself to the refreshing coolness of a Dixie Weave suit.

This good-looking summer weight suit is designed as smartly, tailored as scrupulously, as a Hart Schaffner & Marx regular weight suit. It is made of a fine, all-wool fabric with the snap-back resiliency that makes it wrinkle-resistant.

The fabric is porous, with tiny invisible "windows" that let the breezes in.

The result is a smoothly fashioned, comfortable suit that looks to the smallest detail like a regular weight ... yet keeps you well dressed, well pressed and coolly efficient.

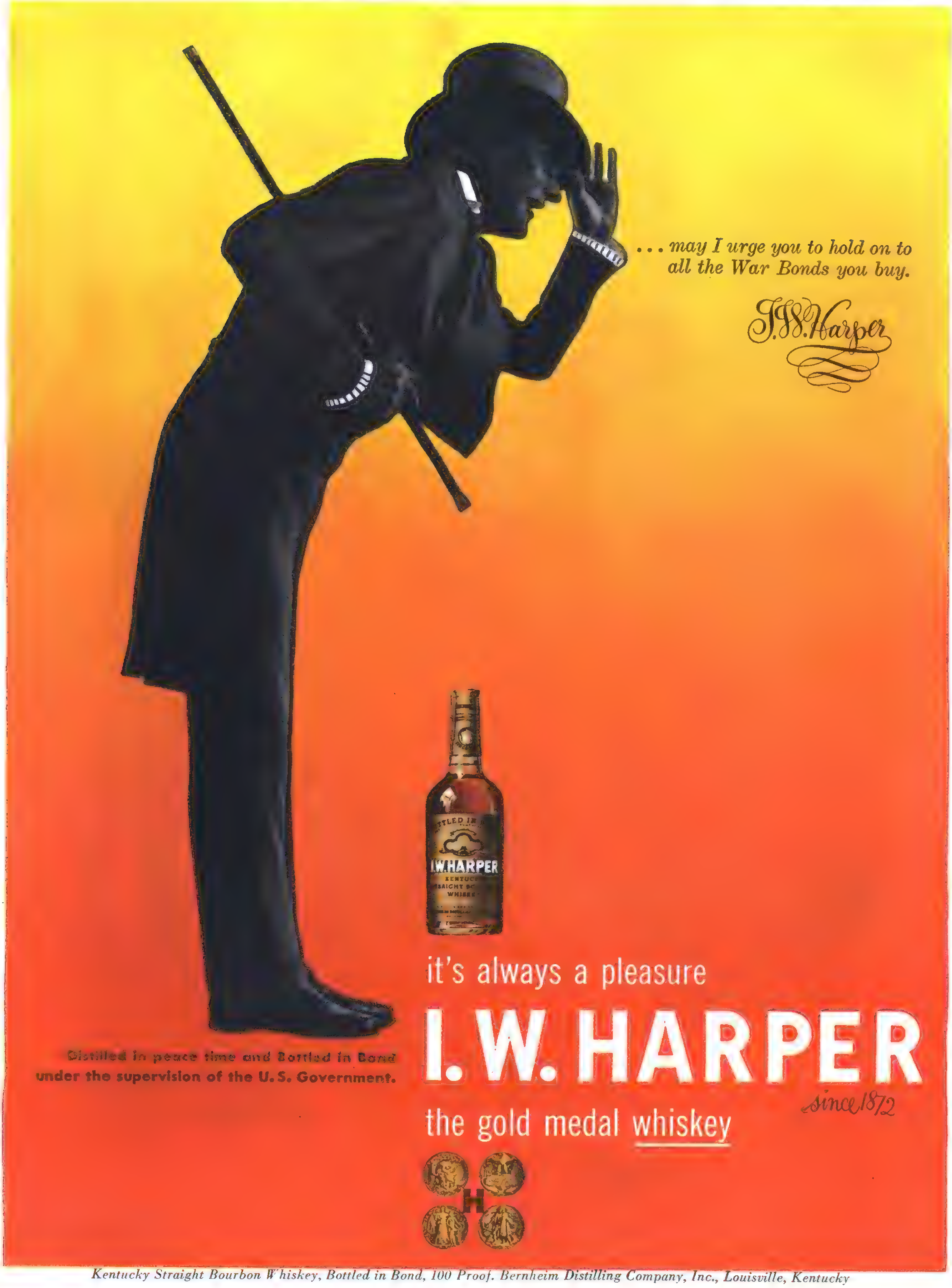
Buy an extra bond for that extra push to Victory



A small thing to look for ... a big thing to find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use by the government



. . . may I urge you to hold on to all the War Bonds you buy.

I. W. Harper

Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond under the supervision of the U.S. Government.

it's always a pleasure

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since 1872

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky

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Painting the Town with Esquire

MANAGING Director Arthur Benaglia of the Plaza has checked in Hildegarde, the devastating darling we aime beaucoup, at that hotel's Persian Room, causing fan-demonium . . . Brass hats dining sumptuously at Jim Moriarty's ultra-snazzo Barberry Room (East 52nd) would be surprised to know that "Gin Rummy Jim" began his hospitality career as a mess sergeant.

SMORGASBORD is in bloom at the "holm" restaurants — Stockholm, Castleholm, Kungsholm, Gripsholm. And cheery-go-rounding at the Three Crowns . . . Much favored cocktail dancing spot, within easy roam of theatredom: Raleigh Room (handsome) of the Hotel Warwick with The Townsmen dispensing the music in their stimulating style. Harry Charlwood at the door has a sheaf of cartes du jour up his sleeve for dinner desirers. If you persist he will even accommodate you with supper.

REMEMBER the Continental Restaurant on East 52nd? Well, by a triumph of obstetrics it's been reborn at 19 East 60th, and the same amiable Mike is hosting, with slim partner Nino officiating at the bar, afore which are deployed chipper red tartaned clothed little tables. The lunching and dining department is mezzanined above, with banquettes lining the dark blue walls. Provender starts with, if you will take our recommendation, hot hors d'oeuvres of the house and works up through such electives as pompano, frogs' legs, filet mignon, to the dessert stage where pears in claret and cherries jubilee are outstanders. If a bottle of wine suggests itself, you'll congratulate it upon its acumen.

SHAD are running, and so are Downtown insurance folk, avid for roe at Wylly's, 166 William Street, a 42-year-old establishment whose belowground bar, equipped with social pews, is the scene of late afternoon gab sessions. Main floor attractions include potato-dumpling dunking in connection with sauerbraten so superb you sigh as you seidel . . . Original, intime, and enduring in its popularity is the small triangular basement spot at 178 7th Ave. South by the name of Village Vanguard. Here romancing pairs can cop a good dinner, dance to the zippy music of the Clarence Profit Trio, and be sophisticatedly amused by satirist Ginger Dulo and other appearers, at non-stupendous outlay.

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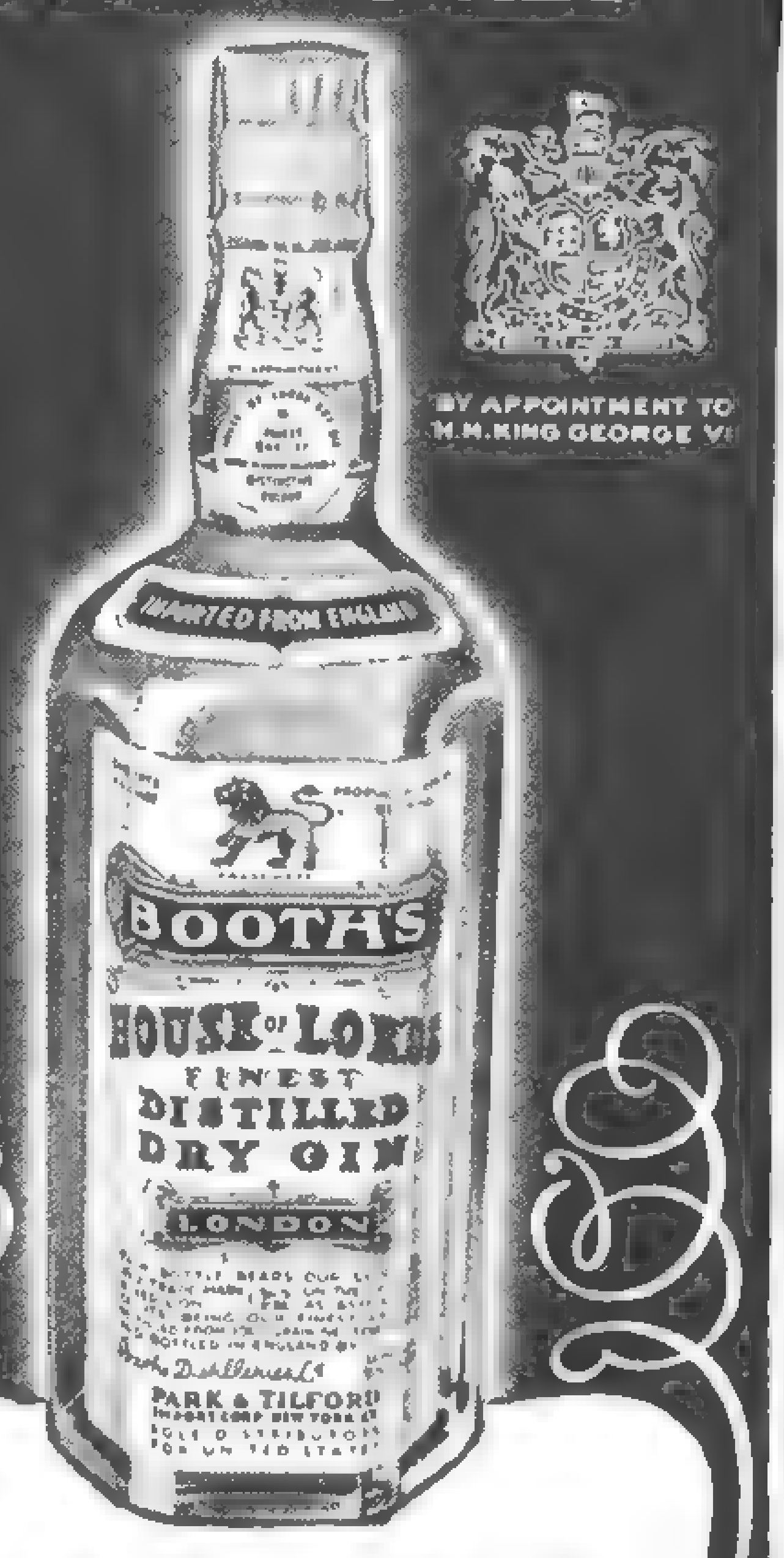

The worlds finest
DRY GIN
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF
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Imported Dry Gin
PARK & TILFORD
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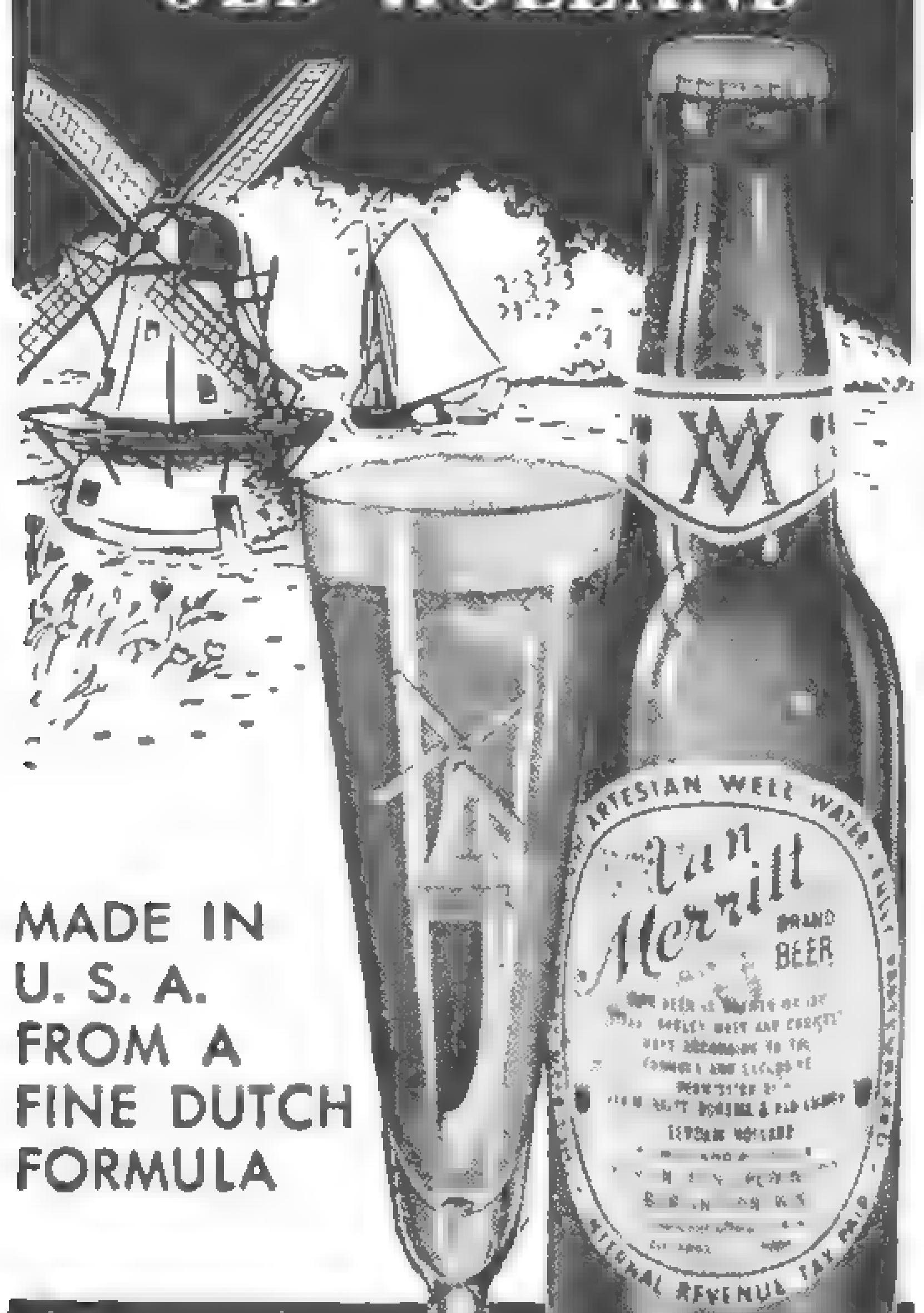
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86 PROOF



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"THE BOUQUET OF OLD HOLLAND"
MADE IN U. S. A. FROM A FINE DUTCH FORMULA
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1872
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WITH A NEW IDEA
Serve wine cocktails that are truly different. Add a dash of Abbott's.
Abbott's
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SINCE 1872
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ENJOY
Laird's and Soda
delicious the year 'round
86.4 PROOF
LAIRD & CO. SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.
BUY WAR BONDS

I'LL SAY THEY'RE SET FOR MANEUVERS — LONDON DOCK TOBACCO AND ALL!
AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC
2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c
Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
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Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
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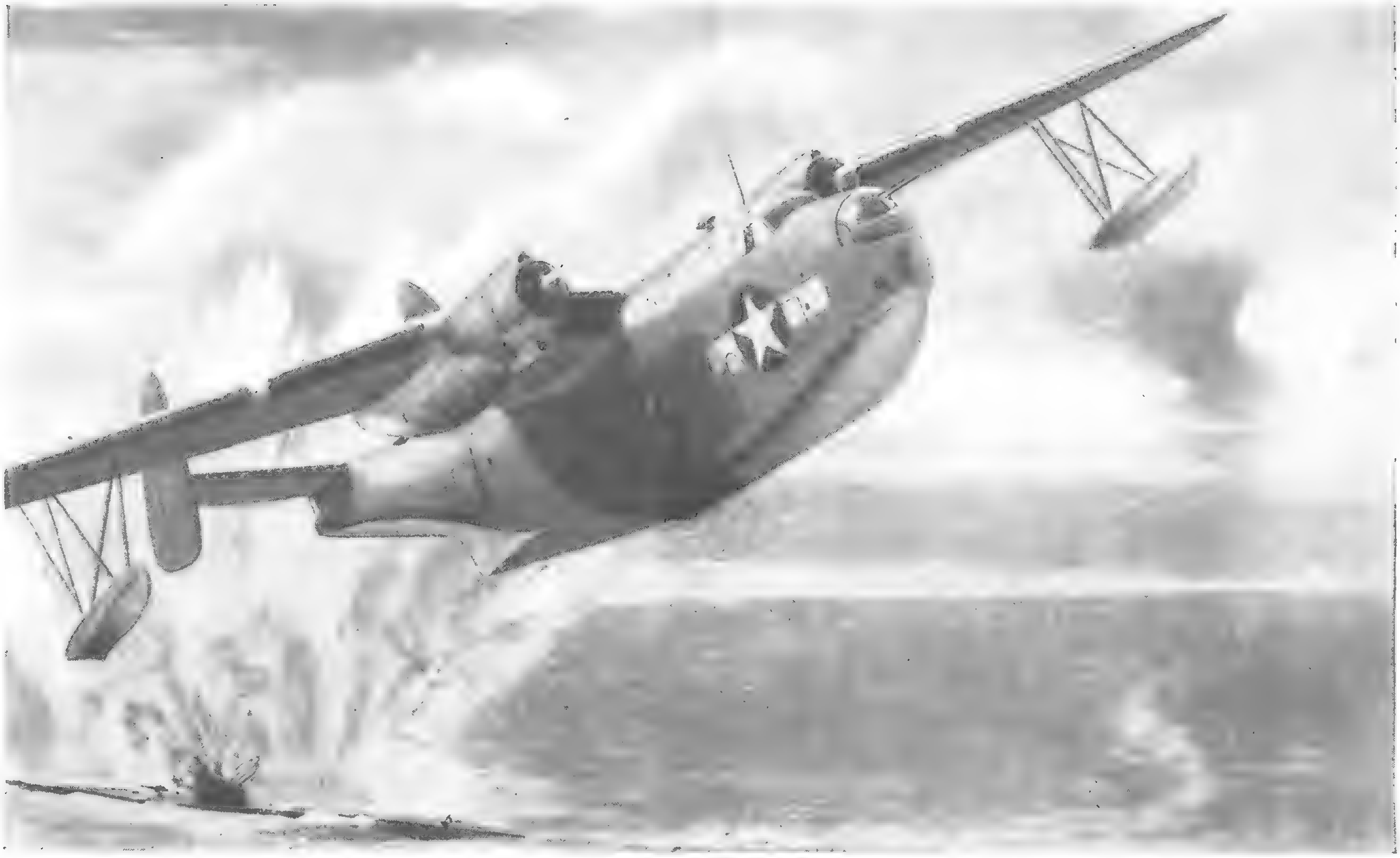
A·1
SAUCE
a delightful change from ketchup
A·1 Sauce makes today's HASH as tasty as yesterday's Roast!
Write for free recipes, "Cooking for a Man."
G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford 1, Conn.
The DASH that makes the DISH



THREE REASONS WHY *The Martin Mariner* IS POISON TO U-BOATS!

THE Navy is frequently silent on sub-sinkings. But when you read of convoy after convoy getting through, you know Martin Mariners are at work. From Iceland to Rio these big 20-ton flying boats help guard the sea lanes, ready at a moment's notice to unleash a storm of gunfire and depth charges on lurking killers of the deep. They're deadly poison to U-boats!

WHY MARINERS ARE TOPS AGAINST SUBS

Take a look at the picture above and note the big sturdy hull. That means seaworthiness, the ability to take off or land in rough weather, maintaining the constant, never-ceasing hunt for U-boats. Then look at the broad tail with its twin fins. That gives stability, a steady platform, assured accuracy in bombing. Finally, there's the spread of those long, gull-wings. Such wingspread enables Mariners to "coast" through the air, with engines throttled down for minimum fuel consumption, permitting them to stay aloft hours longer. In addition, these tough PBM's pack sufficient firepower to slug it out with a U-boat's guns when making low-level attacks. The Mariner was designed as a scourge for subs!

YOUR OWN COMMAND

When you pilot a Martin Mariner, you're leader of an eleven-man crew. If you've got what it takes to fly, you belong in the Navy Air Force. It's a real opportunity to learn the trade of the future . . . aviation. Even now Martin has completed plans for giant 150-ton "flying hotels," the transportation of tomorrow. Such ships, weaving an aerial network over the world will require crews of expert fliers. You can be one of them, if you start now to win your Navy Wings of Gold!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
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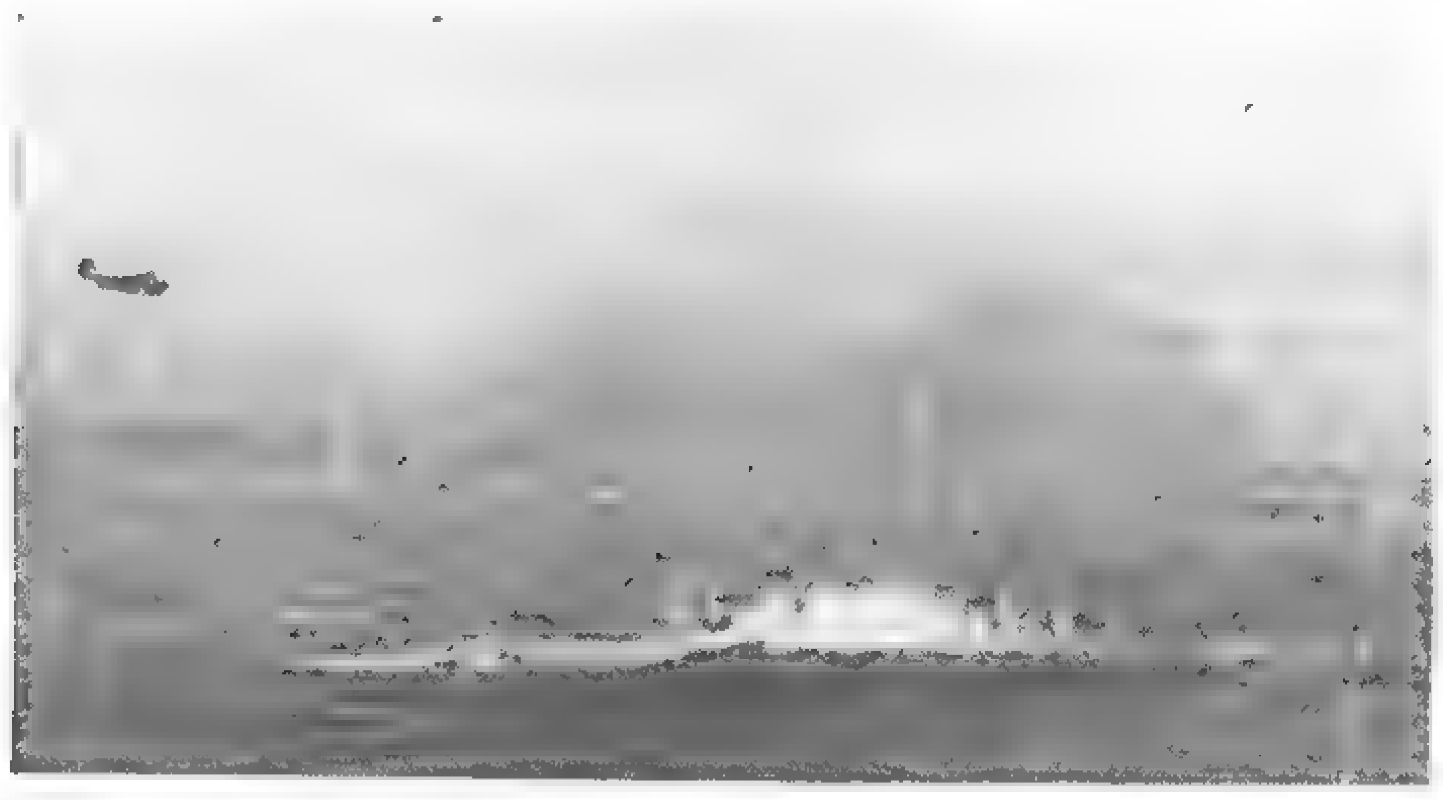
The Glenn L. Martin-Nebraska Company—Omaha

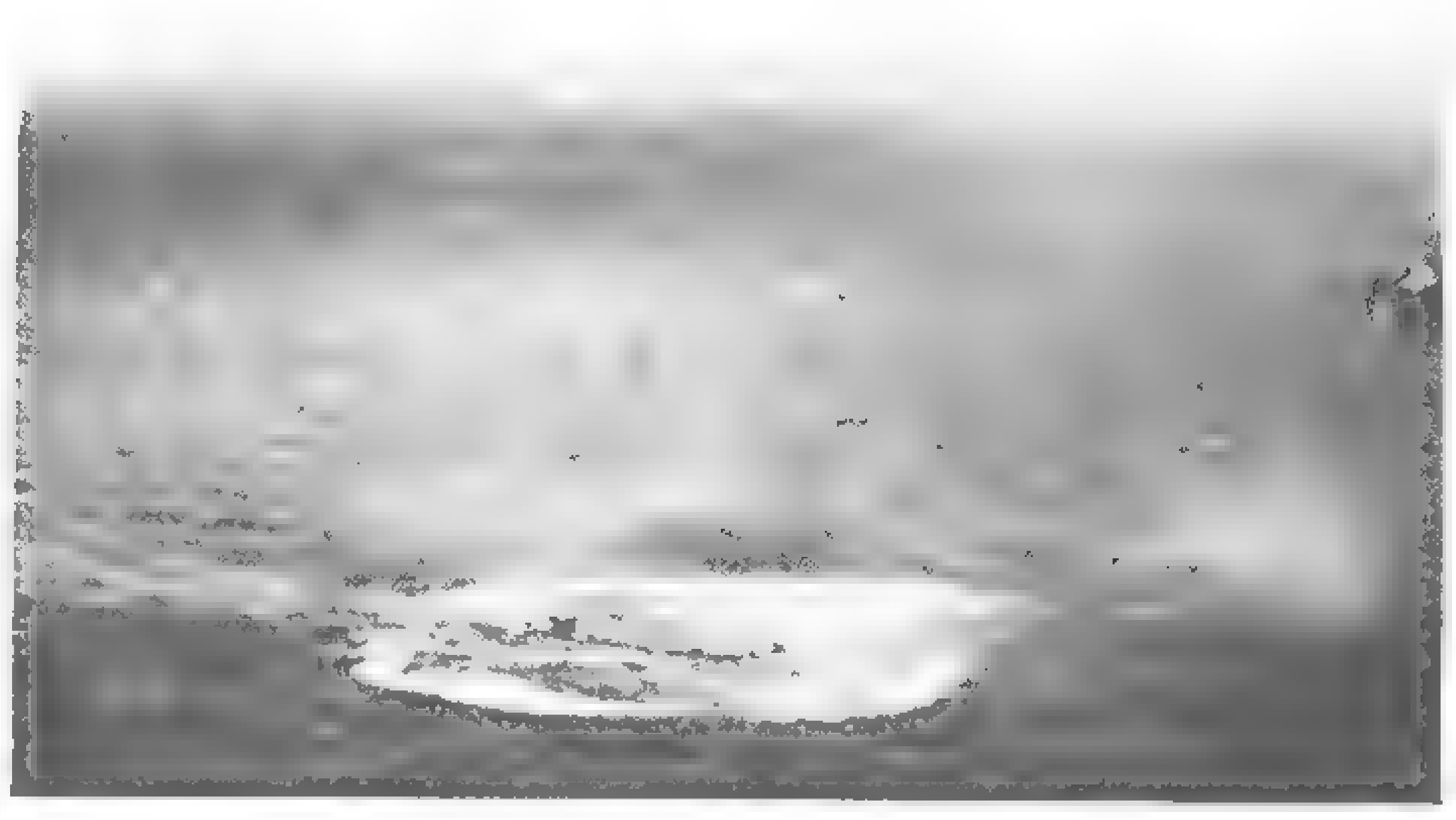
Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

OFFICIAL NAVY PHOTOS SHOW MARTIN MARINERS SINKING NAZI SUB



BOMBS AWAY! Strings of depth charges cascade from Mariner's bays. Extra-big bomb capacity enables Mariner to drop lethal patterns of explosives, blanketing target area.

DIRECT HITS! Straddled by depth charges, sub is forced to surface, crippled. Twin tail fins, assuring stability, permit accurate bombing like this, make Mariners the scourge of subs.



HELPLESS! Unable to submerge or flee, U-boat lies helpless. Mariner, designed to stay aloft for very long periods, circles watchfully until destroyer arrives to polish off the sub.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Milton Mazer

Milton Mazer, contributor of *The Deferred Diagnosis* on page 70, says this is his first public appearance outside a medical journal. He has lived mostly in Philadelphia, got his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania and after a period of private practice joined the medical service of the federal government. Following assignments in North Carolina and Mississippi, he was transferred to Washington, D.C., for a research job in cardiology. Now he is a lieutenant in the Medical Corps, instructing aerial gunnery students in the problems of high altitude flying.

•

"For twenty-seven years I was a civilian," quips Sergeant Ray Duncan, "and sometimes I think that was the happiest period of my life. I was born in Indiana, but when I was ten and just beginning to make some interesting contacts my family moved to Los Angeles. Writing hasn't always been easy. For years my typewriter ribbon wouldn't reverse direction and I had to wind it back by hand. When I was twenty-one my father called me into the garage and said: 'Don't you think it's about time you were getting a job and maybe paying a little room and board around here?' What could I say? I became a grocery clerk, a roofer, a newspaper reporter, minor executive in an oil refinery and finally a private in the U.S. Army. I contribute regularly to *Yank*, but Esquire is the first civilian publication to accept my work. I've been in the Air Corps for two years and in an airplane for nearly seven minutes."

Sgt. Ray Duncan

•

A lieutenant (senior grade) in the Navy, Vereen Bell is the author of many short stories and articles that have appeared in *Collier's*, the *Post* and *The American*. He has had two books published: *Two of a Kind* and *Swamp Water;* the latter was adapted by Twentieth Century-Fox into a moving picture. A Georgian, Vereen Bell graduated from Davidson College, North Carolina, in 1932. He spent two years as an editor on *The American Boy*.

•

When the British government purchased 50 destroyers from this country in 1940, the Chicago *Tribune* asked John Rhodes Sturdy to go over on one of them, explaining the Germans had vowed that the ships would never be delivered. He took a chance and liked the voyage so well that he wheedled the Admiralty into letting him return to Canada in a warship. He then enlisted in the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve and after officers' training was posted to one of the Canadian Navy's units as a sub-lieutenant. Last year he spent some time in Hollywood, working on a Howard Hawks' picture, *Corvette K-225*, on behalf of the Canadian Navy. He is now again on active duty.

John Rhodes Sturdy

•

The author of *Jazz Is Where We Lost It*, Melvin L. Heimer, says he was born in Hoboken and has a polo coat, but there his resemblance to Sinatra ends. He is twenty-eight years old and for four years has written features for the New York *World-Telegram*. In that connection, he is responsible for the Arpad weather stories publicized a few months ago by *Time* and *Newsweek*. He laments: "All my writing life editors have been leering at me and saying, 'Get funny; go on and write a funny story,'" but he hopes to play Hamlet some day and has a half-finished novel about stark young love to prove it. He has carried on a whispering campaign against Guy Lombardo's music since he was sixteen. Hot jazz is his special addiction, and if someone can dig him up a record of Bunny Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*, he will thank them kindly.

•

Walter Turner, who wrote *The Strongest Man That Ever Lived*, for the past five years has been doing public relations work for a utility company in Montreal. He describes himself as Scottish-Canadian, thirty-four and single. After graduating from Trinity College in Port Hope, Ontario, he served with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and then retired to the comparatively uneventful life of a newspaperman. He likes horses, dogs, Beethoven, beer and (especially) people. His forte is biography; he has interviewed a cool 20,000.

Walter Turner

•

Samuel W. Taylor spent a week as a cowboy in an Idaho round-up where he says: "The cowboys could ride but they were ordinary people who wore any old clothes they could find and would have been tossed out of a Western movie set as anachronisms. When the round-up was over and we were sitting around in camp relaxing, a couple of tourists arrived who were dying to see a real live cowboy. We rose to the occasion, began tossing 'thisaways,' 'prontos,' and 'shores,' while the tourists raptly drank in this authentic Western lingo—straight out of the pulps."

•

William Brent (*Eppy and the White Death*, page 40) sold his movie house in Silver City, New Mexico, to go to Hollywood awhile back—with the idea of writing better screen stories than the stuff he'd been showing. Collaborating with his wife, he wrote stacks of stories which bounced back faster than you could say *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Then he sold a serial to *The Saturday Evening Post*, which Twentieth Century-Fox promptly grabbed at a nice premium. Since then the going has been smooth. When the war is over, they plan to move to Guadalajra, Mexico, for a life of free-lancing and lotus eating.

William Brent

•

James Wakefield Burke is a test pilot for Consolidated, testing fighters, dive bombers and 4-engine Liberators. He vows to quit flying when the war is won, despite his promotional piece on page 55, entitled *All God's Children Can Fly*. A native of Tennessee, he was thrown on his own at the time of World War I. Too young to enlist, he worked his way through school and six years of college and after the war tinkered with airplanes and flew crates flyable and unflyable. It's a cinch, he asserts. He merely bought a plane from a friend one day, and after the friend had given him a brief demonstration, he flew to California and back. #

James Wakefield Burke

NO FISH STORY

LAST night we caught imaginary trout,
and cooked them to a tempting, golden brown—
Then Charlie said, "I rather think
This calls for something fine to drink"—
And fine it was—that savory Seven Crown!

WE spoke regretfully of far-off streams and lakes—
of fishing plans we now can't carry through—
"My boy," said I, "a tender trout
Is tops for taste, beyond a doubt—
yet here's *one* pleasure I'd compare it to!"

• • •

If "Seven" is temporarily out of stock where you buy, place your order, please. It's worth waiting for!

Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

For Pre-War Quality... Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure*

MOST PLEASING *Today*
MOST PLEASING *Tomorrow*

Seagram's 7 Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

Do you STAND OUT *in the crowd?*

Retain Your Natural Vitality.. Guard Youthful Energy with the aid of these 2 Tiny Capsules

They stand out in any crowd—alert, all-alive women and men whose friends wonder, "Where do they get all their energy and drive!"

Yet their secret is easy enough to follow. They live sensibly and because they have learned that it's best to get the best for daily vitamin health protection, they take "VITAMINS Plus." Day in and day out, this special balanced-blend of the finest quality vitamins and iron helps to protect their natural vitality and energy, and to keep them up to par.

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To assure full potency, "VITAMINS Plus" comes in 2 tiny capsules instead of less costly tablets or a single capsule. Thus the water-soluble vitamins and iron are separated from the oil-soluble vitamins. This means less chance of chemical reactions which destroy strength. The capsules also prevent destructive air from reaching the vitamins.

Be sure you get the *right* vitamins and iron, and be sure you get them in the *right* form—the "VITAMINS Plus" 2-capsule form.

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Remember—you cannot feel or look your best when you lack the indispensable vitamins and iron which you can get so easily in "VITAMINS Plus." Get the best—get "VITAMINS Plus" and let it help *you* feel and look *your* best!

VITAMINS Plus

The first in its field

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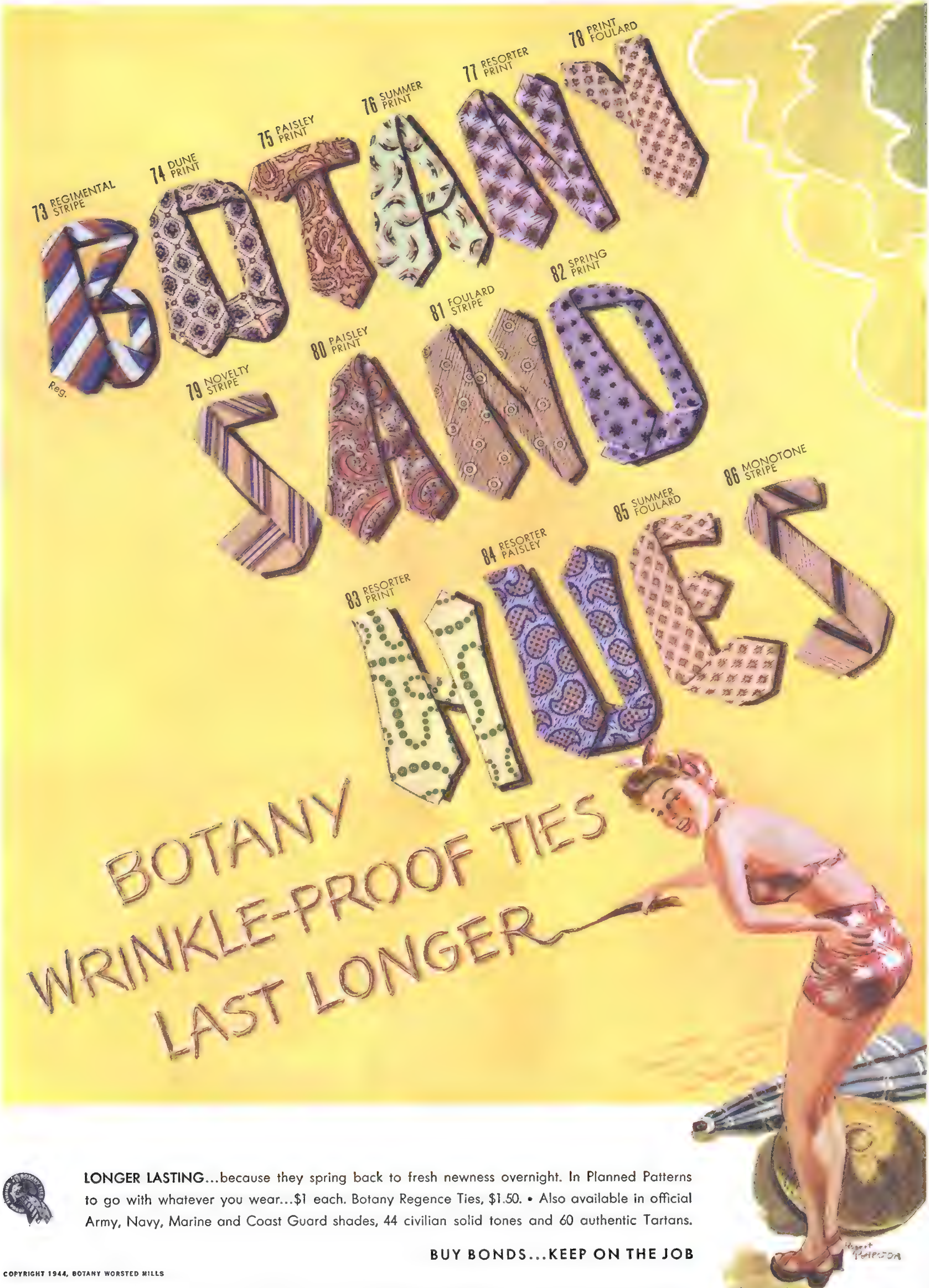
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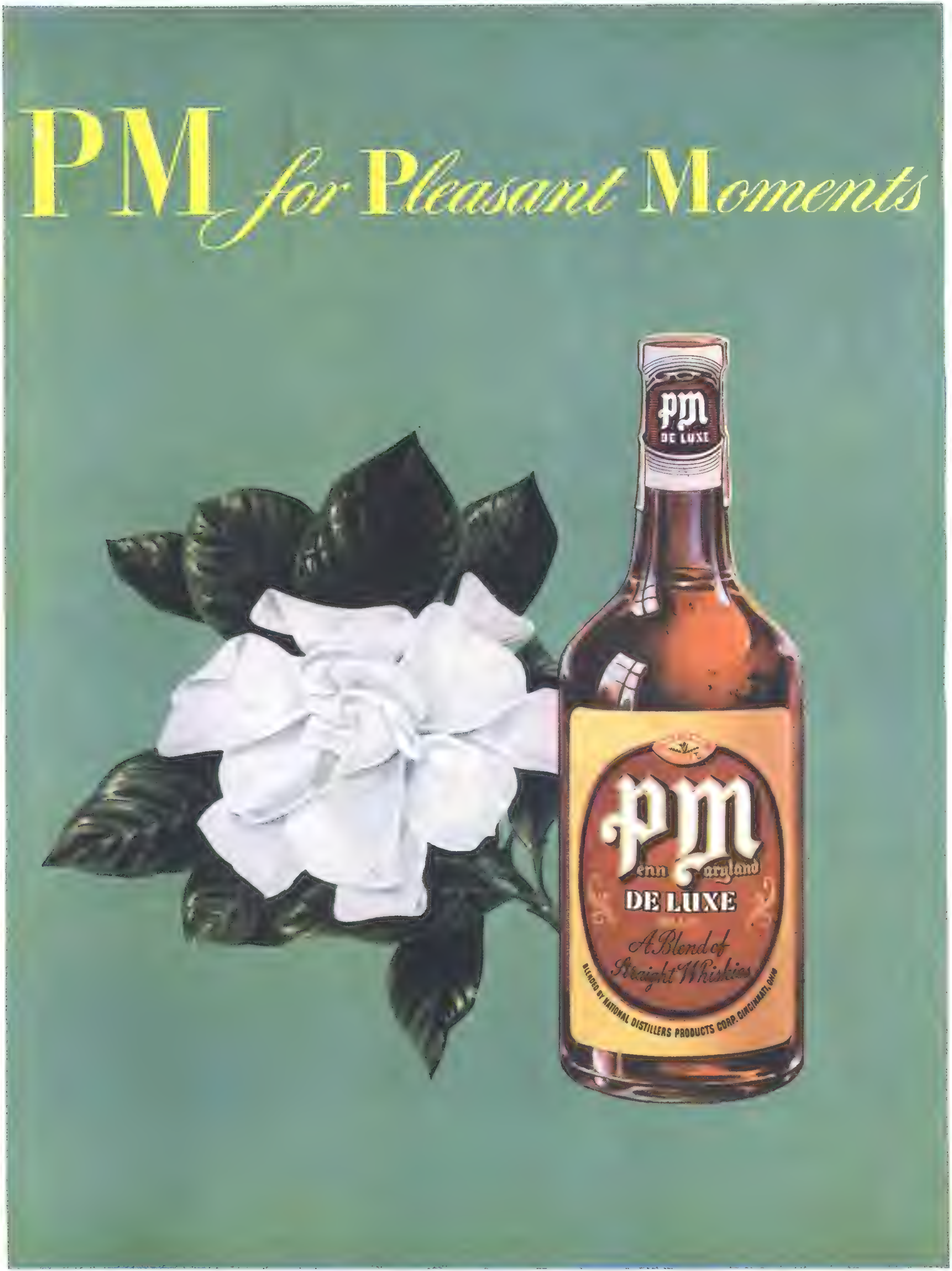
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Jazz Is Where We Lost It

Why is there no new, creative talent in hot music like those geniuses who came out of the rip-roaring Twenties?

by MELVIN L. HEIMER

• ARTICLE •

It was while Lionel Hampton was engaged in vivisecting his vibraphone to the magical tune of *Flying Home*, with the Metropolitan Opera House rocking and trembling at the first Esquire All-American Jazz Band concert in January, that we looked around and realized suddenly we were in the midst of tragedy. Well—not tragedy along Macbethian lines, perhaps, but a pretty serious bit of business, nonetheless.

There are no young musicians.

None of any consequence, that is. We sat there in the plush darkness and watched the great soloists of the jazz world, but it might just as well have been the Philharmonic or the Boston Symphony. There were no sprouts on the stage, wringin' and twistin'. Louis Armstrong, in his forties; Jack Teagarden, no youth, he; big Sidney Catlett, Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Al Casey, Oscar Pettiford, Roy (Little Jazz) Eldridge—none was a beardless youth.

That brought about a hurried scratching of mind as we worked over a long list of jazz greats. A half dozen, maybe, were in their twenties or under. The rest of them were making history, in their own peculiar way, when every bathtub smelled of juniper juice and there was a chicken in every pot. That seems like yesterday, children, but if you think real hard, it wasn't. It was twenty years ago.

Take the trumpeters—Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Max Kaminsky, Armstrong, Buck Clayton. The drummers—George Wettling, Catlett, Gene Krupa, Davie Tough, Jo Jones. The tram players—Teagarden, Benny Morton, Brad Gowans, J. C. Higginbotham. The saxes—Johnny Hodges, the Hawk, Bud Freeman, Toots Mondello. The pianists—Earl Hines, Count Bill Basie, Joe Sullivan, Willie the Lion, the Duke. On clarinet—Goodman, Barney Bigard, Edmond Hall, Rod Cless.

If your interest lies in the other extreme, consider the names that pack the concert halls. Fritz Kreisler still is the greatest draw in the classical instrumentalist field. Heifetz is considered the artist of technique, as Kreisler is the artist of emotion. There are none to match them. Toscanini, Stokowski, Gieseking, Levant, Lhevinne—these and a hundred more are men who were great young artists but now are mature and mellowing, established over the years. There is no new Lhevinne or Paderewski. It has been years and years, if you remember, since Menuhin, his dark hair falling over his forehead, stepped on a concert stage as a prodigy.

To get a little closer to the situation, let's take jazz. What's happened there?

It was more than twenty-five years ago that a fat little Negro boy named Louis Armstrong left a down South orphanage with his precious horn and began playing riverboats and barrelhouses. In those twenty-five years, no one has come along to match his virtuosity. Around the same time another Negro boy named Zutty Singleton was beginning to feel his way around the New Orleans' spots with a pair of drumsticks that in their smooth, insinuating way made magic. There have been no Singletons since, either.

The middle Twenties saw Chicago, as if in a gigantic upheaval of musical lava, throw up on the jazz beach such men as Ellsworth Russell, called Pee Wee, Eddie Condon, Joe Sullivan, Krupa, Goodman and Tough. They swarmed into the Loop's noisy spots and listened to Louis and King Oliver and a thin, pale young cornetist named Bix Beiderbecke and said that's for me. Pretty soon some of them were playing with Beiderbecke, and it was seventh heaven. Mixed bands weren't exactly *de rigueur* then, and the closest any of them might have come to playing with Louis was on a record date, where no one but the guys who made the disc would know.

The Duke burst on the scene with a roar of piano keys, and from other spots throughout the land came the others. Morton, a great big black man with a velvet trombone and the knack of putting an ache in your heart with his music, drifted up from the South. J. C. Higginbotham, another trombonist with whatever it is they need, skidded into Harlem one fine day. Willie, the Lion, Smith offered his eerie piano playing, and Earl Hines' long, skinny fingers started the kind of ivory-thumping that later made Teddy Wilson listen to his records reverently and take heed.

Mamie and Bessie Smith shouted the Blues, and "Jackson" Teagarden found himself side by side with Miff Mole in the tram section of the old Whiteman band, doing up such inspired things as *Rose Room* and *I'm Comin', Virginia*, while Bix sat ten feet away and played right out of this world, night after night. Slick, genial Bill Basie, not quite royalty yet, was playing in a Kansas City joint, yet to be unearthed by John Henry Hammond, but Coleman Hawkins was on his way up. The real saxophonist was Chu Berry, to be sure, and nobody knew he'd wind up smashed to pieces in an auto accident one day.

They came from all over—strange, childlike figures who didn't give a damn about anything but the real music. You can't get away from it, it was the Roaring Twenties that shaped them into what they were. In another century they might have ended up as cobblers or thieves or cutthroats or Wagners or Bachs. The razz-ma-tazz of the prohibition years was the ring on which they cut their teeth, and they took its robust rowdyism and looseness and sent it out the end of their trumpets or clarinets in pure streaks of thin, nervous genius.

Suddenly it trickled away. The Thirties came, and they were all there—some of them up and some down, some with convertible Lincolns and others down at the heel, but all talented as hell—but there were no newcomers.

Midway in the decade Benny Goodman's big band got irritated one night and blew its own kind of music at a lethargic dance audience in California, and it came out Swing. But those guys had it already, only the public didn't know it. Goodman was good in knee pants back in the Twenties when he played in Ben Pollack's old band. He got Krupa on the traps and Rollini on sax and pretty soon Artie Shaw came along, and then they dragged the Count out of Kansas—but they were just being flushed. They'd been good all along.

Just a handful of young ones have come along. Charley Christian, a single-string guitarist who was almost unbelievable, turned up in the late Thirties but died of T.B. virtually before he got started. Teddy Wilson came along; they don't play the piano any better. Mel Powell, a big blond boy who thumbed his nose at the classics, appeared on the scene as a pianist, and a slim Negro drummer named Kansas Fields, whose first

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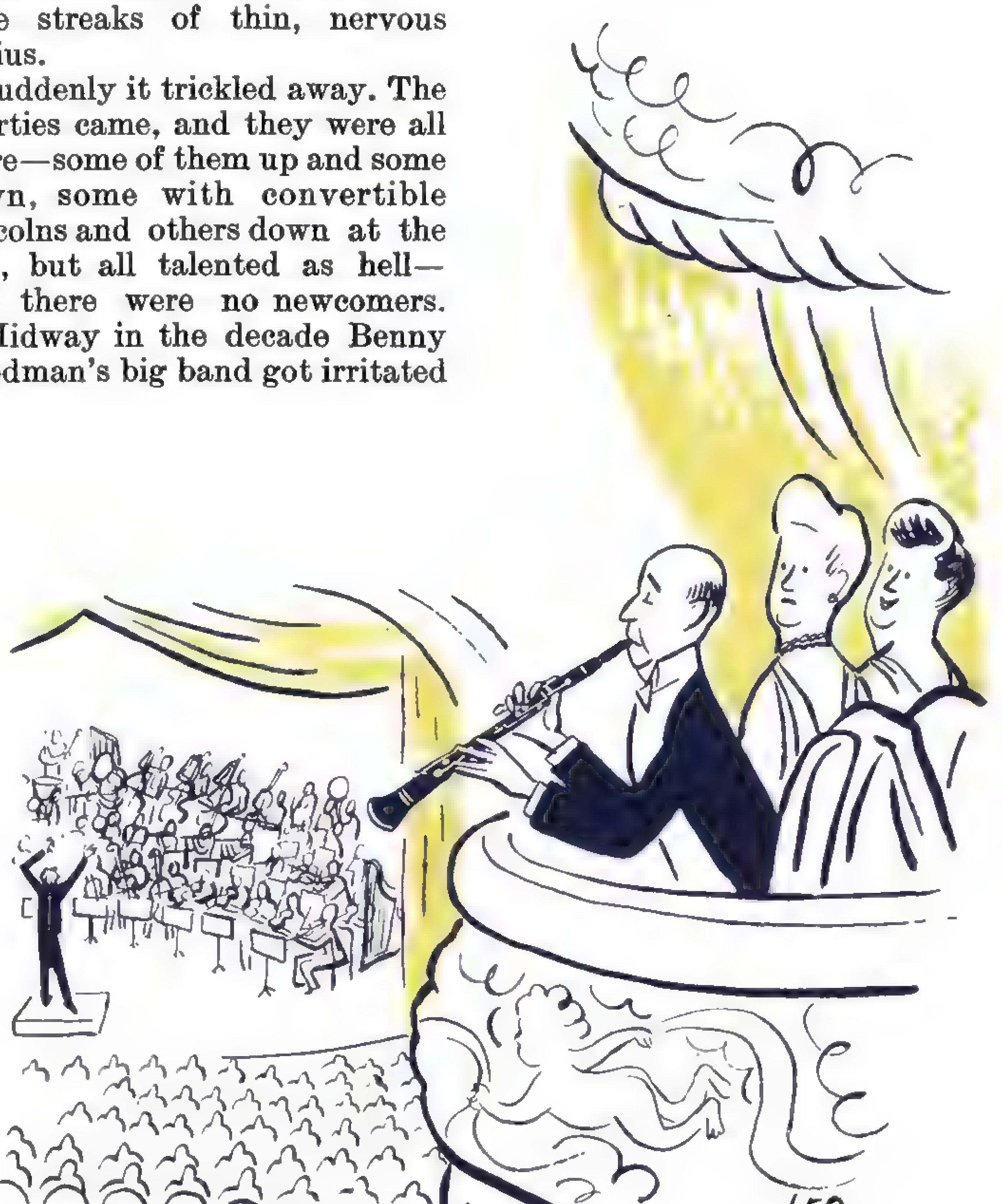

"Gerald loves to play under Stokowski's direction"

Eppy and the White Death

To be spurned by both the army and the beautiful Soledad was more than a man could bear, so one lie lead to another

by WILLIAM BRENT

FICTION

It was Saturday morning, still early, but already Tijuana was showing signs of life. Flags hung along the Avenida de la Revolución and sidewalk hawkers were preparing their display of serapes, sombreros, Mexican belts, straw men on straw horses and other items of standard trade; for around noon the week-end crowds from San Diego would begin pouring in to the Mexican border town. Yes, the war had brought back the golden era again—and it was Mexico's war, too, now.

Epifanío Ogas thought of all these things as he leisurely drove his cab along the dusty street. Life for him should have been good, pleasant—all that a man could ask for. Didn't he have the best stand in Tijuana—in front of the Foreign Club? Didn't he have friends? Hadn't he just finished paying for his cab, and had the foresight to buy four extra tires before the shutdown? Wasn't business good? And with two Sundays of bullfighting, beginning tomorrow, it would even be better. And yet he was depressed. A melancholy suffused him—all on account of Soledad.

He heard the notes of a bugle, sharp and clear, and the sound brought all of his misery into sharper focus. He circled the flag pole and drove south for two blocks, then turned right. The crowd had already gathered in front of el cuartel, the military garrison for the Distrito del Norte, and Eppy couldn't get any nearer. He switched off his motor and sat parked near the curb. He craned his neck for a glimpse of Soledad in the crowd, but he couldn't spot her anywhere. Yet he knew she was there some place. All she could think about now was the soldados.

Eppy had nothing against the army. He was simply bitter about the silly rules that kept him from being a part of it. Seeing the way Soledad's eyes lighted up at the sight of a uniform, he had tried to join when the carabineros were first organized. But he had been turned down. What he couldn't understand was why the médicos would reject a man for a slight physical defect, when he was going to get killed for his country anyway.

Another blast from the bugle brought Eppy's attention back to the present. He got out of his cab and stood on the running board to see better over the heads of the crowd. Then a company of soldiers came out of the cuartel, in full marching order, looking grim and businesslike in its khaki uniforms and French type helmets with the emblem of the Republic of Mexico on the front. Reaching the street, the troops executed a precise column left, their bayonets flashing highlights from the sun. Heads erect, shoulders thrown back smartly, it was enough to thrill the soul of any man as they marched out of town for their daily maneuvers somewhere in the foothills.

Eppy watched until they were well up the street, then looked over the crowd once more for a glimpse of Soledad. Yes, there she was, near the gate. He started to blow the horn to attract her attention when a fare came up and wanted to go to San Ysidro, just across the border, right away. Eppy hesitated, then motioned him inside. A fare was a fare—and after all maybe it was just as well. Soledad would only be sarcastic, like always, about his not being in the carabineros. Eppy sighed.

When he got back, he parked his cab in front of the Cielito Lindo. Already the main street was lined with cars bearing California license plates. Hawkers with raucous voices called out their wares; somewhere up the street a group of Mariachi street singers were giving out plaintively with *Guadalajara*.

The Cielito Lindo was almost empty of customers—it was not yet noon. Soledad leaned over the counter, looking at a picture in the local newspaper, *La Voz de Tijuana*. Soledad was the Rita Hayworth of Tijuana. She was a rich, coppery tan. In a few years she would be fat, but there certainly wasn't anything wrong with her shape now.

" 'Allo, hahny," Eppy said, sliding up on one of the stools.

Soledad looked up without interest. "You are early," she said. "What you want to eat?"

"Ham, huevos fritos, pan tostado, café—the same like always," Eppy said.

When Soledad went into the kitchen, Eppy picked up the paper. On the front was a picture of Rodolfo Gómez (Lagartijo). All bullfighters have pseudonyms. He looked dashing and handsome in the spangled costume of his trade, his half-smile superior and insolent.

"¡Qué hombre!" Soledad exclaimed, coming back to find Eppy looking at the picture. "So good looking—so buen mozo. He's arrive today from Torreón for the corrida tomorrow."

"Lagartijo!" Eppy said. "Lizard! Looks like."

Soledad put her hands on her hips. "Ha!" she sneered. "You wish you look like him, eh, Eppy?"

Eppy stole another quick glance at the picture. There was no denying the fact that the dashing Lagartijo was exceedingly handsome. Eppy, conscious of his own pulchritudinal shortcomings, resented this.

"Lagartijo," Soledad announced, "will fight two Sundays here, an' then he's retire."

"Retire?" Eppy said. "For why—if he's make all that money like the paper say?"

"Because," Soledad declared, with malicious triumph, "Lagartijo iss going to join army. He's going to be officer—teniente, or maybe *capitán*." She folded her arms and flashed Eppy a "so there" look.

Eppy snorted. "They make him capitán—just because he's fight the bulls . . .?"

"Oh," Soledad said, her lips coming together. "Maybe you don' theenk iss valiente to fight the bulls, eh? Anyway, 'e's not afraid to fight for la patria—like some people I know." With that as a parting shot, Soledad went to bring Eppy's food.

Eppy's woes or inner feelings never affected his appetite. He ate loudly and with gusto. When he had finished, Soledad came over to pick up the dishes.

"Eppy," she said. "Tell me, por verdad, why you don' join the carabineros?" Her eyes flashed.

"I tell you once," he exclaimed with exasperation. "The doctor say I am no good for soldado."

"Ha!" she said. "You don' look seeck."

He tried to explain as best he could. It was a bone infection from an old wound several years back. Although it had apparently healed, the médico told him that kind of trouble might come back. In that case, he'd be more of a hindrance to the army than an asset. Seeing the skepticism in Soledad's face, Eppy slid off the stool and began to roll up his pant leg.

"I show you," he said vehemently. "Then maybe you believe what I tell you." But it was not to be. The scar was high above his knee. His pant leg wouldn't roll up that far.

Soledad eyed him levelly. "How you get thees—wound?"

"In Chihuahua," Eppy said. He was about to tell her how when his eye fell on Lagartijo's picture. "I was hook in the leg by a bull," he said. It was only stretching the truth a trifle. It had been an old cow—in his uncle's corral.

"You mean, Eppy, in a corrida?" Soledad was showing surprised interest. The sudden change in her attitude was not lost on him.

He shrugged lightly and went on drinking his coffee. "How else?"

She studied him a moment, trying to decide if he was telling her the truth. "Why you don' tell me this before?" she said.

Eppy passed it off casually. "For why? A man don' talk about these things." It was as though a secret sorrow had been wrung from him.

She breathed a deep sigh. "I wish I know you then in Chihuahua, Eppy," she said softly, "when you were brave torero."

It was a beautiful dream, even to Eppy, but it was short-lived. A party of Americans came in and Soledad had to go wait on them.

Eppy paid his check. "I bring you something nice when I come for supper," he promised. "Leetle bottle of perfume, maybe."

She smiled at him, showing rows of even, white teeth, and the smile lingered with Eppy long after he had left.

If Eppy felt a pang of conscience, he justified himself by saying it had been worth it. She would never know the difference, he argued.

The happiness was still with Eppy when he went for supper. The Cielito Lindo was well filled now. Eppy found a place at a small table near the door and sat down.

Soledad came out of the kitchen carrying a big plate of tacos for a group of men at the other end. She seemed excited. When she put the plate down on the table, Eppy saw one of the men, the long-nosed one, smile up at her in a way Eppy didn't like and put his hand on her arm.

Babosos! Eppy thought with disgust. That's what a girl who waited table had to contend with. But Soledad tossed her head and laughed and joked back with them.

Eppy looked at the men more closely. They were flashily dressed, especially the long-nosed one. Then for the first time Eppy noticed something vaguely familiar about him. His arrogant face Eppy had seen somewhere, and when he turned to say something to one of his companions, Eppy saw the coleta, or pigtail, braided into his hair and hanging down his back. Then he knew. It was Lagartijo—the bullfighter.

Displeased and annoyed, Eppy tapped his glass with a fork. Soledad looked around and paid no attention. The long-nosed one said something and everybody laughed. Eppy tapped again, more sharply this time. Taking her own sweet time about it, Soledad ambled over to Eppy's table, her generous hips undulating as she walked.

She, too, was annoyed. "Don' you see I'm busy?" she rebuked him.

"Sure—I see all right," Eppy said. "Who your friends?" He pursed his lips and pointed with his chin toward the bullfighter's table.

Soledad ignored the sarcasm. She leaned over. "Iss Lagartijo," she said, her voice low and quivery. "He's give me two tickets to the corrida tomorrow—in the shade! We go, eh?"

Eppy shook his head. "I got to work—iss my beeg day. I be crazy to . . ."

"We go to the corrida," she stated emphatically. "Rodolfo say maybe he's dedicate a bull for me . . ."

"Rodolfo, eh?" Eppy said. "So iss like that, now?"

"Don' be estupido," Soledad snapped. "Besides, I want for you to go so you can explain me everything. I never see a corrida before." Then her expression changed and she was looking at him through eyes that made no attempt to conceal her skepticism. "I tell heem you are torero one time an'

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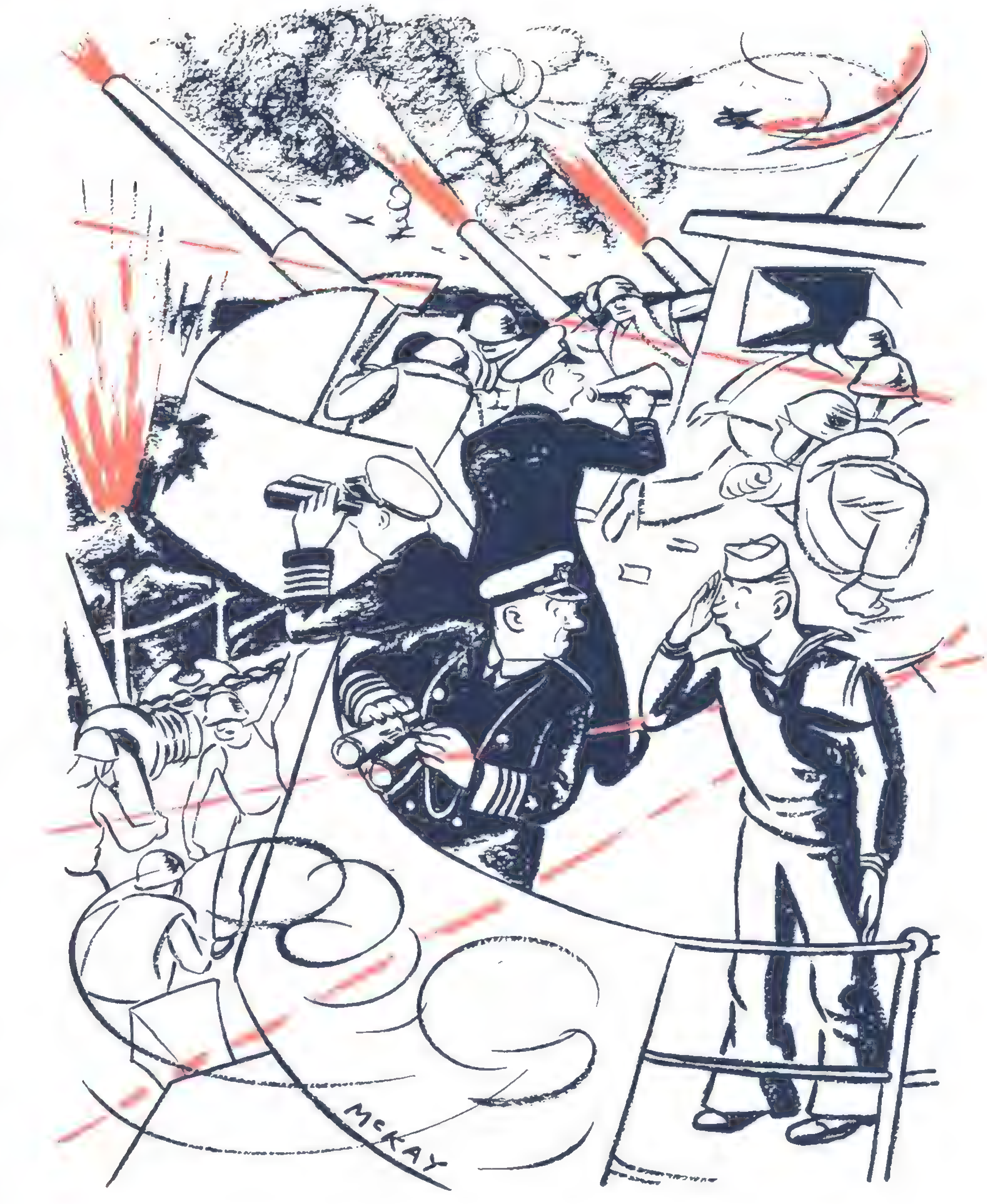


"I'd like to request a 48-hour liberty, please, Sir"

The Flying Nightmare

Bob Hartzell flew the overloaded cargo ship from Kunming to Dinjan in spite of Jap Zeros, mountain peaks and conk-outs

by PAUL GALLICO

• ARTICLE •

This story begins when a Ferry Command pilot dropped a C-47 twin-engined transport ship into the field at Dinjan in North India, not far from Burma, and walked away inquiring, "Where do I get the next train back?"

He was supposed to take the ship on to Kunming, China, but begged to be excused because the engines had a nasty habit of conking out at 10,000 feet.

The field formed its own opinion of the ferry pilot, which was shared by a couple of Air Service pilots, Captain Bob Hartzell who had been one of Chennault's boys, and Lieut. Bob Gray, a big rawboned Texan who had been on the Doolittle Tokyo raid and was serving as Hartzell's co-pilot.

The two men had the ground crews break down the engines. They reported them okay. Hartzell took the ship up into the sky, climbed her to 17,000 feet. Nothing happened. So they came down with their suspicion of the ferry pilot confirmed, loaded the ship with ammunition and flew it uneventfully to Kunming in what was a routine flight to a couple of old hands in the world's most dangerous flying country.

In Kunming their ship was loaded with wolframite, an extremely heavy ore used in the making of special war steels.

Hartzell was approached to carry two wounded and one unwounded Chinese officers back to India where the two stretcher cases might get emergency medical care. He looked at the damned wolframite. Why he'd be crazy . . . then he looked again at the wounded Chinese, gulped and said—"Sure . . . Put 'em in. Plenty of room."

There were no parachutes for the three Chinese. But since the stretcher cases couldn't use them anyway, the Chinese officer said he wouldn't bother, either.

When they tried to take off, the nightmare began. Kunming lay at 6,300 feet. Hartzell had used half the runway and his tail wasn't up off the ground yet. Ahead was a revetment protecting a precious P-40. If he cut his gun now, he would hit it and wreck both ships. And if he didn't . . . Hartzell had learned to make split-second decisions. He and Gray horsed back on the wheel with all their strength and lifted the ship over the revetment. The transport stalled and squashed, struck the hard-baked edge of a ditch and bounced into the air again. Somehow it stayed there while Hartzell fought for altitude and bawled back to his crew chief:

"Who the hell loaded this ship, anyway? Get me the manifest!"

When he saw it he turned gray. He had sixty bags of wolframite, each weighing a hundred pounds. With the crew, gasoline and three Chinese officers, he was flying some 7,500 pounds. The pay load of the C-47 is about 4,000 pounds. He might have turned back but he decided to fly on about an hour's run to an intermediary base, get rid of some of the weight and continue to India.

The peaks around this base run to ten or eleven thousand feet and some higher. Hartzell couldn't get the overloaded ship above 13,000 feet. That wasn't going to be enough because the field was clouded in and he needed to be in the clear before he felt his way in.

He broke through the overcast at 13,000 feet, just in time to see twenty-seven Jap bombers and seventeen Zeros flying in formation. Three Zeros peeled off just as the radioman down on the field, in a monastery temple, bawled through the transmitter—"For Chrisake, you deadheads, get out of the sky. The Japs are over us!"

Hartzell and Gray hauled back on the wheel, kicked rudder, put the big ship into the nearest thing to a slow roll that an overloaded transport is capable of and then dove into the protecting clouds. As Hartzell put it, the clouds had rock centers. They were loaded with jagged, snow-crusted peaks.

Hartzell expected to die any moment. It wasn't of home or family that he thought. (Home, it happened, was not far away, for although Hartzell was born in Atlantic City in 1919, he was only a year old when his father, a Presbyterian missionary, took the family to Thailand where they remained until young Hartzell was thirteen.) Hartzell thought only of whether he would see that black basalt wall or the wind and snow-swept peak before they hit. At 9,000 feet they were tearing off 265 miles an hour.

Pilots have to have luck as well as skill. They missed every mountain. They started pulling out at 5,000 feet and managed to get out of the dive at 3,000 feet. The wings should have come off at that point—but they didn't.

They found themselves flying between the sheer walls of a river gorge. Their pressing idea was to put distance between themselves and the Jap ships since their only armament was the forty-fives on their hips. They flew north up the gorge for an hour, towards Tibet, not daring to show their wings above the rim of the gorge. Hartzell then decided to head back. He did this simply by hauling his overloaded transport into a wing over within the canyon. He says it aged him a little but he got the ship headed south again.

They flew almost back to the intermediate base before they found a pass that would permit them to head east again towards India. The base was silent. The Jap attack had caught the field by surprise. The radioman in the monastery temple who had cried the warning to them was dead.

With that load they couldn't maintain more than an 8,000 foot ceiling on one engine. The other had gone dead. Hartzell told the crew chief to start chucking out that goddam wolframite. On a hunch he began to work a cross-feed pump used to transfer gasoline from one tank to the other.

The windmilling prop caught, the dead engine coughed and started. Hartzell and Gray exchanged glances. The crew chief paused at the open door with the first bag of wolframite, then put it down and closed the hatch.

They reached the 10,000 foot high Naga Hills, the last barrier before Dinjan. Here was a perpetual protective veil of clouds that kept the Japs away. The little yellow men are not happy flying on instruments.

Twenty minutes of instrument flying and they would be through. But time was another hazard. The sun was setting. Hartzell gave his ship full throttle.

They had flown blind for five minutes. Gray reached for the dome light to check the instruments as both engines conked out.

In the silence, Hartzell told Crew Chief Beard—"Get your chute on and get out!"

Hartzell nosed the ship into a 90 mile an hour glide. They were sinking at the rate of 400 feet a minute. 3,000 feet below were the deadly mountain tops.

It was then Hartzell realized he had three men aboard without chutes. He was the captain of that ship and he would not abandon it with those helpless Chinese in it.

You get that way in the schools of America. You learn your duty towards others and how to make it stick. At thirteen, Hartzell had returned to America and worked his way through Riverside Military Academy and Westminster College, waiting on table and playing football. He was only twenty-four now, but he was a man.

He looked at Gray who sat numbly in the co-pilot's seat. He wanted Bob to jump and he wanted him there with him, too. Death is gregarious and makes one long for company.

An idea struck him—the hand fuel pump, used for priming the engines before starting them. Frantically he began to pump with his right hand while with his left he held the ship on instruments in its deadly glide. It was too late for chutes now anyway. Gray came to life and helped pump. The engines sputtered, coughed, turned over and caught.

It was dusk as they landed at Dinjan and pitch black night by the time they taxied up to the administration building. The two men sat there so exhausted they couldn't move. All through the excitement they had forgotten to use their oxygen masks.

They lit cigarettes. Hartzell said—"Y'know, I guess that ferry pilot wasn't so yellow after all. I'm going to apologize to him."

The ground officer came over, took the manifest from the crew chief and whistled. He said—"Brought quite a load, didn't you?"

Hartzell said—"Uh huh."

"Kind of late, aren't you?"

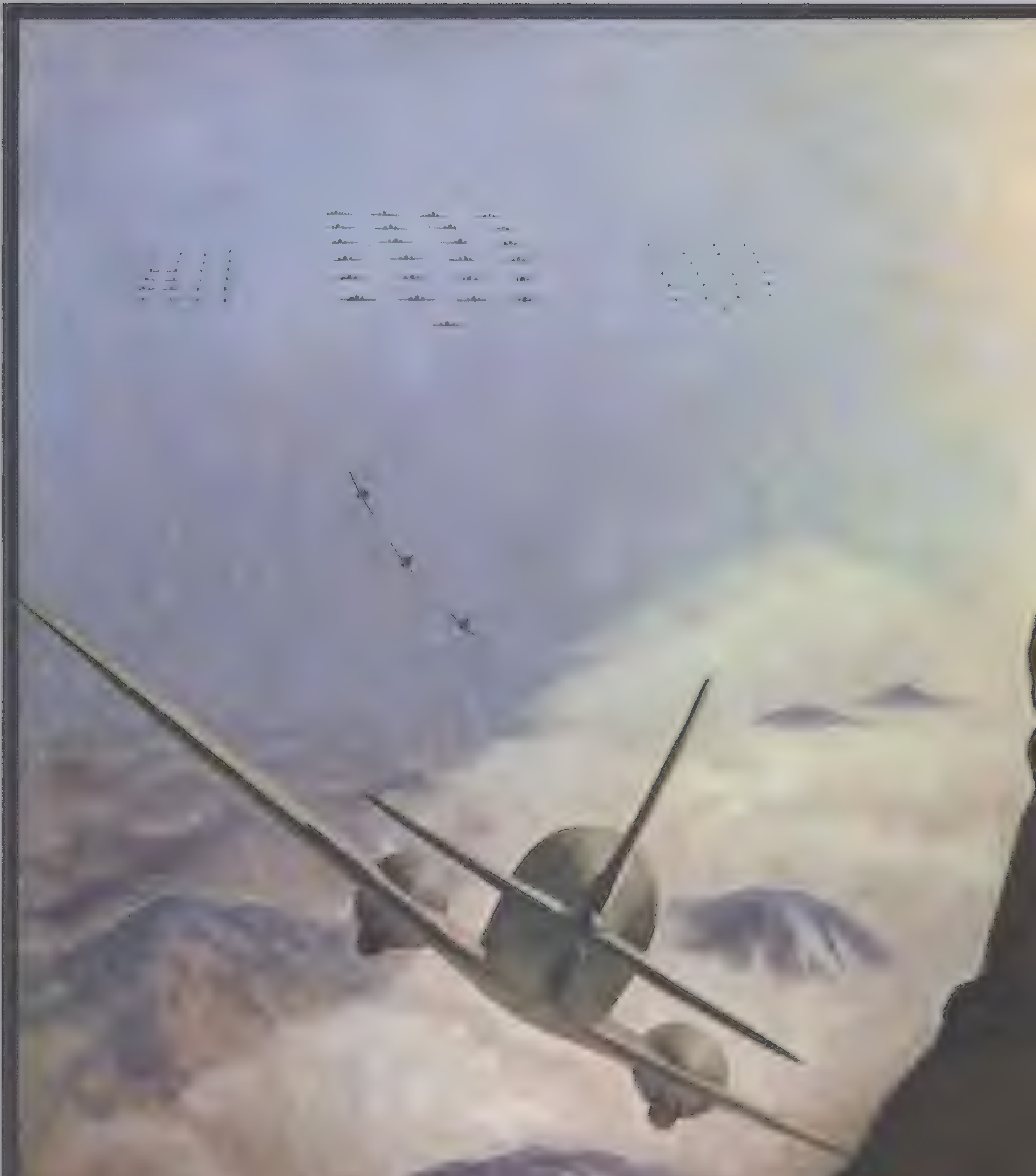
"Uh huh!"

"You want to watch that, Captain. You know if you'd been five minutes later you'd never have got into this field."

The Chinese officer climbed out of the ship, gave the thumbs up sign and said, "She-She," which means, "Thank you!"—and walked away into the darkness.

Hartzell watched him go, thinking, "It was you who brought us in. If it hadn't been for you, I might be dead now. She-She, fellow."

Bob Gray was killed later, bombing a Jap airfield. Bob Hartzell came home with malaria, dysentery, dengue fever and some cracked vertebrae, and a chest full of ribbons. He has been recommended for the DFC and the Chinese Order of the Cloud for his nightmare flight from Kunming to Dinjan. He stands out as a man amongst men in Esquire's gallery of American heroes. ##



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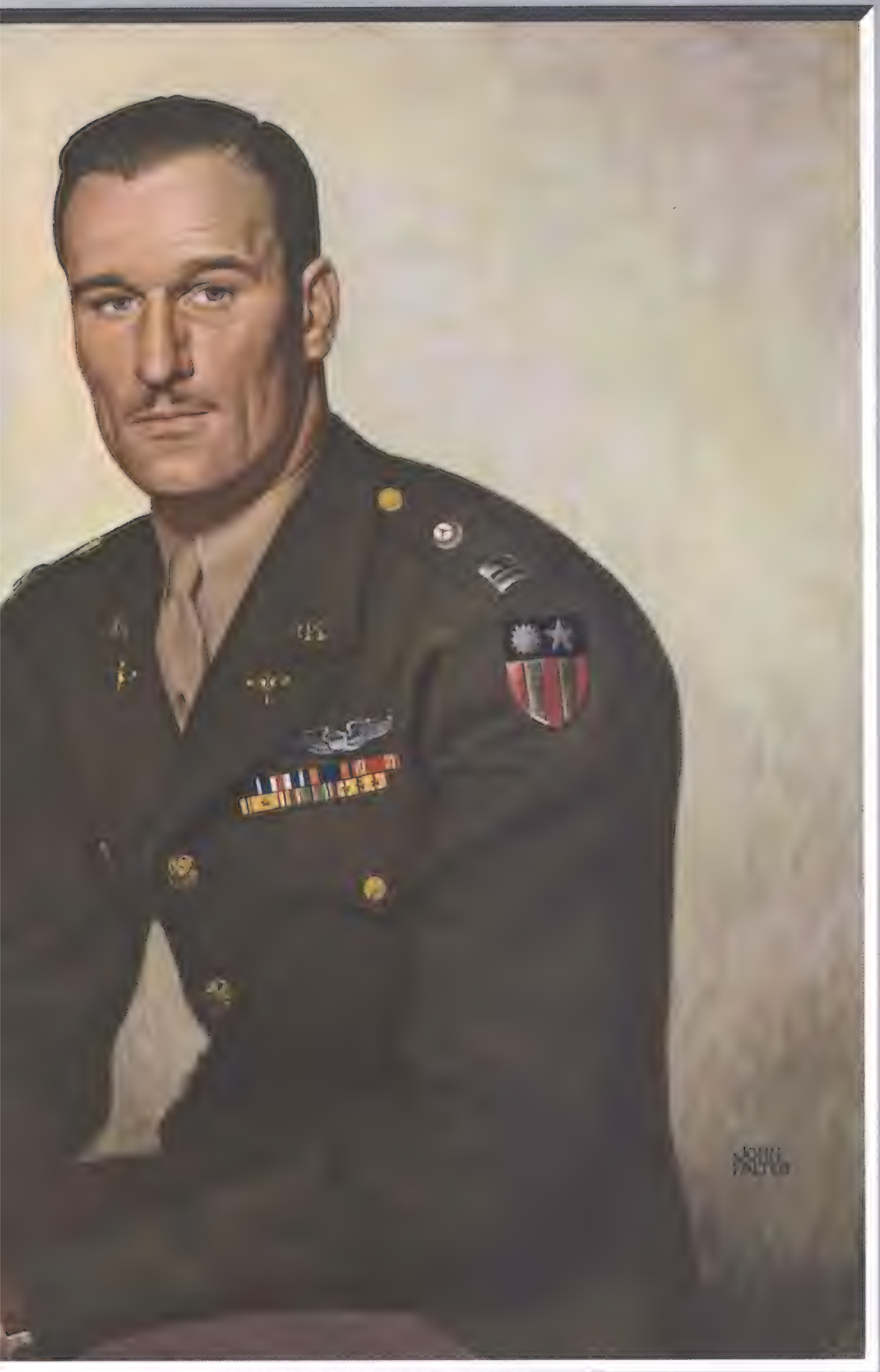
THE PILOT WHO WOULDN'T BA


JOHN FALTER

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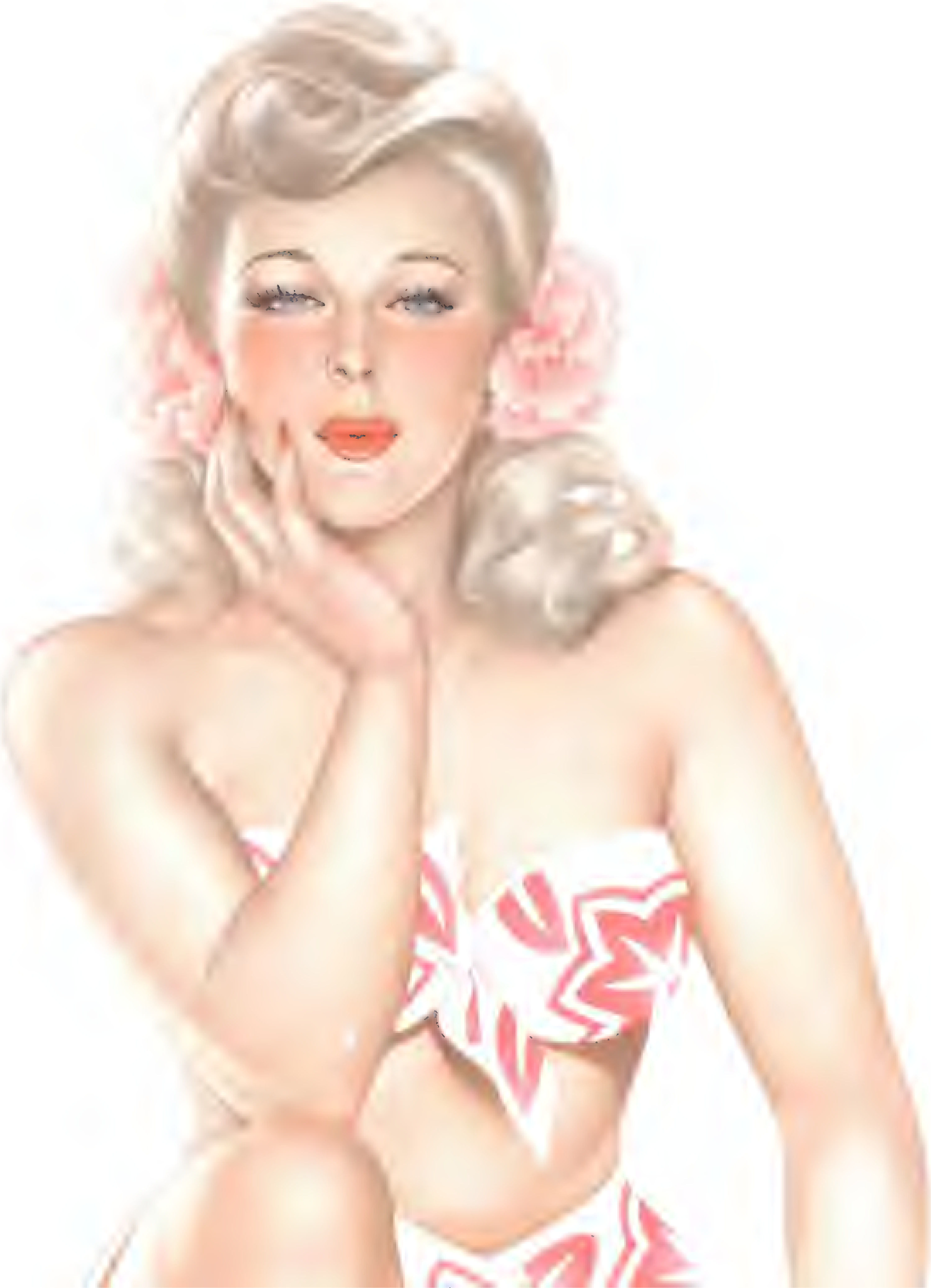
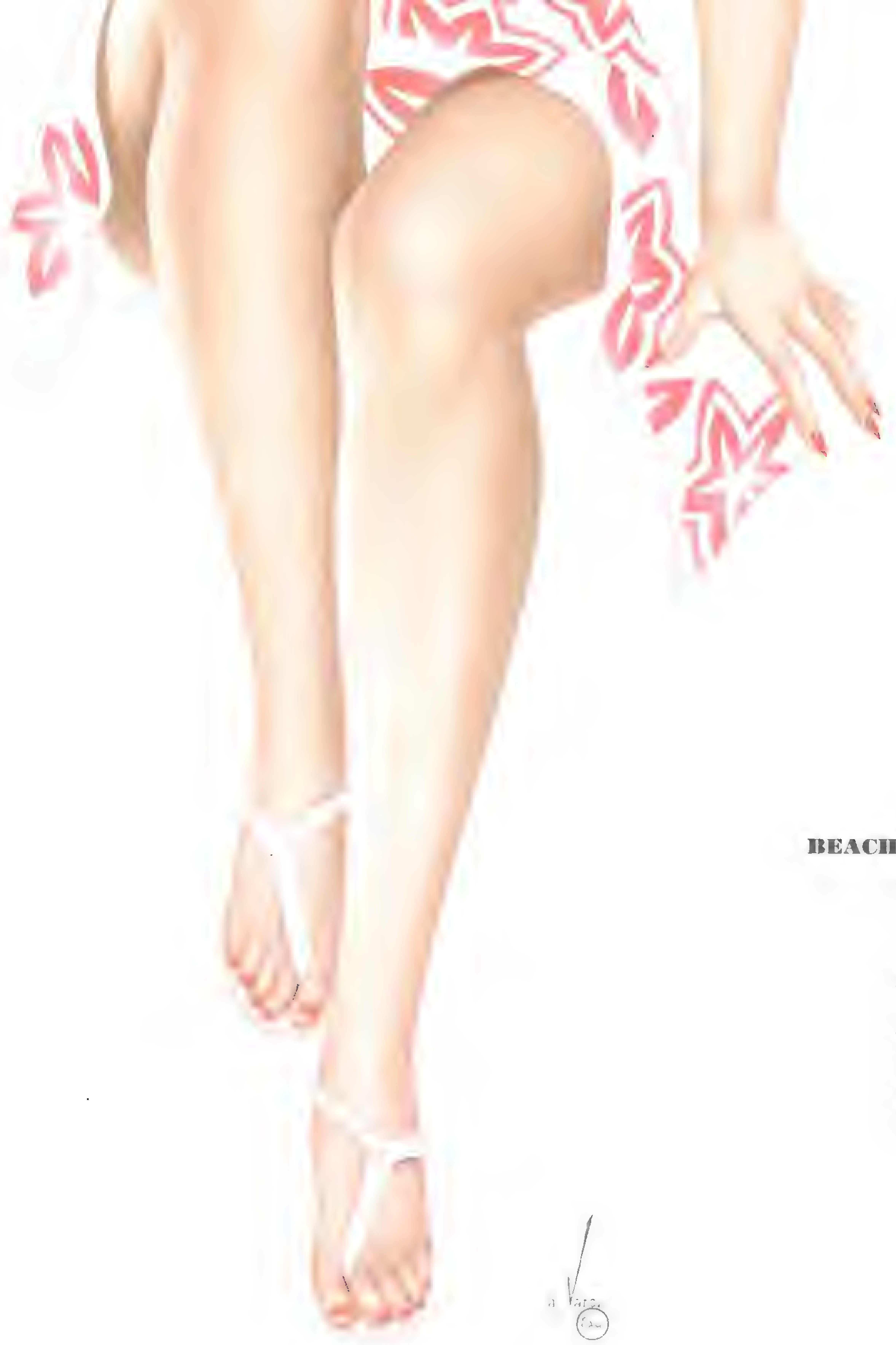




BEACHED FOR THE DURATION!

This costume that we view
Is really a prevue
Of what will be worn at the shore;
It's too utter-utter
But all the gals mutter
There's no one worth wearing it for;
Each miss keeps her eyes on
The distant horizon
For life can be tepid and tame
When there's no Apollo
To thrill them all hollow
But only the halt and the lame!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

The Good Governor of Papua

Judge Murray brought law and order to the malarial jungles of Papua, making good citizens of cannibals

by PHILIP HARKINS

• ARTICLE •

It is very doubtful if any of the American soldiers in New Guinea who have been helped by "black savages" ever heard of the white man who was responsible for this unusual state of affairs. The white man was Sir Hubert Murray, better known to the people of Papua as Judge Murray, and when he died in 1940 the "death fires" burned for the unprecedented period of forty days and forty nights, lighting up dense green jungle and startling parakeets with a crackling, flaming tribute to the great white friend.

Judge Murray was six feet tall and a former amateur heavyweight boxing champion. He had fought in the Boer War and then had served as a district court judge in Australia. If intelligence means understanding, then Judge Murray was a very intelligent man. His reports, which this writer has read, are delightful essays, wise, humorous, humane.

When Murray landed in New Guinea in 1907 to take up office as administrator of the Australian territory of Papua, he was confronted by the herculean task of helping Stone Age savages over the gap between barbarism and civilization, a gap, Judge Murray noted, "which the wisest and most gifted races have hardly crossed in twenty centuries." The bridge which Murray succeeded in building across that gap might serve as a model for missionaries as well as colonizers. It was a Christian work of love and understanding that could be an inspiration to all white men faced with the problem of color, whether that problem be found in India or Liberia, China or the United States.

Unlike his predecessors, Murray did not believe in the white colonizer's euphemism: "One deals with arrogant tribes by 'reducing' them." Murray knew that when a white colonizer said "to reduce" he meant to slaughter with modern weapons of war. "Punitive expedition," another euphemism employed by many colonial administrators, was not to be found in Judge Murray's reports. "In Papua," Murray wrote, "we try to find the individual offender and ignore the village or tribe. The punitive expedition tends to make war upon the tribe and returns, flushed with victory, after killing the offender's uncle, ravishing his second cousin and stealing his grandmother's pig."

When a Papuan offender was brought to trial, he usually turned out to be extremely amenable, pleading guilty at the drop of a hat, no matter what the charge. The Papuan prisoners used their own native psychology at the bar; they would tell the court not what had actually transpired but what they thought the court would like to hear. It would take hours, perhaps days, of patient questioning to pull the truthful story out of them, not because of reticence or chicanery but simply because of the native prisoner's desire to please in his own simple fashion. Once, when a Papuan witness was asked if his extraordinary evidence were true, he said to Judge Murray, "Yes. No good me tell lie along you. You no bloody fool."

A British subject of another stripe might have ordered the native jailed for using the word "bloody" in court. Not Judge Murray. To him that native's crude comment was "the highest compliment I had ever received."

In court the natives were too obliging for the sake of dispassionate justice. Other habits were often irritating. In one of Judge Murray's reports he wrote: "A policeman had given me a very detailed account of a large snake which he had seen near the bank of the Fly River. No one else had ever seen a snake in any way like it but he persisted that he had seen the snake at least twice. Finally I had a brain wave and asked him if he were asleep or awake when he saw it and he said he had been asleep on each occasion." Often the native did not distinguish between dreams and reality, possibly because his dream world was more pleasant than the one he actually lived in.

Judge Murray made it a point to accept such stories as the most natural thing in the world. Despite constant episodes of a similar nature which might have disorganized a less philosophical man, Murray did not treat the natives as children but as grown men and women. "The native is a man," wrote Murray, "but he is a very ignorant man whose customs and ways of thought are strange to us, even in the rare instances in which we try to understand them."

Some of Murray's anthropologist friends were baffled by the case of a native who had suddenly run amok and burned the village meeting house following a particularly lively meeting. This sort of conduct mystified the anthropologists, who exchanged voluminous notes about mysterious native psychology. Murray, presented with the facts of the case, observed that it reminded him of nothing so much as the case of an Indian army colonel who, on leaving the war office after an acrimonious interview, walked over to an innocent stranger who was bending down to tie a shoelace and gave him a savage kick in the pants. "People who find natives mysterious," added Murray, "are the people who find themselves and their neighbors mysterious."

Murray went out of his way to understand native customs, for with certain exceptions, like head-hunting and cannibalism, he did not believe in abolishing them without offering the native something as a substitute. Murray often consulted anthropologists in his investigations of the whys and wherefores of native rites. New Guinea, with its Stone Age savages, was an anthropologist's paradise and many expeditions were organized to track down the elusive "men with tails." One native swore he had seen a man with a tail in the interior of Papua.

"Are you positive?" asked Murray.

"Me absolutely positive," replied the native.

"Why are you so sure this man had a tail?" pursued Murray.

"Because I ate him," answered the native.

Judge Murray brought law and order to the wild, steaming jungles of New Guinea. His task was complicated by the absence of great native chiefs with whom he could negotiate for the control of big areas. Papua was a hurly-burly of wild tribes living in a state of ferocious independence in the malarial fastness of the jungle. Slowly, patiently, Murray and his men increased the orbit of civilization. His gradual, peaceful penetration bloodlessly conquered village after village, tribe after tribe. Despite cannibals and head-hunters, Murray's patrols were under strict orders not to use force except in self-defense. "Natives who show fight," said Murray, "are merely defending their own country against an invader."

Traders who had come to New Guinea to exploit its natives raged at Murray's softness as they sat comfortably on their screened porches sipping cool drinks prepared by Papuan boys. "That Murray is pampering the Papu-

Continued on page 124

"Try advancing the spark a bit"

A Night on the Barrier Reef

The coral pools were radiant as night fell, teeming with myriads of things that threatened death to the intruder

by NORMAN CALDWELL

•FICTION•

R

The Great Barrier Reef is too big for me. There are 80,000 square miles of reefs, channels and cays; the coral polyps, infinite myriads of them, are still working, still building in color. And along every mile of the reefs savage struggles for existence are commonplace.

My eighteen-foot sailing boat was anchored off the coral wall that formed the outer enclosure of the lagoon which I hoped to explore; this wall was about half the width of a cricket pitch and rose from the floor of the ocean. Even in brilliant sunshine its top was menacing; the dainty colored hues which might conceivably be the playground for mermaids and mermen merely warned the veteran fisherman of relentless fangs which bite into a hull.

I found an opening which led into the lagoon. It was a marine path fringed with colorful coral branches and, as I could see, a main traffic thoroughfare for a huge fish community. Inside the lagoon the coral hues were even more wonderful. As if spread on the palette of a chromatic genius, were bright turquoise flecked and edged with scarlet, green flushed with rose, yellow with a brilliant crimson border. The ever-changing beauty was etched into the memory, taking joy, but losing color and pattern. My mind, at least, could never hold them.

I sailed and explored the deep waters and the shallows of the lagoon until the tide had started to recede in the late afternoon. Grouper, coral cod, rays, bream, reef eels and other fish whose identity I could only surmise crowded the sea. In an hour I had a meal for the most fastidious and a bumper crop of bait.

Now under the changing skies the coral depths took on new rainbow tints which threw back the strong, slanting rays of late sunshine. But as I knew full well, death in many forms lurked in those gorgeous depths. To see what the large tide pools contained, I climbed the great coral wall that encircled the lagoon. First I selected a channel in the wall large enough to leave the boat anchored, fore and aft, so that when the tide fell, the boat would remain upright on an even keel. As soon as the reef was exposed I started my tour with camera, spear, knife, torch and knapsack.

Life teemed in every square foot of the place. Slowly I progressed, stooping to break away a piece of unusually beautiful coral or to watch the acrobatics of a school of tiny crabs. As I meandered on, hundreds of tiny shellfish loosened their hold on coral and rock and fell into pools, the shells hitting the water with a sound like falling hail. Even to a Barrier veteran like myself, all this was absorbing and enthralling.

With a start I realized that the sun was sinking; one of those lonely, blood-red sunsets that get under the skin when one is in a strange place and alone. I turned and set out again for my boat. Soon I realized that it would be dark before I could reach it, I had wandered so far. With the failing light, furthermore, all the reef looked solid underfoot. But it was not. Increasingly the coral surface, when stood upon, gave under my weight, letting my legs through to where needle-pointed fangs caught and lacerated them. They were soon covered with blood. I walked more slowly. There was no fear of the tide overtaking me, or of losing my way, but it was difficult, unpleasant going.

When I was only halfway back, darkness fell. Even then I lingered often to watch the shafts of phosphorescent fire in tide pools that told stories of marine movement. These pools were even more fascinating in the dark. They shone with light, gold and silver, that streamed from under the overhanging coral. Stalks and petals of the coral flowers were boldly outlined, and the movement of fish and crustaceans was wonderfully clear. My knapsack was bulging with specimens and I had a few good photographs on color film. And now, hungrily, I thought of billy tea back aboard my boat.

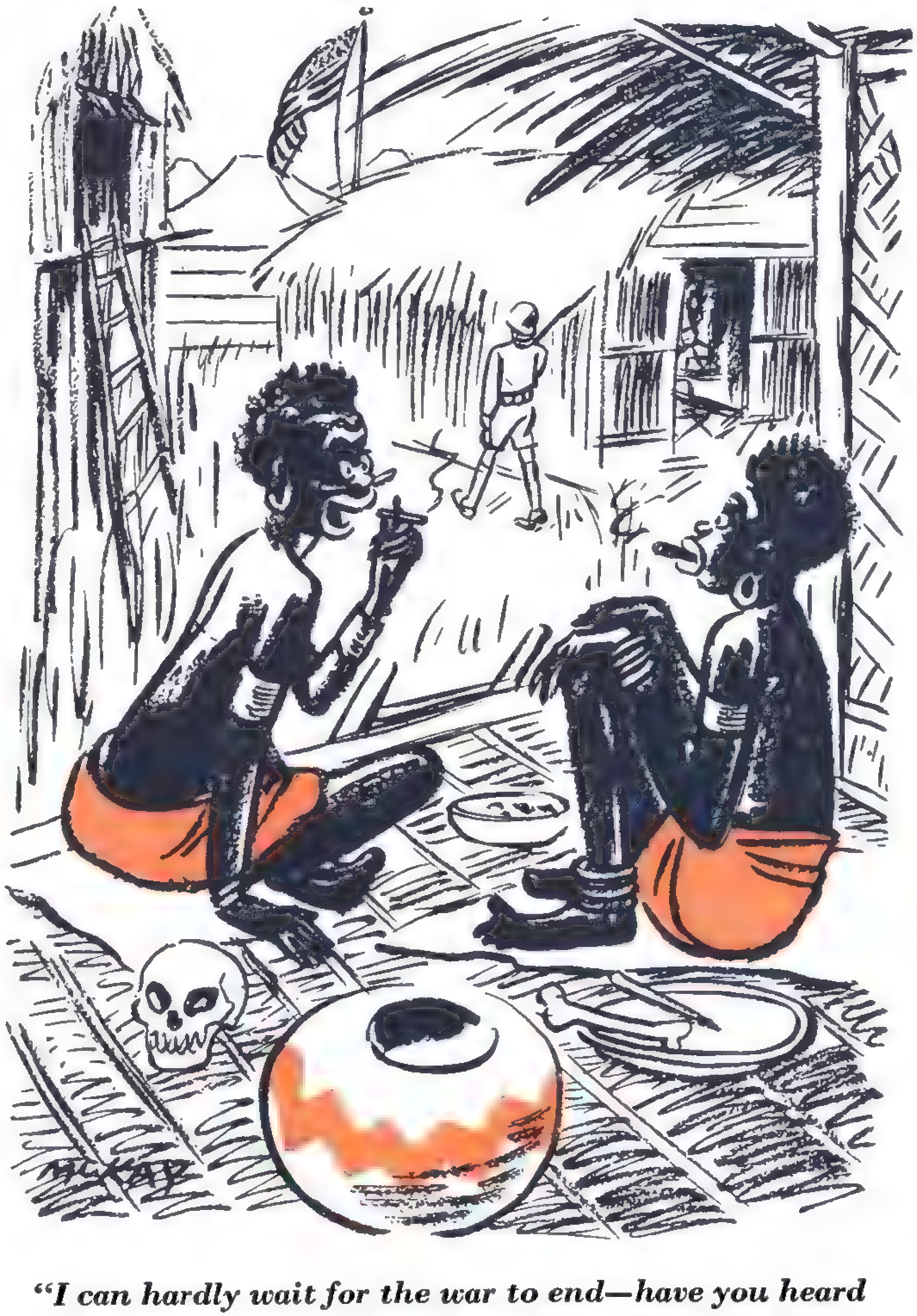
Finally the rays of my electric torch picked out the black bulk of my boat where I had left her. But she lay in a peculiar position. Something obviously had happened to her while I was away. She should have remained on an even keel; she lay canted to one side. Before leaving the craft, I had fixed two sideprops of timber in position to keep it upright and protect the hull from contact with the sharp coral. Two sixty-pound anchors mooring her fore and aft had been close drawn. The ebbing tide could not have shifted those props.

Drawing nearer I saw that one of the timbers had snapped as though under pressure of some tremendous weight. Nothing under a ton could have shattered that tough piece of wood! This knowledge and the position of the boat itself gave me an uneasy premonition.

But then my torch rays revealed something even more sinister. Gone was the clean cruiser grey of the inside planking, the sheen of which should have reflected the white beams of the torch. Instead there was a lifeless, dull red! What strange thing had happened here to make the paint change color so quickly?

To make sure my eyes were not playing me false, I shut off the light. A million twinkling pinheads of phosphorescent blue fire illuminated the entire boat. By this ghostly fire I could see that the position was indeed wrong, and the color, too.

A creepy sensation crept over me, and I caught my breath. The torch trembled in my hand as I threw its light around in a wide circle. I was alone on this mammoth reef, fifty miles from the nearest point of land, and God knows how far from a human being. The night suddenly began to grow infinitely big, and the thought gave me a sense of loneliness that I had never known before. Sweeping the torch rays into every nook and cranny of the coral pathway ahead, I crept nearer to the boat. Very much on my guard now, I avoided the outer wall of the reef. There the sea was stirred by the movements of sharks actively on the prowl for food. No hope for me there if



"I can hardly wait for the war to end—have you heard those Yanks tell about some of the things we'll have in the post-war world?"

I slipped on the treacherous edge.

Suddenly my nostrils caught a horrid stench, and I instinctively drew back. The air was heavy with it; it bit down my throat and made me feel sick. It came from the direction of the boat, and it carried fear with it.

Still, I had to go to the boat. Despite my fears I could see that it was empty, because the fallen side was toward me. Yet I felt that I was facing some overwhelming, monstrous foulness. And I could sense a million unseen, leering eyes. My imagination was giving me the jitters.

The nearer I crept to the boat, the worse became the stench. It was foully overpowering so that I had to breathe through my mouth. When finally I did reach the craft the reason for the changed color and the stench was apparent. A dull red, thick slime, in places inches deep, smeared the inside of the boat. When touched it clung to my fingers like glue, the slime that one finds on reef eels and large fish. Practically no place on the boat was free of the foul stuff. It seemed as if it had been scraped from some colossal monster's body.

But from what? Where had it gone? Though every nerve, every instinct, revolted, I had to investigate the possibility that the unknown, massive marine creature was lurking in the dark, somewhere nearby. I had to know the worst.

Slimy, viscous, horrendous tracks were sprawled across the gunwale and over the exposed coral surface, right to the water's edge. And as I gazed into the depths I fancied I saw long, groping tentacles glowing faintly with movement, working their way back toward where I stood. After watching for a few moments, I returned to the boat and broke out my rifle. Its cold feel was reassuring.

The night was stiflingly hot and still, the ominous silence broken only by the mournful wailing of the sea birds. With irritation I wished they would be quiet, as I strained my ears for a dripping, scratching sound which would mean the return of this slime-covered evil thing.

My torch was losing power. I had no refill batteries, and my hurricane lamp had been left ashore. Standing there, waiting for what I knew not, I could not bear to be without that weak beam of light.

Suddenly I realized that the sea birds had gone. The silence could be felt—a breathless hush. The reef became an abode of nightmarish imaginings. As I squatted on my heels beside the boat, a large crab crawled over one foot. The feel of this cold, crawling thing made me jump backward. I settled down again to immobility. Then my heart began to pound and my breathing stopped. An eerie noise came from the deep, the sea end of the channel, a noise that came nearer and nearer, in a soft chorus of soughing, whispering, mocking phantom voices. Sibilant whispers left the air faintly vibrating.

Fear again swept me. I thought of the sirens of old, how they lured men by their songs of death. But these were not songs. What could they be? I was frankly and unashamedly afraid. The minutes were hours; the night seemed endless. I craved daylight, but many long hours must pass before the faint dawn rays would light up the reef. There was nothing I could do but wait . . .

The whispers had now turned to hisses—ssh-ssh-ssh. They flowed toward me. Then, out of the darkness came a sound as of many dry bones clanking together, steadily, remorselessly. They were advancing. The light of my torch was growing dim—it was going out. What was I to do?

I almost screamed as a large black object tore from the skies on a sweep of mighty wings and, darting past me, alighted on the reef. In another split second it screamed and was off again, with something in its beak. What the bird was, or what its victim was, I never knew. It all happened too quickly, and I was slow with fear.

Then my light faded out. The darkness was weaving, alive. I stood tautly by the side of the boat, all eyes, all ears. The sea was now a play of light as if illuminated from below. A meteor flamed across the sky, a short-lived gash, livid with fire. The coral took on sinister, nebulous ever-changing shapes that seemed to advance upon me in the night. And ever nearer and stronger there came that rattle, rattle of dry bones and the hissing, gloating whispers of crawling things.

My boat, despite its slimy stench, offered shelter. Afraid of the craft, yet more afraid of what lay out there on the coral, I scrambled in, frantically pulling up the floor boards and stacking them against a thwart as a shield. Clank, clank, the noise came nearer. The hisses had merged and strengthened into a buzzing. It came close aboard, flowed

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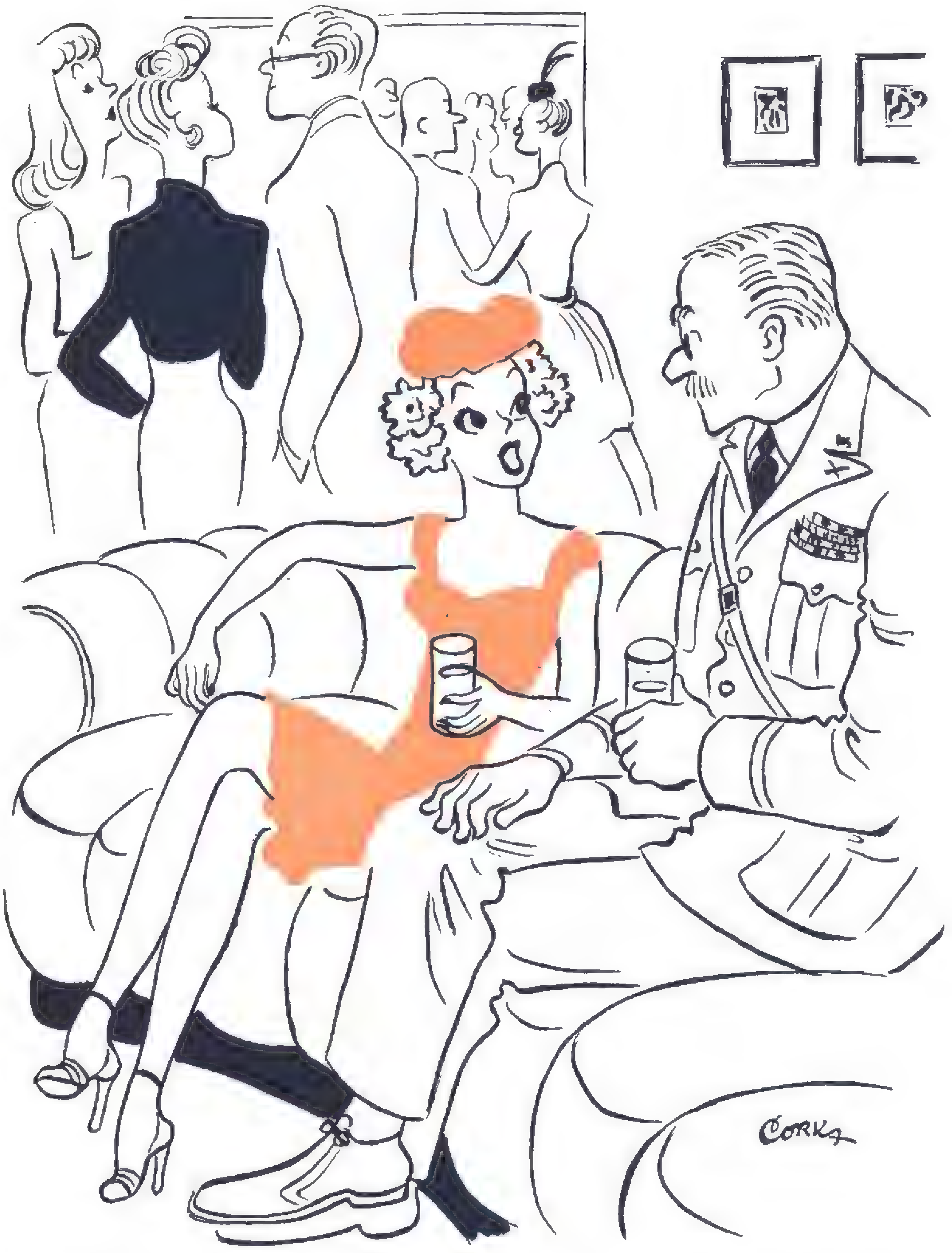


". . . and what were you doing, General, before you were caught in the draft?"

Even Bets for This Year's Derby

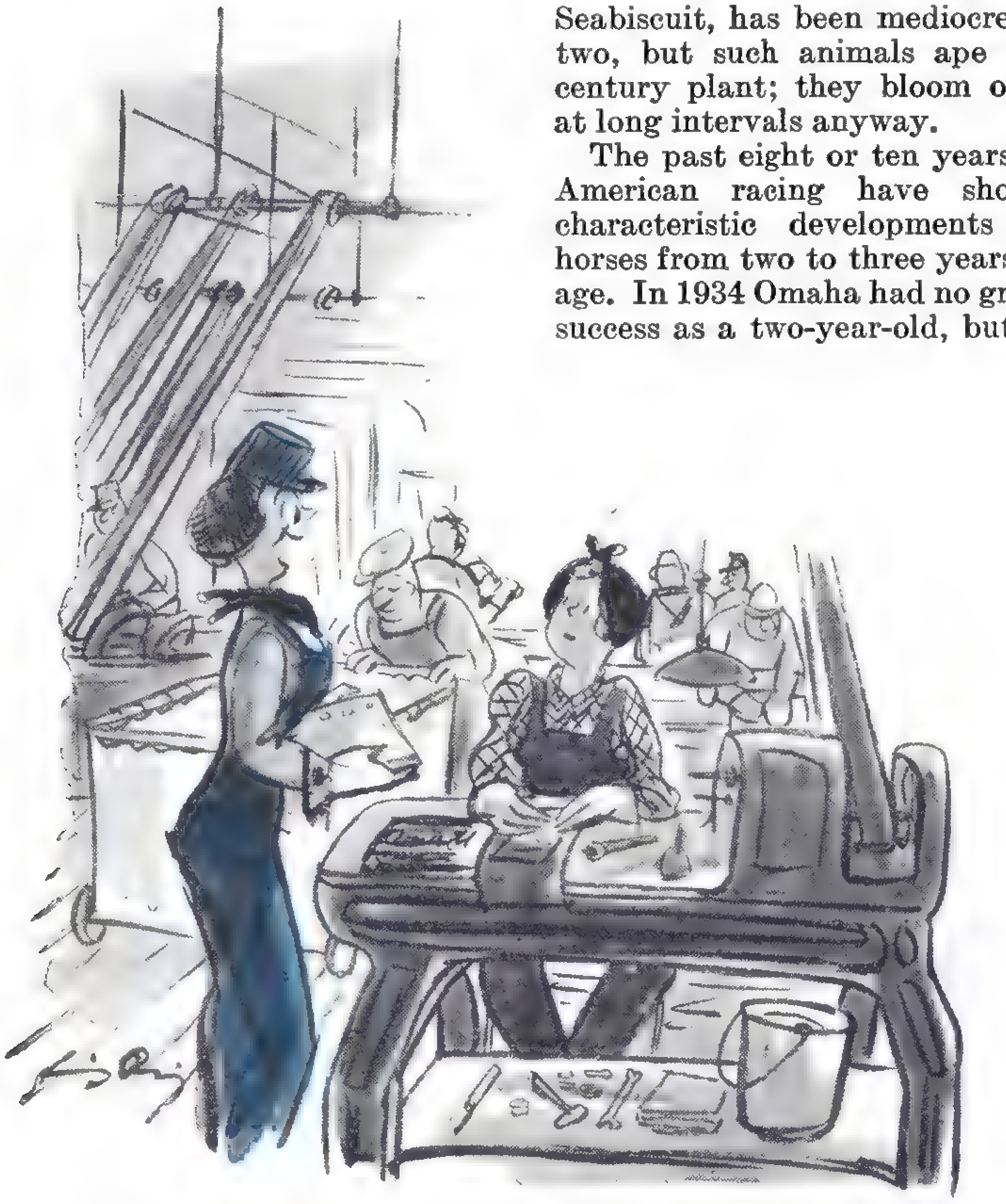
Though no three-year-old looks like a whiz on wheels at this writing, your tipster picks Weyanoke for the winner

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

COL. MATT WINN ran off his second war Derby at Churchill Downs in May of 1943, as he had said he would do if he had to run the race before a single spectator and that one himself. It looks as if he will stage the 1944 renewal on May 6 this year, but chances are slim that any such horse as Count Fleet will pop out of the pack as winner. The two-year-old colts and fillies of 1943, now the three-year-olds of 1944, certainly include no individual of anything like equal quality.

Perhaps there may be a good horse in the lot, but actual records of racing during the summer and fall of 1943 strongly suggest that most of the crop were mediocrities. Of course, what a colt accomplishes at two, chiefly in sprints, is no certain index to what he will do at three. Take Exterminator, Sun Beau and Seabiscuit as conspicuous cases of horses that showed little or nothing at two but developed into champions later on. Or take the filly Top Flight or the colt El Chico, both unbeaten at two, that showed very little at three.



"I guess I'll have to use my mink coat for every-day —I got a spot on it last night"

Johnstown, for instance, was no ball of fire at two, but at three was almost unbeatable until a wind affliction caught up with him. The long history of racing is replete with the names of two-year-olds that seemed to have something and yet failed to live up to that promise in their third year. On the other hand, it is studded with the names of horses that showed comparatively little at two but went on at three or older to cut enduring niches for themselves in racing's Hall of Fame.

Everyone knows that a two-year-old's performances can neither damn him as a horse nor render his reputation entirely secure. He may not live up to his promise or he may exceed it by far. Nevertheless, it is a fact that normally the better three-year-olds of any year have been numbered among the better two-year-olds of the year before. Sometimes a horse really great, like Seabiscuit, has been mediocre at two, but such animals ape the century plant; they bloom only at long intervals anyway.

The past eight or ten years of American racing have shown characteristic developments in horses from two to three years of age. In 1934 Omaha had no great success as a two-year-old, but in 1935 he won the Derby and a string of stakes over distances and took the crown. Brevity was the leading two-year-old of 1935, but in the Kentucky Derby of 1936 he was beaten by Bold Venture, with a little bad luck at the start giving an assist. At two in 1936 Pompoon led the juveniles decisively, but next year at three was beaten by War Admiral in the Derby.

Lawrin, Derby winner of 1938, had not been conspicuous at two the year before. Challedon was the leading two-year-old of 1938, making a clean sweep of most Futurities run in the East, but in 1939 Johnstown beat him in the Derby. E. R. Bradley's Bimelech never knew defeat at two in 1939 and seemed a cinch to win the 1940 Derby, but was beaten by a rank outsider without much apparent excuse. Whirlaway at two in 1940 proved that he had plenty of speed and seemed to want to go on, and in 1941 he took the Derby in new record time and won other great stakes. Currently he leads the list of the world's horses in terms of total monies earned in purses.

In 1941 Alsab led the two-year-olds beyond all dispute, but in the Derby of 1942 was beaten by Shut Out. The leading two-year-old of 1942 was Count Fleet, and in 1943 at three he treated all opponents with contempt in all the great three-year-old stakes in which he competed, winning with consummate ease and drawing away from his fields at will in the Wood Memorial, Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Withers and Belmont.

This sketchy review of nine years' racing, as regards what has been done by certain colts at three in comparison with what they showed at two, proves that at three a colt may not live up to his promise at two or may exceed it by far. Cases that did not fulfil expectations are Brevity, Pompoon and Bimelech; cases that exceeded expectations are Omaha, War Admiral, Lawrin and Johnstown; and cases of two-year-olds that performed brilliantly at two and brilliantly later on are Challedon, Whirlaway, Alsab and Count Fleet. This amounts to saying that one never can be sure a fine two-year-old will develop into an equally successful three-year-old, but that one can be reasonably certain the best three-year-old of any year will emerge from among the list of the better two-year-olds of the year before.

These generalities, of course, give little assistance to one interested in detecting what juvenile of 1943 figures to win the Kentucky Derby and become the leading three-year-old of 1944. The two-year-olds of 1943 beat each other all over the lot, so that an unusually large group of supposedly better horses present themselves as candidates.

Probably a single elimination can be made at the outset. Occupy, which emulated the 1942 record of his brother Occupation by winning the Washington, Arlington Park and Belmont Futurities, was walloped into the dust by the filly Durazna in the Breeders' Futurity and would be a mighty infirm selection for high-class distance races in 1944. Almost certainly he has the characteristics usually derived from his sire Bull Dog and is a sprinter and nothing else.

Occupy's defeat by a filly is a black mark against him, and the considerable degree of success the fillies had against colts in 1943 is no compliment to the males. Regret is the only filly that has won a Derby in sixty-nine years of competition. Fillies do not beat good colts; it's one of the things not done. And 1943 saw a number of fillies that beat colts, or else beat fillies that had beaten colts—Cocopet, Mrs. Ames, Bee Mac, Durazna, Twilight Tear, Miss Keeneland and others. C. V. Whitney's club-footed Boojiana, too, should be named. These have proved they are shifty ladies, but colts beaten by shifty ladies usually prove to be not so shifty themselves.

Names of the better two-year-old males of 1943 are not quite legion, but a good many colts and geldings cannot be refused the ranking. There is Occupy, the Futurity specialist, also Platter, Pukka Gin, Alorter, Pensive, Dance Team, Professor Lee, Stir Up, Lucky Draw, Weyanoke, Royal Prince, Director J. E., Picotee, Rodney Stone, By Jimminy, Smolensko, Black Badge, Black Gang, Bellwether, Nelson Dunstan, Stymie, Bel Reigh and others that might be named as fairly plausible candidates for honors at three.

If there is anything in this bunch able this year to keep within snuffing distance of such a horse as Count Fleet was the year before, in 1943, I will be the first

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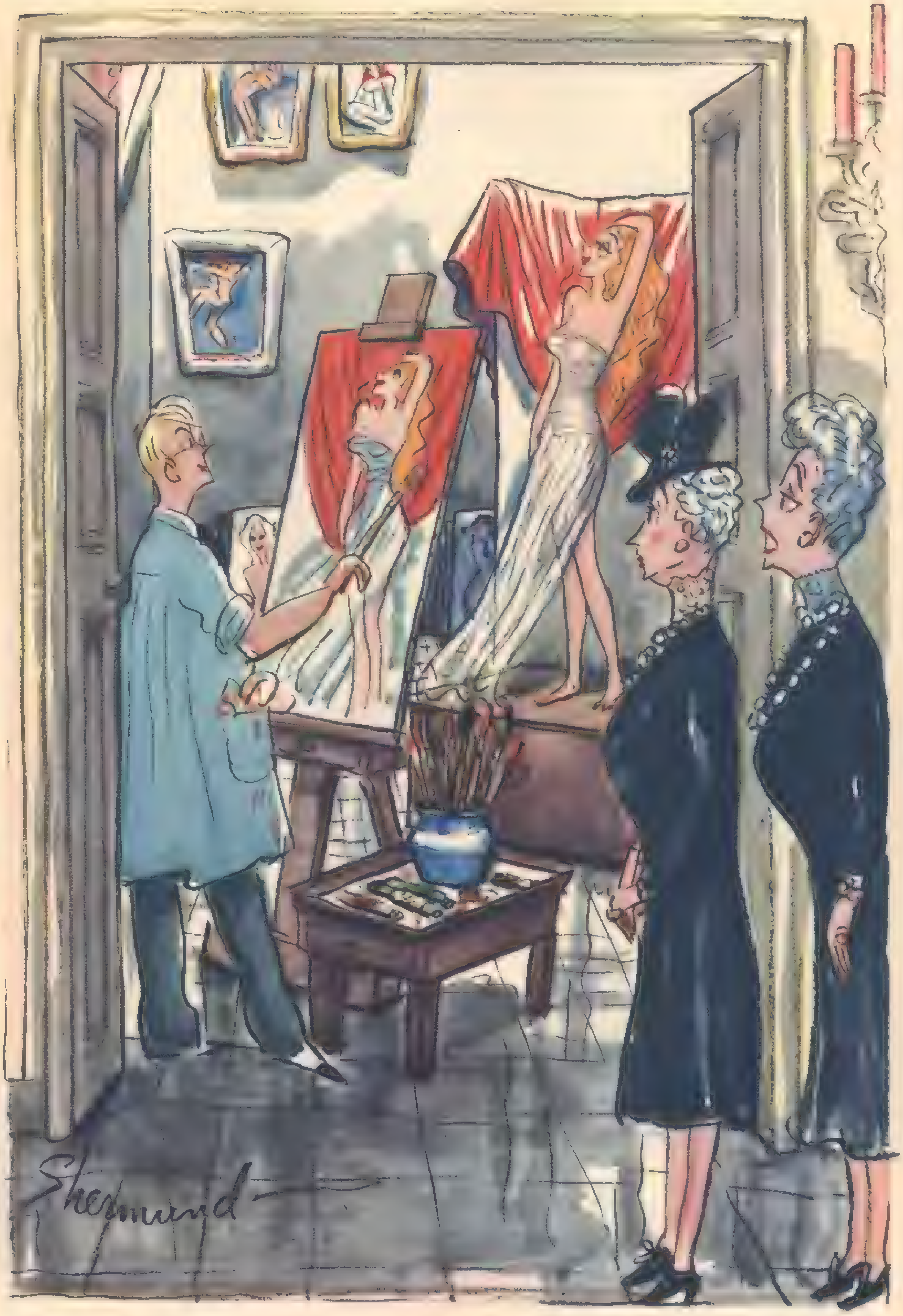
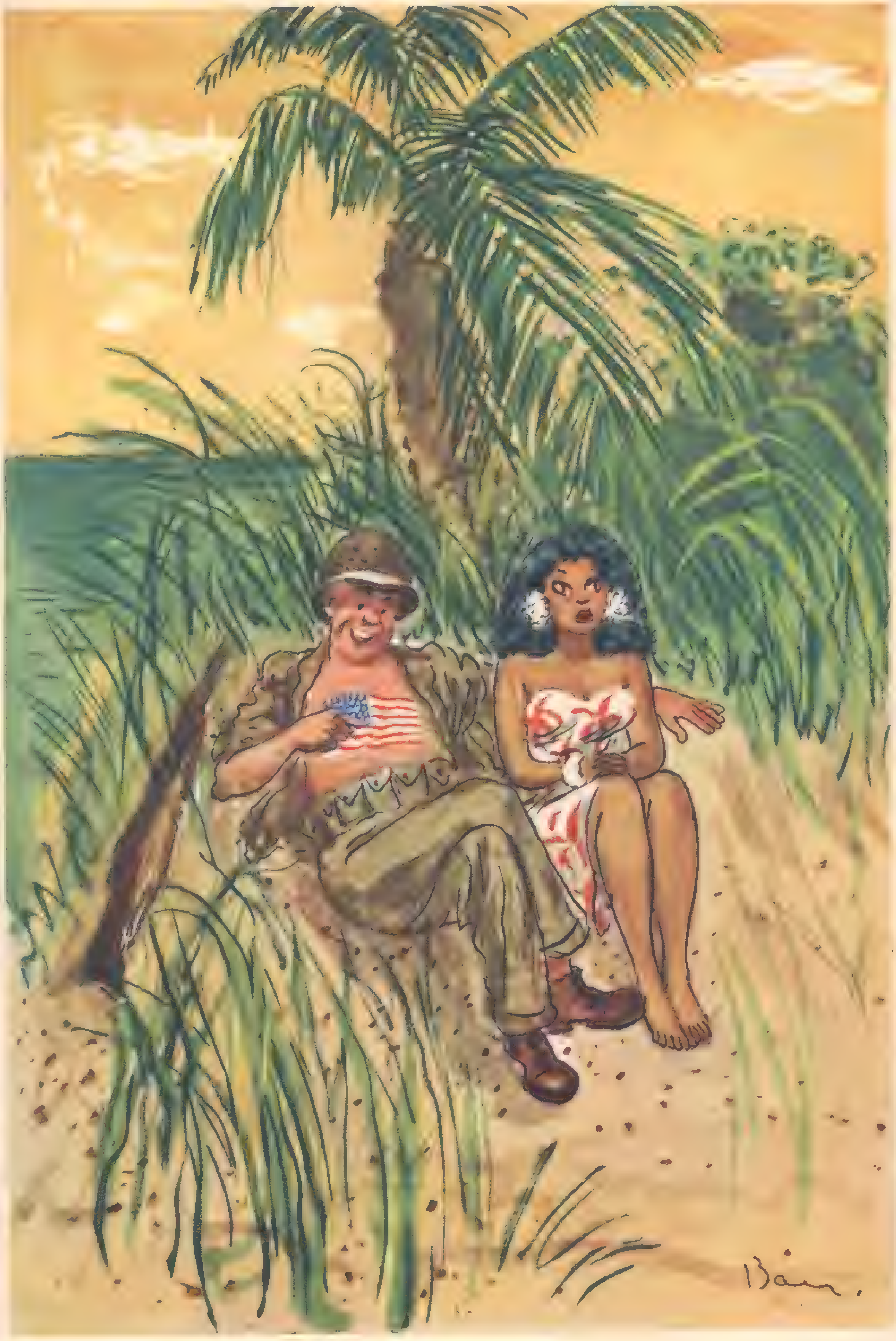
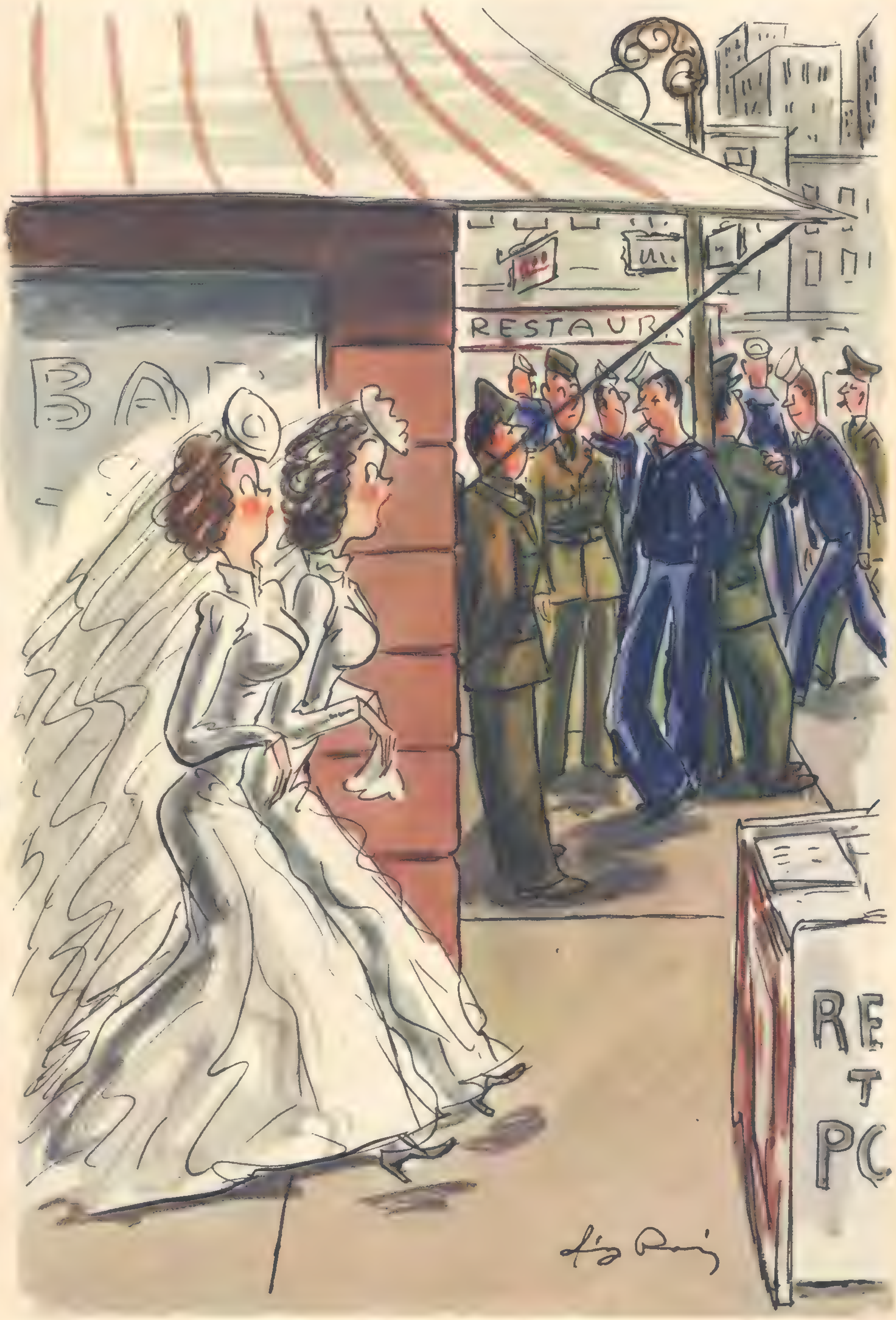


"Seymour's draft board seems to think he's in an unessential occupation"



". . . and this one is for Arizona—the last state to enter the union"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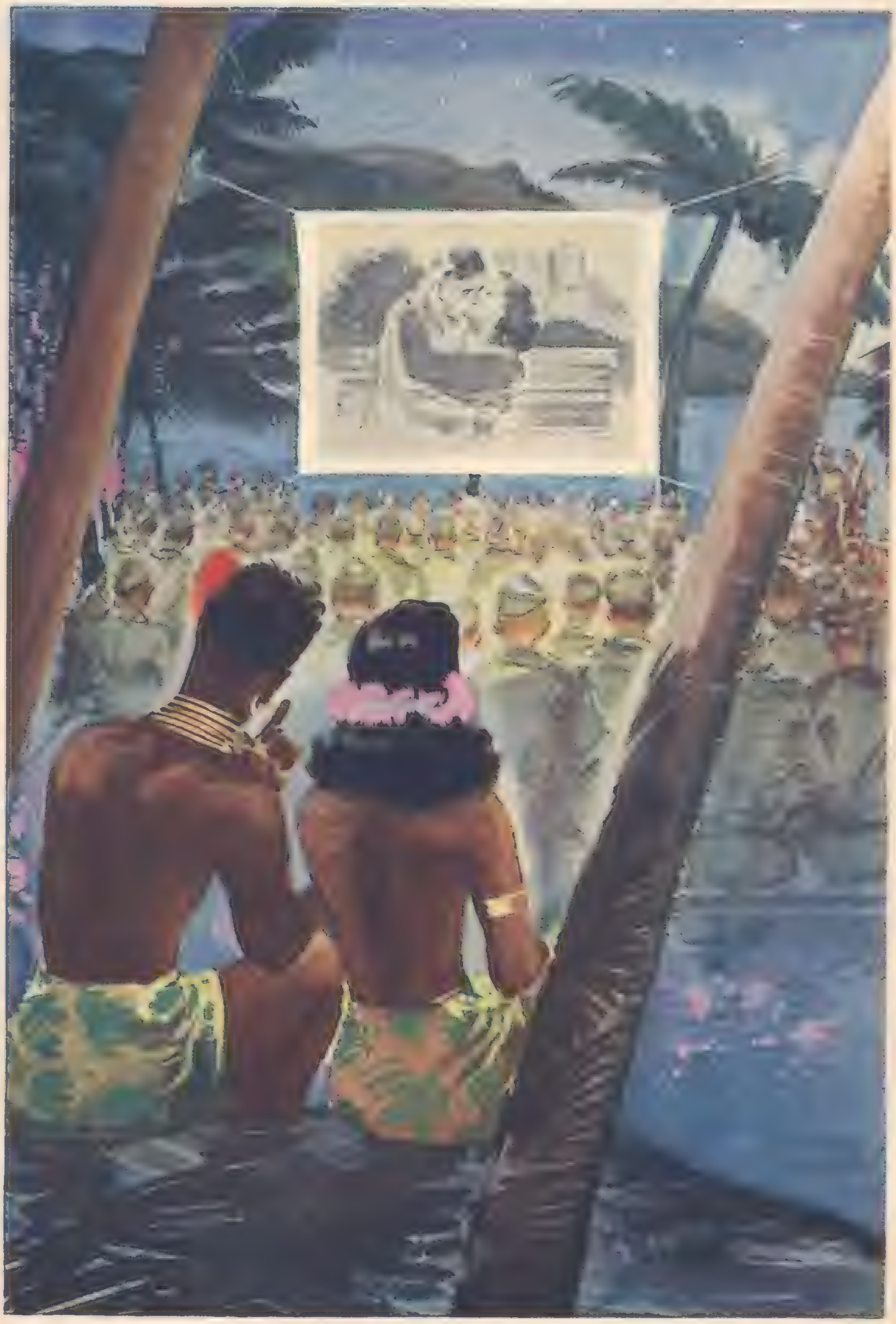
"Now whatever you do, Mamie, don't appear anxious"



"Central Park, New York City—wow! What a spot for romance!"

All God's Children Can Fly

The post-war world will soon debunk the idea that piloting a plane is a special skill only supermen can hope to acquire

by JAMES WAKEFIELD BURKE

• ARTICLE •

THE coming of peace will do a lot more than give the swastika back to the Indians. It will explode the popular theory that to fly a plane you must have perfect hearing and co-ordination and be able to spot the Empire State Building from Pittsburgh.

I know from experience that anyone can fly. Years ago I bought a plane and after one hour and fifty minutes' instruction, I loaded it up with gas and flew it from Memphis to Los Angeles and back without mishap. Since then I have flown everything, everywhere, under all conditions. Flying has never seemed difficult because no one ever taught me it was. *Anyone* who is physically fit and *wants* to fly can fly, regardless of age. You need no special talent, no superman senses, no fourth dimensional gifts. Of course, you may not become a great pilot. But quite a few people play fair golf without giving it up because they can't be like Bobby Jones. It is far simpler to become a great flyer than a great surgeon, lawyer or engineer. Flying requires infinitely less work and less talent.

Well, then, why doesn't everyone fly? The reason flying is now a sacred cult, is that everyone who has the good fortune to know how, from the flying instructor to the air corps officers and the officials of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, pretends that it is a feat. The show-window pilot is a hero to every boy and girl—dauntless, daring, gifted.

Into this part each new pilot must step—and he soon learns the cues. First he impersonates the vision; then he lives it; finally he becomes jealous of it. Pilots must have moments when they admit privately they are merely stuff and dust, like other such fellows as the boy around the corner and the President of the United States. But no pilot could acknowledge this publicly.

To the instructors who have "washed out" untold numbers of unfortunate aspirants, I speak heresies. In fairness to these boys—I say boys because many of them hardly twenty-one are callow and immature—I should say that I do not believe instructors, either civilian or military, use conscious discrimination. They feel perfectly justified in disqualifying so many. In many cases they actually believe they are saving the poor rejectee's life. But the first law of the flying instructor is that the instructor can do no wrong. Being a pilot he must live up to the traditions of the order. However sincere he may be, I believe that a far greater percentage of students could be flying today if it weren't for his sanctimony.

In the case of the military services, the element of time accounts largely for the great number of washouts. They consider they cannot waste time on a slow-learning cadet; they show interest only in the cream of the cream. But my observations show that the slow-progressing student often develops into the best pilot—if properly brought along.

I have long observed civilian pilots in the full glory of their ego. And during half a year as a civilian pilot in the Army Air Transport Command, I noticed Army flyers follow the same beam.

The following episode is not typical but it gives you a fair idea of the Army pilot. One day, surrounded by Army flying officers, I boldly stated that anybody can fly. The higher the rank the more vociferous their denials. A captain pointed out that only 10 out of a 1,000 aspirants came through. Of every 1,000 applicants, 100 were accepted, and of this group of 100 only 10 survived primary and basic training to get their wings. The captain, who was commissioned before the war, went on to say that the percentage getting through is now somewhat higher because of lowered standards. But, unlike him, they held only temporary commissions which would be automatically cancelled within six months after the emergency; and he said they were a poor lot of flyers and he would be happy when the war sent them back to civilian jobs.

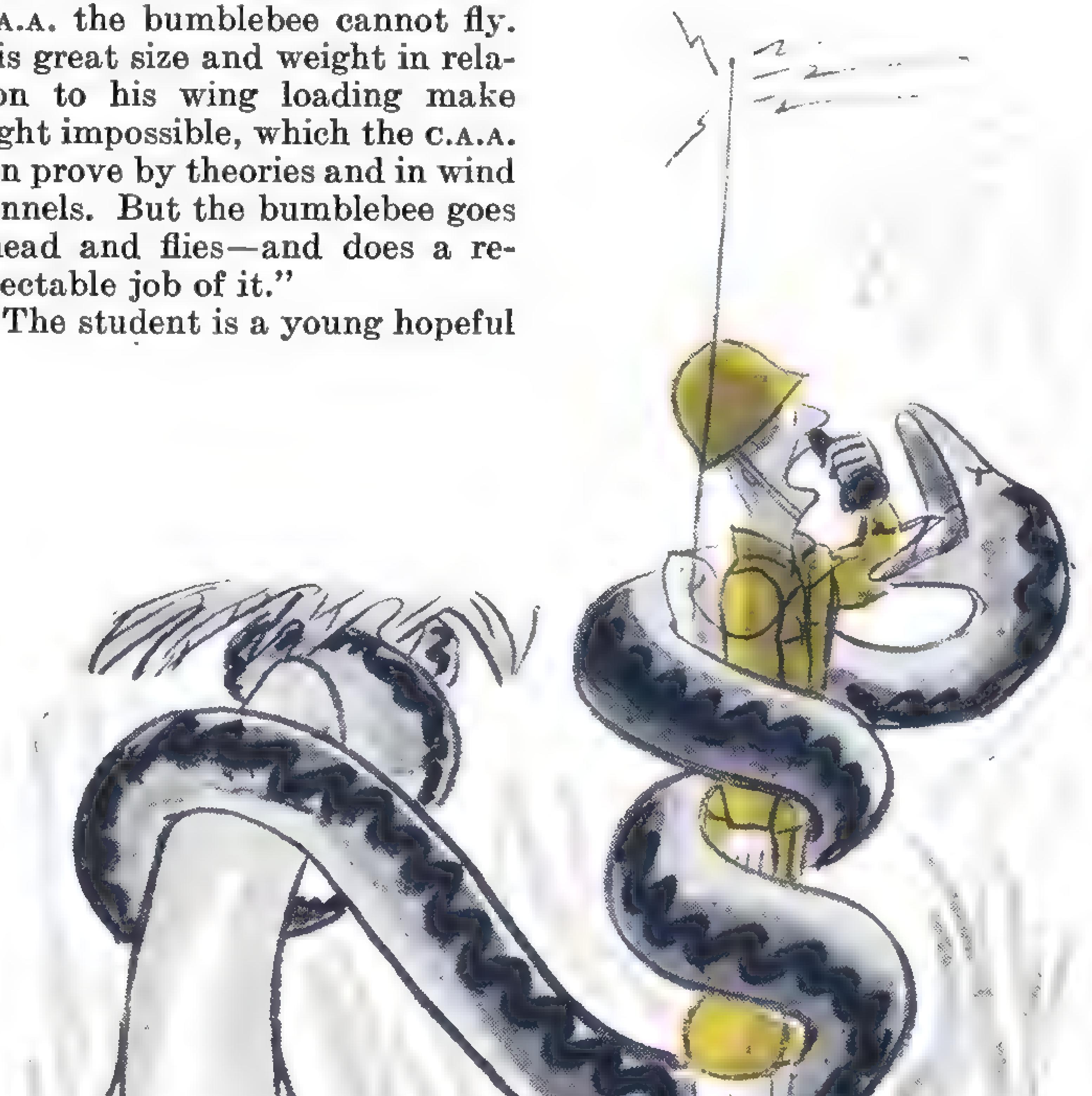
Now C.A.A., operating under the Department of Commerce, is supposed to further the development of flying and to promote safety therein. From the day a pilot receives his first lesson it not only keeps a record of him, but it rules his destiny as well. 1. He must qualify with a C.A.A. medical examiner; 2. He must qualify with a minimum of eight hours under direct supervision and to the satisfaction of a C.A.A. instructor plus 35 to 40 solo hours under C.A.A. regulation; 3. He must pass a written examination given by a C.A.A. inspector; 4. He must pass a flight test under direct supervision of a C.A.A. inspector. Once in possession of his Airman's Certificate he is by no means secure. It can be rescinded or revoked by the C.A.A. commissioner upon recommendation of a C.A.A. inspector. From this action there is but one appeal. The penalized pilot can ask for a public hearing, which may be tried in a civil court. But I have never heard of a case carried to a public hearing.

The C.A.A. inspector is not only the traffic cop of the air but also the examiner and in certain respects performs as judge and jury and executioner over the pilot, acting for the commissioner. Thus he holds the fate of the pilot in the palm of his hand. He is all I have said about pilots and instructors and he wears an extra halo. He not only assumes that everybody cannot fly, but he goes about seeing that everybody shall not fly.

I am sure that the C.A.A. body has contributed much to safety in flying. I, for one, subscribe to its ideals; I abide by its rules and regulations and I respect its officers. However, a great many old-time flyers express deep resentment for this great authority. Just the other day an old-timer said to me: "According to the C.A.A. the bumblebee cannot fly. His great size and weight in relation to his wing loading make flight impossible, which the C.A.A. can prove by theories and in wind tunnels. But the bumblebee goes ahead and flies—and does a respectable job of it."

The student is a young hopeful with a dream. He is not sure he can make it but he is praying—and how ardently! He envisions the countless numbers who have washed out before him. Psychologically beaten, the neophyte embarks on his flying career swinging on the third strike. Were flying not a lead-pipe cinch hardly any of these ambitious lads would make it. But it is, and that is why some of them become pilots in spite of the obstacles unnecessarily thrown in their paths.

With the war's end flying will outgrow the knee britches of the overbearing, vain few who now control it. Factories engaged in war production will turn to the manufacture of private and commercial planes. Where there are now dozens, there will be thousands. Then we shall see that flying will be as common as riding and just as safe. It will be no more glamorous or daring than hitching Old Dobbin to the shay and driving up to Dover in Grandpa's day. ##



"Hello, headquarters—play some snake-charming music at once"

The Story of Maitland's Reply

It was understood on the British tanker that Maitland would go up to meet the attack, that he could never make land

by JOHN RHODES STURDY

• FICTION •

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LOWRY walked into the officers' saloon of the tanker *Halifax Lady*. His clothes were dripping from the spray that was washing the decks up top, and his blond hair was slightly matted. In his hand he held a flimsy paper.

He looked across the table where the steward was setting things for tea. Tea would be served early today, he thought. Then Lowry shook the water from his hair.

"Maitland," he said.

A figure stirred on the settee in the far corner of the saloon. Blue eyes looked up from a thick writing pad.

"Oh, hello, Lowry," Maitland said. His R.A.F. uniform with the wings and the one stripe on the shoulders was unbuttoned down the front, and he wore bedroom slippers on his feet. His face was English, his hair not quite so blond as Lowry's and his appearance probably much younger than his age.

"I heard some depth charges popping," he added, putting aside the writing pad. "What happened?"

It was just like something he would ask, Lowry thought. They were in the eastern Atlantic with a convoy that had been shadowed constantly by U-boats, and in the last hour one of the escort vessels had been dropping a few precautionary charges, but Maitland—Maitland sat quietly in the saloon and wrote in his bloody old diary, and when things were normal again, asked: "What happened?"

"Well, if it doesn't bore you too much," Lowry said acidly, "the Heinies are still pecking at us. Here's something for you. You may be having guests."

He handed the flimsy paper to Maitland. The R.A.F. pilot read the message and then motioned to the steward.

"Steward," he said, and the boy looked at him. "Find Sergeant MacDonald and have him report to me here."

Maitland glanced at Lowry, but the tanker's third officer was searching in a drawer for a package of cigarettes. Maitland went back to writing on his pad, using a battered old pen. He had a few words to add while there was time.

Two men entered the saloon. One was Cunningham, the mate, and the other was Ferguson, the second officer. They were dressed for the deck.

"What's the good word, Lowry?" Cunningham asked. "I heard there was a signal."

Lowry had found his cigarettes. "It may be rather hot," he replied. "Some bombers have left the coast."

"For us?" Ferguson asked, and then added, "What a dam' silly question!"

Cunningham took one of Lowry's cigarettes. The oldest man of the group, he spoke with a north of England accent. "I expected it," he murmured. "Those U-boats haven't been standing off because they're shy. They've been waiting for air support."

An R.A.F. sergeant appeared at the entrance to the saloon and knocked. "Pardon me, Sirs," he asked, "is Flying Officer Maitland here?"

From across the room Maitland replied. "Yes, Sergeant," he said. "Check the engine and the guns. I'll be with you in a few moments."

"Yes, Sir."

It was suddenly very quiet in the saloon. Lowry puffed at his cigarette and frowned at the red tip of the weed. Cunningham started shuffling a pack of cards he found on the table, and Ferguson watched him. The steward returned and resumed his setting of the tea things, and now they all watched the steward.

Suddenly Maitland put aside his writing pad and rose to his feet. No one looked at him as he crossed the saloon until Cunningham asked: "What time do you expect them, Maitland?"

The pilot replied: "About seventeen hundred, if they're not intercepted."

He left the saloon and there was silence again. Cunningham, ruffling the cards, suddenly spread them out on the table.

"How about a game, somebody?" he asked.

Lowry snubbed out his cigarette in an ash tray. "Maitland gets on my nerves," he said abruptly. "He's too dam' quiet. Hardly ever opens his mouth. Just sits there writing."

Cunningham looked sideways at the blond-haired third officer. "You'd probably be quiet, too, if you were going to die," he said.

"Who's going to die?"

"Maitland."

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that," put in Ferguson.

Cunningham shrugged. "Figure it out for yourselves," he said. "If we're attacked this afternoon—and I mean really attacked—he'll be going up. We're too far off the coast for him to make land."

Of course, they all knew that. On the foc's'le deck of this 9,000 ton tanker sat a rocket catapult, and on the steel carriage of the catapult rested Maitland's Hurricane fighter plane. When the time came—when the German bombers were overhead—the rockets would be fired and the Hurricane would be catapulted into the air, and Maitland would go up to fight, in a land plane with no land in sight.

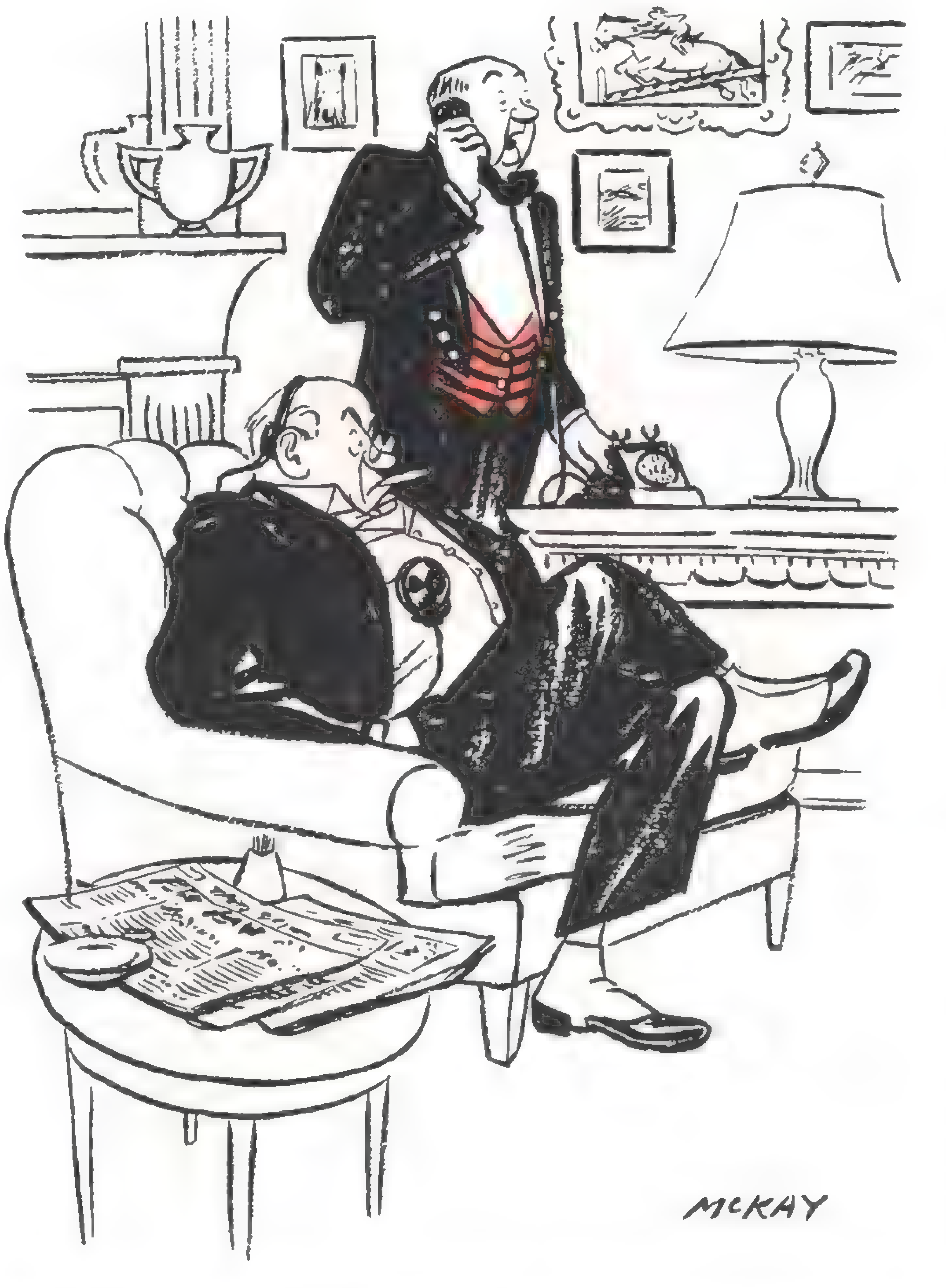
Sometimes, in calm weather, the pilots of these freighter-borne pursuit planes could bail out or pancake their ships on the water and hope to be picked up. But in the midst of a combined air and submarine attack, in the wind-swept, turbulent seas of the North Atlantic, they could only point their planes for the coast of the British Isles and . . .

"Well," Lowry grunted, "he could at least smile once in a while."

"After all, he's not one of our family," Cunningham remarked. "He must get bored. I'm going up top to check the gun. Coming, Ferguson?"

Lowry was left alone in the saloon. The steward had gone into his pantry to brew the tea, and the room was quiet. Lowry lit another cigarette and sat down on the settee. Silly thing to discuss personalities before an attack. He knew this would be a hot one. Things had been much too quiet. All the way out from England they had had peacetime sailing, and now on the voyage back trouble had been threatening.

He might get home this trip,



"I'll have to take the message—Mr. Rogers' battery is dead"

up to London. He hadn't seen London since the blitz, but it was home to him. Even with all that falling and the guns, back in 1940, it had been home.

He was right about Maitland, though. The man was impossible. Perhaps, in his R.A.F. uniform, he felt himself superior to the poor, benighted men of the merchant marine.

Lowry's hand touched the writing pad. He glanced at it. Private property—but something caught his eye and he could not ignore it.

He read:

"My shipmates are very decent fellows. All of them have been torpedoed at least once, and Lowry three times. But I never hear them complain. I'm still waiting for my chance, and I hope it will come soon. I've been thinking of Peter and Michael and Jack . . ."

It was not a diary. It was a letter to Maitland's mother, and Lowry felt guilty. He was intruding into a man's private life, into his thoughts, and that was cheap and rotten. Yes, he knew all that, and yet he knew, too, that he would read on, because Maitland was a secret and one couldn't stand secrets at sea. It was the result of being alone, of watches in the dark, of the wet and the cold and the terrible monotony, when you grasped at anything new, anything different, like a scrap of news over the wireless or an old magazine or a letter.

"I think a great deal about Railey. How is the town? It's only months, but it seems like years since I was home and the mayor called with his delegation that day to tell you about the Spitfire. You were magnificent, and so was he, for that matter, standing there in the parlor twirling his derby and saying that the town had at last raised enough money to buy a Spitfire, and that they were going to call it 'Maitland's Reply' in memory of Peter and Michael and Jack. And then the siren wailed and the mayor and the people went out quietly to their posts, and you said you'd keep tea hot for them, and we stood by the window listening for the bombers.

"I wish I could have flown the Spit they named for my brothers. They died in Spits, and—but I've got a good ship here. I like her. She's clean and fast. I know you wanted me on the ground, and were glad that I was too old for regular fighter combat. I think I was almost afraid to tell you about this job, that day standing at the window, and then you asked me for a handkerchief and the pilot's wings fell out of my pocket on the floor. You knew they were mine. You knew it without asking. And then, when you picked them up and told me to give you my tunic and you'd sew them on, I knew it was all right.

"When you hear the bombers going out over Railey and Dover, our bombers going out to Germany, think of Peter and Michael and Jack, and understand it was very much worthwhile. And realize that I'm happy, too, because this is what I fought for, to be in the air, somehow . . ."

The steward was standing in front of Lowry. "Will you have your tea now, Sir?" the steward asked, and Lowry suddenly looked up and flushed crimson.

"No, thanks," he said, pushing the writing pad away from him. The steward paid no further attention and Lowry lit a cigarette. He stared at the far bulkhead of the saloon with serious, thoughtful eyes. Maitland, suddenly, was a secret no longer. Maitland was like the rest, longing for home—Railey on the southeast coast, close to Dover—London—anywhere.

It was all clear to Lowry now. Maitland, too old to follow his kid brothers into Spitfires, plodding along in an administration job until his chance came. And the mother's picture was clear. And the little mayor. And the shell-marked and bomb-pocked town.

Lowry rose and left the saloon. He climbed the ladder to the deck. Outside there was a brisk wind blowing and white caps ran along crests of the dark seas. On his left, strung to the horizon, he saw the lines of the convoy, while over on the starboard side a grey corvette, pitching and rolling, carried out a protective zig-zag sweep.

He walked forward to the foc's'le deck of the tanker and looked at the big steel runway that extended to the stem of the ship. On it rested Maitland's plane—small, almost fragile looking, its body partly discolored by salt spray. It was balanced on a steel carriage that would move like lightning when the propelling rockets were fired, and the sleek plane would roar into the air.

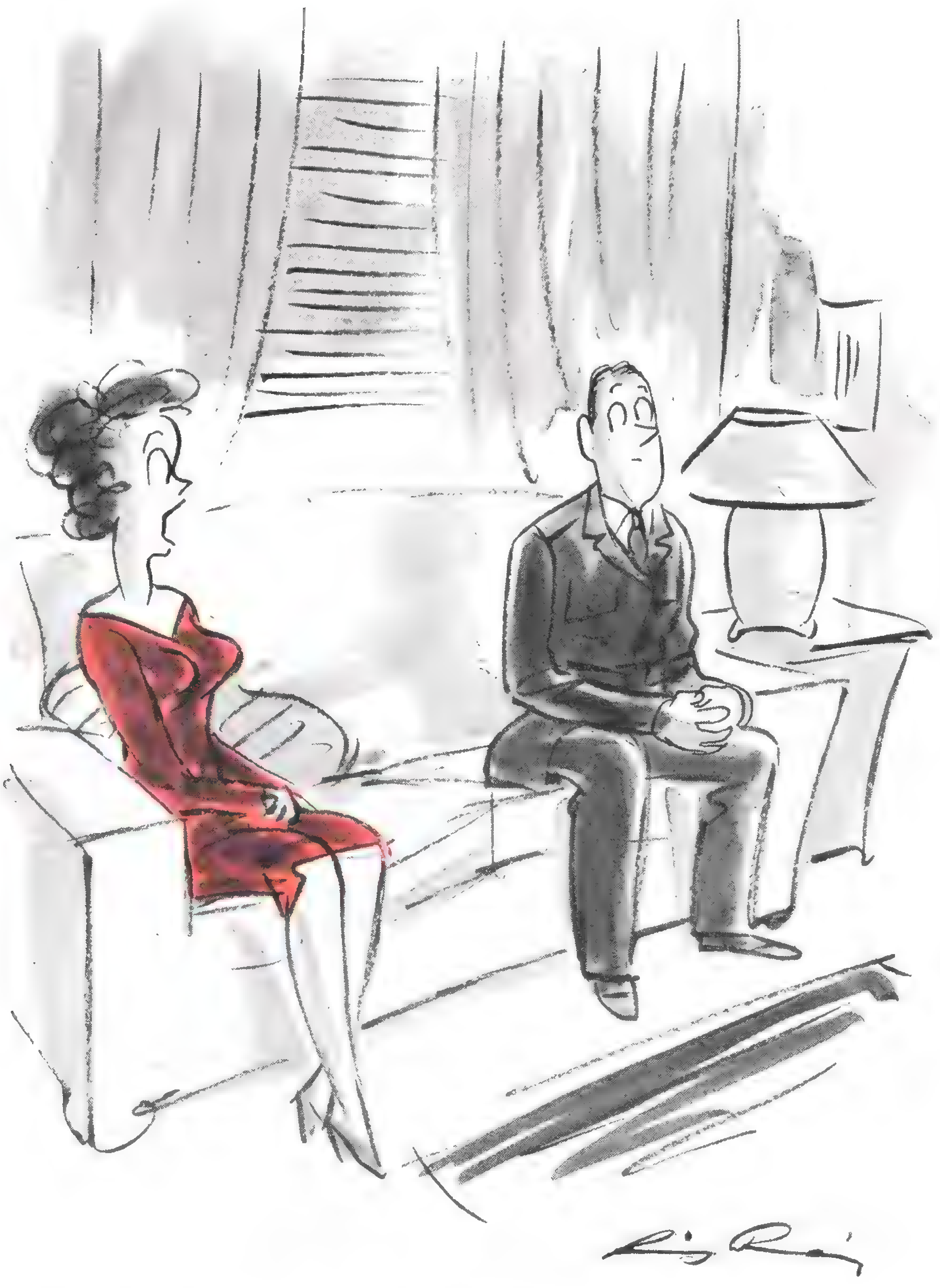
Maitland was standing on the runway and the sergeant, MacDonald, was climbing out of the cockpit of the plane when Lowry came up. The wind was strong, but he heard their voices.

"How's it look, Sergeant?"

"Perfect, Sir. Ought to shoot you half way to Berlin."

"England will be far enough,

Continued on page 128



"Two days isn't much of a furlough—I'll bet you don't know what to do first"

Traveling on Hot Air

The world will indeed be small when we hit our stride in jet-propelled planes like the not-so-strange Flying Squirt

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• ARTICLE •

There is a tendency, among military minds, to make state secrets of the perfectly obvious. The highly-hush-hush propellerless jet plane, which the USAAF and RAF jointly announced in Washington and London recently, is as old hat to engineering circles as the nozzle-driven steam turbine engine invented in 100 B.C. by Hero of Alexandria.

The first publicized flight of an exclusively jet-powered airplane took place late in 1941, when Colonel Mario de Bernardi, a veteran winner of the Schneider Cup races, took off from the Milan airport in a propellerless ship turned out by Caproni-Campini.

The craft looked like a giant nozzle fitted with wings and fin. It circled twice around the tower of Pisa and landed, two and a half hours after the take-off, on the field of the aeronautical laboratory at Guidonia.

Meanwhile, in England, Captain (now Flight Commander) Frank Whittle had been working on the type of jet plane which has now officially been adopted by the American and British armed forces, the so-called "Flying Squirt."

But this point should be clear: there is nothing new or revolutionary in the idea of jet-propulsion. The first modern scheme dates back to 1908. While the Wright brothers were still breathless from their Kitty Hawk flights, a French engineer named Lorin proposed the simplest of all forms of propulsion. He envisaged a multi-cylindered in-line engine, which would lie on its side on the wings of a plane. The head and all moving parts would be removed from each cylinder and in their place would be substituted a giant funnel pointing toward the rear. Each time a cylinder fired, its compressive force would be expelled through the funnel, producing a reaction jet.

In 1917, H. S. Harris of Esher, England, and an engineer named O. Morize of Chateaudun, France, invented, simultaneously, engines in which compressed air would be mixed with burning gases and expelled through suitable nozzles. Harris' plan, far ahead of its time, even made provisions for powdered coal as a fuel. More comprehensive and advanced designs were then developed by N. Schurter of Zurich, and by Captain Whittle.

Reports from neutral European sources indicate that both Heinkel and Junkers in Germany have jet planes well in progress. Heinkel is said to have a super-duper jet jenny designed by Max Hahn of Rostock. And it is highly probable that the Italian, S. Campini, who developed the ship de Bernardi flew in 1941, is now gainfully employed in the underground drafting rooms of the Third Reich. The grapevine also has it that when the Nazi ace, Ernst Udet, was killed two years ago, he was not bumped off, as news reports hinted; he was killed flight testing one of the Herr Heinkel Hahn zipships.

* * *

Jet propulsion is not to be confused with rocket propulsion. Jet systems use motor-driven air compressors plus burning gases, instead of burning gases alone, to create the thrust.

If you will inflate a rubber balloon, then let go, you will see how the air compression can produce enough of a back thrust to induce a relatively enormous forward motion.

The Whittle engine, used on the Flying Squirt, sucks in air at the nose of the ship, compresses it by means of one or more turbines, heats this compressed air by the rapid addition of a burning liquid fuel, then ejects high-compressed, expanding gases (including the exhaust from the turbine motors) through a nozzle in the tail of the fuselage.

But over and above the sensation factors of the recent announcements are the indications that jet or jet-rocket propulsion will probably take its place with the helicopter as one of the chief types of the planes to come. For if we are to travel at ultra-high speeds, as logic and logistics demand, we will need a mode of propulsion far more efficient at these speeds than the drives we now have.

The conventional type of engine is relatively inefficient. Much of its energy is dissipated in the form of heat.

Further, at high speeds and at high altitudes the propeller begins to slip. Its bite becomes progressively weaker than its bark as the ship climbs higher . . . or speeds beyond the 400 m.p.h. mark. Jet propulsion, on the other hand, just begins to get its second wind at such points.

On top of all this, there is the case for cleaner design. The frontal area of conventional airplane engines are true "built-in headwinds." They stand out like clumsy, weighty air brakes. But in the jet ship, all this is done away with—as are the high landing gears which now are necessary in order to keep the big propellers from turning into ditchdiggers. Jet planes can be as low slung as racing cars, with corresponding gains in visibility, ground maneuverability and safety.

Actually, of course, jet propulsion, as encompassed in the Flying Squirt, is not altogether propellerless. The turbine, which does the compressing, is a variety of propeller. And, conversely, the slip stream of every conventional propeller is a kind of jet.

To get a clearer picture of what goes on, imagine an ordinary propeller confined in a long tube. Imagine the engine behind it also in this tube. Then the slip stream, the engine's heat and the engine's exhaust would all be mixed together in this tube and forced backward with tremendous force. Suppose the tube, instead of being of constant diameter, were pinched at the rear to form a nozzle. Then the back thrust would be many times increased. But, as if this were not enough, you added another gadget. Feeding into the long tube, you had two smaller ones connected to either side—and each of these tubes sprayed mixtures of burning kerosene or gasoline. There, in full force, would be your power plant.

American authorities were at one time interested in the jet idea. Simon Lake, inventor of the Lake type submarine, worked on it as far back as 1909. The U. S. Signal Corps took it up around 1923 and dropped it. In 1933 the NACA persuaded the Bureau of Standards to engage in further research and got more optimistic reports.

* * *

Jet-flying does not present an attractive picture at slow speeds.

But possibilities for this postwar mid-century jet flight are literally astronomical. For not only is the jet system capable, under ideal conditions, of zipping a hypothetical ship semi-silently in the starry reaches of the upper-stratosphere . . . but, if a self-contained supply of oxygen could be added to the combustion chambers at such a point, converting the ship into a true rocket, it is even possible to break through the earth's gravitational field.

And once you break through the field of the earth's gravity—anything can happen. One could even wind up as a streamlined, Duralumin comet. #

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Lu-Cellia, the drum dancer from the Versailles

Here is an item in Manhattania not to be dismissed lightly. Trying to dismiss Lu-Cellia, the torrid young terpsichorean at the Club Versailles, is like trying to dismiss an electrical storm or, possibly, trying to dismiss the late John Barrymore in *Hamlet.*

To test your nocturnal I.Q., try to answer these questions. Who is the only dancer in the jungle of Manhattan who dances on top of a drum? Who dances and beats a drum simultaneously—using both hands and feet? What dancer caused John Jacob Astor to get up and run for cover? Answer: Lu-Cellia.

Lu-Cellia was born twenty-five years ago in Durango, Colorado. Her father was Spanish, her mother part Indian. While very young she became fascinated by the sound of drumbeats, studied drum origins, began to move to her own jungle rhythm and has never stopped.

Lu-Cellia's background is permeated with the aroma of the juniper and lichen. She was married at the age of thirteen. She has skin the color of sand and sunlight and long black hair. She studied tribal dances in South America and Mexico. Her drum, a huge object purchased near Rio ten years ago and made of horsehide, is part of her personality, as is her leopard loin cloth, her heavy beads, her slave bracelets, her panther-like grace.

Lu-Cellia designs and sews her own costumes which engender such excitement that many of the "four hundred" ask her to design their clothes. If she likes them, she'll do it for free. "But if not—no!" Lu-Cellia is moody and specific.

Lu-Cellia's husband—the same gentleman she married at the age of thirteen—is now in the Army, but she keeps her home open in Colorado for her big collies—three of them—and "because I must go back to the canyon country." Many gentlemen wearing khaki correspond with her. Some she has met backstage at the Versailles, but others are "just images." Lu-Cellia confides that they ask her the most amazing questions, but that she loves them all.

The four lovelies in the background don't hurt, either.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

AURORA MIRANDA
Hurrell Photograph

Nocturne in Nothing Flat

Newspapermen who work the night shift are a clannish, daft breed who avenge an upside-down life by practical jokes

by TOM TREMONDS

• ARTICLE •

A NIGHTSIDER is a newspaperman who works from midnight to breakfast. He puts the shades up when everybody else is pulling them down and he goes to bed when no one else does, except the sick or the sinful.

His job is to produce the first edition of an afternoon newspaper and he is a good working newspaperman, as the daily appearance of that edition shows. As a person, he is kind or steely, warm-hearted or calculating, bored or excited or irritable. His wife has relatives he can't stand and he is behind on payments for some expensive mechanical gadget which will break down before he has finished paying for it. In short, he is just like everyone else—except that he works on a newspaper at night.

Therefore he is a regular newspaperman, turned owl. He might be an editor, a reporter, a photographer, a rewrite man or a copyreader. In any case he gets up about 11:30 at night (just as the neighborhood is quieting down and it is cool enough to sleep), gulps the "breakfast" coffee his wife (who likes to go to bed at 10:45) has thrown together in a state of semi-consciousness, rushes to the office to begin work at midnight. He works eight hours, with lunch at an all-night beanery about three in the morning. When the sun is peeking rosily out of the East, he is finishing his day's work, and by eleven in the morning (when the cleaning woman turns on the vacuum cleaner in the living room) he is ready for bed.

Before nightsiders started riding through life backwards, they were even as you. They are still standard in most specifications, such as number of fingers and toes, although they do not actually require all the senses to carry on. As a matter of fact, a less acute auditory system—and there are numerous partially deaf night workers in editorial shops throughout the country—is an asset. It makes for an equilibrium that has nothing to do with the inner ear.

Several years ago a veteran daysider was shifted to the nightside and, being hard of hearing, brought along his hearing-aid device, a small radio-like object trailing a pair of high-powered earphones. When he gave it a night's trial, it worked wonderfully well. Too well. He took it home the next day and never used it again. Close observation of the nightside scene would show why.

Looking in on a typical metropolitan city room after midnight, you'd see a dozen to eighteen men hunched over desks, leaning on phones, pawing through opposition sheets or jacked up behind typewriters. There are two or three rewriters, the ears and fingers of the edition. They take stories over the phone from reporters, or rewrite the morning newspapers' stories with a "new angle" for the afternoon. At the horseshoe desk in the center of the room are the copyreaders, three or four literary nonentities who edit stories, delete libelous words and touch off news articles with such dashing headlines as GIRL SHOOTS FATHER OF ONE. Also present are a city editor, news editor, picture editor, sports editor, morgue man (the librarian) a photographer or two and the inevitable copy boy whose absence when necessary is legendary. Others on the scene remain unaccounted for—they came in like Sandburg's fog and they go out like the smile on the Cheshire cat.

At midnight the city room is deserted except for a couple of lobster trick men sitting at the city desk. A gaunt rewriter ambles in at 12:05. He slouches behind his typewriter, rubs his eyes, muffles a yawn and then rubs his hands together before he picks up a sheaf of press-agent releases and short items he must rehash for print. Occasionally he picks up a phone to take what might be a story but usually is not worth three paragraphs. He does not think there is much romance in journalism. Neither does his partner who, with him, comprises this particular rewrite battery. His colleague bounces out of the elevator at 12:30. Just missed his train, he wheezes as he slides out of his coat on the run for his desk—and lockup only seven and a half hours away.

They start pecking at their machines. Between stories they discuss events of the day. They exhaust such topics as "How much sleep did you get? What time did you get home? No, I didn't take any sleeping pill today . . . but will tomorrow or kill that brat on the second floor." It develops that they have had nine hours sleep for the day, collectively. But you can't strike an average. The more cadaverous of the men has had only two. He had to stay in town to arrange for a C-note loan so he could meet his insurance payment before the policy lapsed.

Around two a.m. they examine the morning papers the copy boy brings in with the cold lunch. About 3:30 a.m. the bulk of local copy is cleaned up with the exception of the main stories in which developments are anticipated. At four the two men have written stories about a dozen petty hold-ups, six fires and four suicides and the arrest of a pair of 26 girls. Perhaps they will write some letters, or, more likely, reach for a phone book. With this volume for a pillow and a pair of desks for a bunk, they bed down.

About now a photographer slams into the office. His hat is askew or the brim turned up fore and aft. In one hand is a batch of photo plates, in the other a black bag or camera which will stop off at the closest desk. A running monologue started before the elevator door slammed shut.

"I gotta new babe, a tall skinny girl. She is a singer (pronounced with a "g" so hard it's a cinch he'd spell the word sing-g-g-ger). She's got powerful legs. She's got class. Naw, she ain't like Dorothy. Any phone calls for me?"

His eyes light on a stack of new telephone books. "Hmmmm," he chortles, "clean pillow cases."

He'll print his pictures in a half hour, then try to talk up a card game and failing that, will reconcile himself with a couple of phone calls to 26 girls or nightery hostesses. Most of the staff will listen in on these verbal excursions into the realm of sex. After this display of prowess with the women—he'll have one or two sing over the phone if you give him the wink—he'll retire with a "clean pillow" to a bench in the far corner. As for the staff, 90 per cent of its vicarious sex life has now retired for the night.

Dayside newspapermen have little chance to observe their owl shift brothers because nightsiders, like Ubangis, stick together. These things are observed: That nightsiders get drunk at 9:30 in the morning. That they leave half-eaten lunches in the rewrite men's wastepaper baskets, coke and beer bottles on the city editor's desk. Most of all, that they are "crazy."

"Crazy" because of their totally uninhibited practical joking. Their tricks range from making a daisy chain of the city editor's paper clips to changing the dates on the wall calendars, jamming up the telegraphers' "bugs" or sending libelous notes to the expense account auditor, using forged

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Aurora Miranda

THE señoritas Miranda are sisters under the samba, but that's as far as the kinship carries. Where sister Carmen is fiery and funny and flashy, younger sister Aurora is sweet and serious and slightly subdued. She is so earnest about not wanting to capitalize on Carmen's fame that there was some talk of billing her as just "Aurora." But there's little chance that you'll mix the two misses. Carmen may be like the hot, hot noonday sun, but Aurora lives up to her dictionary-defined first name: she's "the rising light of morning, the dawn of day."

Although Aurora had a dancing and fire-spitting part in Universal's *Phantom Lady*—her real dawning will come in *Three Caballeros*, a feature length Disney-doing which combines live action and animation on the same screen. Aurora worked for a year and a half on her song and dance sequence with one Donald Duck. Being Donald's sweetheart may sound like a dubious distinction, but remember: as Donald goes, so goes the nation.

Disney flew thousands of miles honey-hunting through South America but finally found Aurora in the wilds of . . . Earl Carroll's, Hollywood! Aurora had done duets, dances and a sister act with Carmen all over her Latin America, but she had been an absentee from the act the night that Shubert saw Sis, signed same. It was three years ago that she came to the U. S. on her own, on a honeymoon with her engineereo husband. She intended to stay three weeks. A stretch at the Copacabana, a year with Earl Carroll, enter Mr. Disney. Future: indeterminate—until movie-goers and -makers see her make with the native Portuguese in *Three Caballeros*, coming up.

Aurora Miranda on American men: you may be less the continental gentlemen but you are less artificial, more natural. That she likes. "And Americans, ah, you are not so jell like Brazilians." "Jell," in the Miranda muddle-talk, means "jealous," just as "wheesk" means that rare brown bar stuff.

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5'3"; *Weight:* 119 lbs.; *Bust:* 35½"; *Waist:* 25"; *Hips:* 37"; *Shoe:* 4½.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

The Jumping-Off Place

Lost in the Taquamenaw wilderness, their ammunition spent, the hunters prayed that rescue would come soon

by CLAY PERRY

▪ FICTION ▪

Six men were gathered, frozen and desperate, on the dry hump in the muskeg swamp. They had struggled with their last strength to get to this hard spot and they dared not leave it. They had no idea where their camp was. Heavy snow had fallen during the second day they were lost, a clammy, wet wind from Lake Michigan driving the snow. Now, noon on the third day, the wind had shifted to the north and would be howling down off icy Lake Superior. Ice was forming on the black pools of water and mire amid the tufted hummocks of the muskeg swamp. The second day of hopeless, frantic wallowing and stumbling had brought them to this place. A second night without sleep, food or shelter sapped their remaining vitality. All morning they had stayed here without moving, helpless, terrified, completely done out.

Senator Jackson lay on a strip of canvas, shaking in a chill. His eyes were wide open but dull and lifeless. As leader of the party and the responsible man, he had driven himself until his legs had given way. Larken, his secretary, squatted beside him, wanting to do something for him. Larken's stomach was quivering and sore from having eaten cedar tips, which are food but require the digestive system of a deer or cow.

They had no fire. The woods were dripping wet. Garth, the lawyer, had eaten the one sandwich he had brought from camp with him and had drunk the pint of whiskey and was sick and dizzy. Hartley, the burly lumberman, had strength enough to stamp his feet, trying to warm them, and to curse the doe he had failed to bring down. They had barely life left to hate each other but all four hated and despised the two guides who sat together on a sodden fallen log, their heads down, saying nothing.

The dense Taquamenaw wilderness stretches, roughly, thirty miles square between Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, but touches neither. It is a marvelous deer country. In all its thousand square miles there is not a road or trail except the Taquamenaw River with its golden-tinted waterfalls—in summer—which winds through it, south to northeast. Into the edges of the wilderness, or along the tawny, winding river, annually venture large numbers of hunters, part of the mob of fifty thousand that rushes into the Upper Peninsula for the deer season. So many hunters need guides that there are not enough to go around. Many men are lost in these woods every year. Some are rescued, some find their way out unaided; some are as crazed as if shell-shocked. Some never come out, alive or dead, and some who do survive never speak to each other again, being ashamed of themselves and each other.

The Jackson party had jumped off from Hulbert, a tiny village, its main street a dead-end road, halted by the high embankment of the "Soo" Line that borders the south edge of the wilderness. Beyond the railroad looms the dark, dense, tangled cedar forest. The party had reached Hulbert at dark, picked up two guides, Ba'tise, a Canuck, and Axel, a Swede, who asserted that they knew their way around. The party had plunged into the woods on an old tote-road and made camp at an abandoned cabin, once part of a logging camp, to be ready to hunt at dawn.

Muskeg is a man trap. With snow on it the trap is set. In places there are mire holes with water over muck so deep that men vanish in these if they fall in when alone. The lost men had got to the dry hump in the swamp by the skin of their teeth. They had shot off all their ammunition, some at deer, the rest vainly signaling for help. Ba'tise had lost his rifle in a mire hole trying to save his own life.

Axel had broken the handle of their only axe. He was not even a good wood chopper. In fact, the deer hunters, headed by Senator Jackson, had discovered by now that their guides were a pair of unemployed mill hands who never had gone more than a mile or so into the woods. But for five dollars a day they had risked themselves and their city-softened employers on an aimless deer drive.

The party had strung out in a line, spaced a few yards apart, with the guides at each end, to try to put up deer. They had played poker, drunk whisky, smoked and told tall tales half the night, by way of preparing themselves for the tough, exhausting work. No deer were killed. Only one man, Hartley, the lumberman, had hit a deer. The wounded doe had run away and they had lost themselves, plunging recklessly after it, at dusk. They spent the first night in wet darkness, shooting their guns at sounds and fiery eyes and at nothing.

The guides had guaranteed that they'd get plenty of venison and be back in camp before dark. Next day they had spent trying to find the camp. The second day they were trying to get out.

The muskeg in which they huddled was an open area, a soggy swamp with a few stunted trees dying from wet feet. But to the lost men it was preferable to the dark shelter of the thick cedar woods that surrounded it. They had fought wildly to get out of the woods to the light of the sky.

"Somebody will be sure to find us if we only stay here," mumbled Larken for the thousandth time. "It's where we can be seen."

Larken had never been hunting in his life, had never spent a day or a night in the forest, but he had kept his head better than the others. The canvas he had laid down for Jackson he had carried to wrap up a haunch of venison to take home to his wife.

"Shut up, you damned fool!" croaked Hartley.

"Let Lark alone," groaned Jackson. "He's done his best. The rest of us—well, it's my fault we're lost. Thought I knew something about this country. I—I don't."

"It was these fakes we hired at Hulbert," said Larken. "I should have checked up on them."

The two guides huddled on their log. Curses, taunts and threats hurled at them could not rouse them to try to find a way out of the muskeg. When urged,

"Where the hell have you been—we've been standing around here for 27 seconds!"

Axel would say: "Ay ban lost. Ay don' want be lost no furder yet. I stay."

"By gar, eef onlee I 'ave my gon!" Ba'tise would excuse himself. "Dere is wolf's track in 'ere. I see dem."

"It's better to stay where we are," Larken mumbled.

"I thought we might have struck the east branch," said Garth. "It runs within a mile or so of Hulbert—on the map we left at camp. Why, we might be within a mile of Hulbert right now!" he added, his voice rising hysterically.

"Ha, eef dat so," came the unexpected snort from Ba'tise, "we hear de ongine w'istle on de Soo."

That chilling observation silenced them all, deepened their despair.

The cold was biting now. The wind, swinging to the north, drove wracked clouds across the sky. Larken brushed snow off the edges of the canvas and tried to fold it up over Jackson. The cloth was stiffening as it froze. He saw that the tips of Jackson's fingers were turning white. He pulled off his own woolen mittens and began to chafe Jackson's hands with snow, then he pulled the mittens over the senator's hands. Jackson gave him a weak smile, shaking his head feebly.

"Better keep 'em, Lark," he urged. "My hands don't hurt now. I feel fine. Need a li'l sleep. I—"

"Hell, we're done for!" rasped Garth, his hard face, now grizzled and dirty, showing all its harsh lines. "Christ, you'd think they'd have a hundred men out combing the woods for us!"

"They won't be." Hartley gave a deep, hollow groan and sank down beside a stump. He put his gloved hands over his face and then shoved them inside his canvas coat to try to warm them. "We made our own camp. They won't miss us for a week. Oh, my God."

"Lark," whispered Senator Jackson. "Pray a little, Lark."

* * *

Nearly a hundred men *were* searching for them, sent out by an expert professional guide named MacLane. He had watched the party start. MacLane had his reason. In the previous legislative session before the Conservation Committee both Garth and Jackson had fought and belittled him when MacLane was arguing for a guide's license law. MacLane would have been glad to teach them a lesson. He followed them to their camp the first day, waited all night for them and the next day sent out the alarm. But MacLane had another card up his sleeve. He worked the telephone so as to play this card.

. . . Jackson's red eyes had closed, but he did not sleep. Fever had set his thoughts to whirling. Suddenly his stiff hands jerked and he stared upward, wildly, gasping out:

"I heard something! Look! It's—by God, it's a plane! It's flying over here — away — God!"

The others looked up, stupidly, slowly. They saw nothing. But Larken, standing up, gave a scream.

"It *is* a plane! But it's going away. Up there under the cloud, see? He can't see us! We've got to signal him!"

Hartley began to run around the hummock, waving his cap. Garth jerked off his coat and waved it.

Down from the cloud dropped a dark spot. A flutter of white whipped up from the plummeting object and became a mushroom with a man dangling beneath it. The parachutist landed in the top of a tall cedar on the edge of the woods. The plane circled and flew away.

Yelling, sobbing, reckless of mire and water, the men ran toward the tree. Even Jackson, with Larken's help, hobbled and crawled toward it. To their astonishment, they reached a hard, dry area, grown high to coarse marsh grass. An old beaver meadow.

The parachute, bundled up, came down first, then the man, in khaki coveralls, scrambled down the tree trunk. Garth was first to reach him and greeted him with a silly, weak giggle. "Hello! Why, hello, Mac!" he quavered. "How'd you happen to drop in? Got anything to eat? Say, Mac, have you got a drop of liquor on you?"

Ba'tise cringed when MacLane's sharp eyes met his. "Nothing to eat?" MacLane asked shortly. "Why didn't you shoot some rabbits? Look, here's a snowshoe rabbit runway!"

A hard-packed path wobbled across the meadow, packed by the broad paws of white hares.

"By gar, me, I t'ink eet's wolf's track," blurted Ba'tise. "Anyhow, I los' my gon."

"Catch hold of the edge of this 'chute," MacLane commanded the Canuck. "And you—bend down that sapling. Put a piece of log on the top. Hold it down," speaking to Axel.

MacLane made a tent of the silk. He sent the guides to collect

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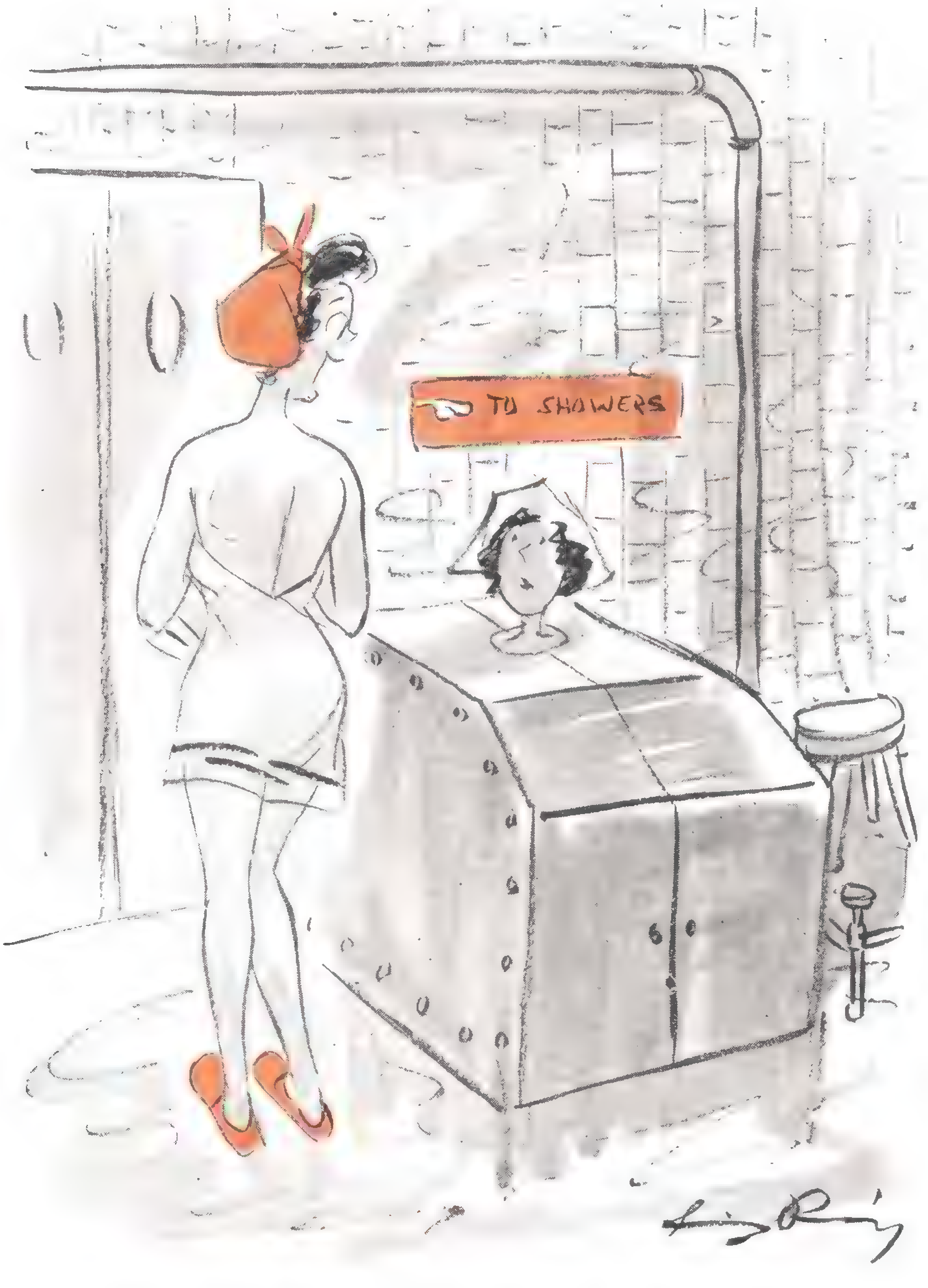

"George is suing me for divorce, but he's asking for my custody"

Rise of the Hot Dog Dynasty

The Stevens brothers continue sports catering in the spirit of Old Harry who parlayed a peanut into a million

by ARTHUR MANN

• ARTICLE •

A BUNCH of newspaper boys were whooping it up in the banquet room of a New York hotel a few years ago. Ostensibly the occasion was to acknowledge the thirtieth or fortieth anniversary of the Hot Dog, whose actual genesis is clouded with doubt and legend. But that didn't matter. The sports writers would have used any excuse for the gathering at which they were specifically honoring the Stevens brothers, Hal, Frank, Billy and Joe, caterers to the appetites of sporting multitudes from "the Hudson to the Rio Grande."

The evening was loaded to the Plimsoll with praise and flattery, all sincere, but a single telegram from an absentee, read by the master of ceremonies, capped the situation completely. It said:

> Sorry cannot attend, but would like to propound riddle. Question: Why are Stevens brothers such regular guys? Answer: Because they are full of the Old Harry.

A moment of silence was followed by an approbatory roar from the banqueteers, and a sniff or two from the honored guests, for everybody in the joint readily acknowledged that the whole evening was more of a testimonial to the late Harry M. Stevens, founder of the Hot Dog Dynasty, than to his resourceful successors, four sons and several grandsons. It was obvious to veteran writers who recalled the unique Harry M. To youngsters who had never known him well, or at all, he was simply a legend suddenly come to life in four different people.

The career and acumen of Old Harry represent one of the best success stories of this or any other country, and is aptly explained by the legend "he parlayed a peanut into a million"—dollars, not peanuts. Even more amazing is that the self-made father lived to see his boys expand the monument of achievement. Instead of pampering the sons with his accelerating wealth he made them a part of its growth and tribulations, and achieved the rare joy of gaining a filial respect that blossomed into outright worship of his manners and methods in life and business.

The sons' struggle to emulate the Old Harry was not without privation and moments of secret chagrin. A hint of it broke through during the 1943 World Series when Frank, second oldest of the four sons, but first in business with his father, filtered among sports writers, officials and other friends in the Stevens commissary at the Yankee Stadium. Frank was bolting a sandwich and finally blurted:

"You lucky birds! You're all going upstairs to see the ball game, but I have to go out to Belmont Park."

"Can't you see an inning or two?" somebody suggested.

"No," he muttered, and glanced at his watch. "I've got to be out there by two o'clock and it's almost one thirty. It's always the way. I'm the rabid baseball fan of the family—always have been, ever since I sold peanuts and score cards in Milwaukee—and yet I've seen only one Series game in my life. So long!"

To appreciate this irony, you must consider the fact that 24 of the last 31 World Series have been played at either the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium and Ebbets Field in New York, and Fenway Park or Braves Field in Boston. Stevens refreshments have been sold at New York Giant games for a full half century, at Brooklyn games for 45 years, at Yankee games for 40, and at Braves Field and Fenway Park since they opened in 1916 and 1912. Frank's lone opportunity to see a World Series came in 1929 when the games were played by the Cubs and Athletics and involved no Stevens concession. Even so, he had to take a day off from the fall meeting at Belmont Park at the invitation of his old friend and sponsor in Milwaukee, Connie Mack.

Few businesses built from an idea thrive without the impetus of hard work, but the scope of the Stevens catering industry, plus its seasonal elasticity, places a premium on alertness in buying and selling, and especially in seeking new outlets.

This fact was brought home with a jolt to a third generation of Stevenses in the business when Harry 2d, Frank's son, announced a few years ago that he was getting married and would be "away for a couple of weeks."

"I'll say you'll be away," said the father. "First you'll go to Miami and check things at Tropical Park and Hialeah. Then you hop over to Alabama to inspect an exposition ground—see how big a commissary we'll need. Then at New Orleans—"

"Hey!" Young Harry protested. "This is to be my honeymoon—"

"And this is your business," Frank reminded him. "You're lucky we're breaking a rule and letting your wife go along. Your mother and I never had a honeymoon!"

A pastime comparable in thrills and odds to hitting the daily double at a race track is trying to locate one of the Stevens brothers at a given time in the day—or night. Take Joe, as an example. First, you go to the nearest Automat and change a five-dollar bill into nickels. Then you telephone the Fifth Avenue office, where a secretary will tell you to call either the Yankee Stadium or Polo Grounds. (Hal supervises at Ebbets Field.) Dialing the ball park will produce reference to another number, probably the throne room of some frankfurter baron, whose office will inform you that Joe has just left for one of the race tracks to see Frank—Empire City, Aqueduct, Belmont or Jamaica, unless it happens to be August, when you'll be told to call Saratoga. The Stevenses operate concessions at all the "Big Apple" race tracks, including Maryland and Florida.

I went through this rigmarole in trying to locate Joe last summer, only to learn finally that he had left for Rhode Island for the running of the Special at Narragansett. I called the next day between the third and fourth races, and a voice at the other end said:

"He just left. Call his home."

I called his home that night and finally located Joe, almost personally.

"Better call in a couple of days," the maid suggested. "Mr. Stevens is in bed with the mumps."

This would have pleased the Old Harry thoroughly, for he could think of no better reason for sickness than hard work. Toil was his answer to every problem when he left England, a short, stocky bridegroom with a few cents and his passage to America. His wife had friends in Niles, Ohio, where there was a large steel company, and so the Old Harry settled down to hard work and raising a family.

Ten years later there were Annie, Hal, Frank, Billy and Joe, and not enough money in iron foundry work to raise them right. To make up for formal education he never had, the Old Harry was a voracious reader who remembered everything he read, and book-reading led him into itinerant book-selling. One day he wandered into the ball park at Columbus, Ohio, which had boasted a big league team in the American Association for six years, and de-

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FRENCH GAL WITH A BOSTON ACCENT ➧

Tanis Chandler, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

A FRENCH accent which she does not have gave Tanis Chandler her first dramatic break. Remarkably cosmopolitan for nineteen, or any other age for that matter, she was born in France, went to school in England and spent most of her vacations in Spain. The daughter of a Parisian mother and a Bostonian father, she hails from Nantes, ancient city on the Loire.

Tanis loves America. She loves the sundaes with whipped cream, the double chocolate malts, the wonderful extra curricula that is a part of the American way of education; she loves America's young people and the blitheness with which they kid right through their biggest worries. And she says if Gary Cooper is a sample of American men, she'll take two.

Although Tanis, who was named after her dad, didn't learn to speak English until she went away to boarding school, she has no accent whatsoever. So when she tried out for a part on the radio calling for a colloquial French dialect, everyone was startled to hear this girl, who spoke like a native New Englander, suddenly turn on dialects peculiar to any number of French provinces.

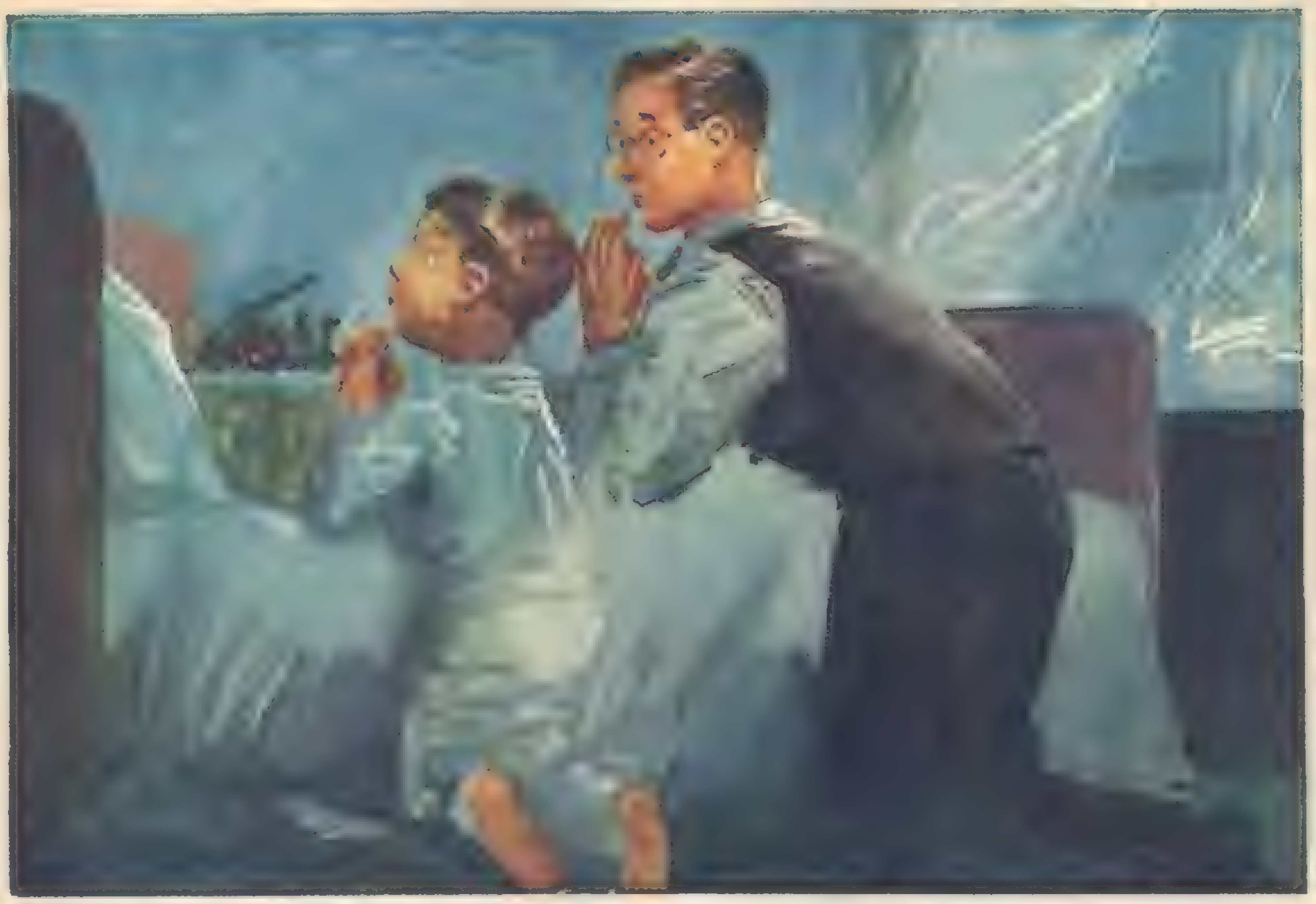
Tanis' favorite sport is sailing—she can reef the mainsail and batten down the hatches with the most seasoned salts. Her favorite reading is historical novels; her favorite clothes are peasant dresses; she wouldn't wear slacks to a cricket fight; she loves silly hats and hates pompadours. She does not smoke but has learned to drink a daiquiri with confidence. Her idea of a rousing good time is to go on a camp tour.

It is her hope that some producer will see this photograph of Henry Waxman's and think favorably enough of it to give her a screen test. "I'm going to be an actress," says she with spirit, "if it takes a lifetime!"

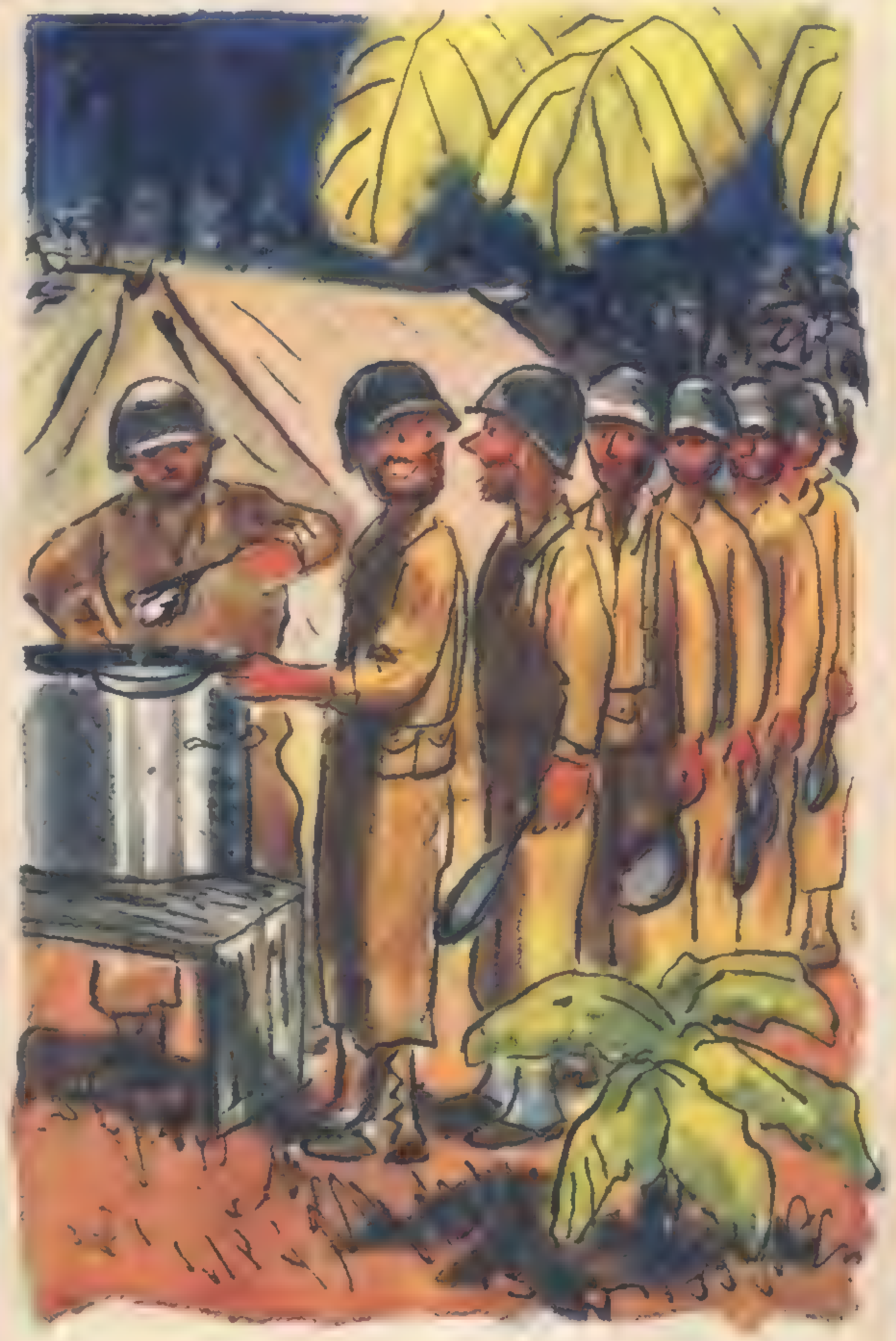
And as for the men in her life—Tanis is concentrating on keeping a level head that does credit to her maternal ancestors. This, she reasons coolly, is wartime—and romance often has a way of masquerading in a uniform.

Vital Statistics: *Age:* 19; *Height:* 5'5½"; *Weight:* 118 lbs.; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 23½"; *Hips:* 35".

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



". . . and please make me a good boy—my Mommy and Daddy can't!"



"We're having turkey—powdered, of course!"

◆ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Frances Chisholm

FRANCES CHISHOLM poses a conundrum. How can a model, aged nineteen summers, and late of Greensboro, North Carolina, have been modeling for nineteen years? Give up? Frances was a baby model. To have been discovered in swaddling clothes by the Southern John Powers must have been quite an experience at the age of eleven months but undoubtedly the moppet, Miss Chisholm, went smiling through the experience like the serene young lady she is today.

Frances looks at life through rose-tinted specs, finds many occasions for laughter and few for tears. For armchair psychoanalysts who might crave to delve into Miss Chisholm's psyche, perhaps the answer is the obvious one. Fear of rivalry would be a contradiction in terms for a girl so surpassing fair. She has long pale gold hair, wide dark blue eyes, a generous smiling mouth. Everything about Frances is light: her weight—100 pounds; her voice—it's the least antarctic of southern accents; her easy personality—she has all the genial good nature of a young puppy.

As far back as she can remember—way back there four years ago—Frances has always wanted to be an actress. She finished high school at seventeen, registered for college, made her debut in Raleigh at the Governor's Ball and promptly came to New York. John Powers saw her—and here's the news angle: he decided to leave her name as he found it. Frances has been busy ever since and just hasn't had time to take a train back down South. She can wear sophisticated jewelry on slinky black satins, naïve white wedding gowns, lavender and old lace, teen-age tweeds or big picture hats, in a manner all her own.

When queried about men, Frances goes into one of her rare serious moods and comes up with this: "I like intellectual men—men with strength and personality. Age or looks are not the main things with me; in fact, looks are not important at all.

"I hate phonies, and I can sense them a mile away. A man's financial position isn't important to me, either. The most important thing is that he be real."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* John Powers; *Age:* 19; *Height:* 5′5½″ (with heels); *Weight:* 100 lbs.; *Bust:* 32″; *Hips:* 33″; *Favorite Sport:* Good conversation.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES VILES

Recalling Odd-Luck Fishing

The tarpon that broke the hook, a cowfish that rivalled Jonah and other reminiscences of an angler

by VEREEN BELL

▪ SPORTS ▪

The boat's exhaust chugged and gurgled, and past us slowly slid the great concrete pillars of a bridge seven miles long, shining white in the light of a full moon. Peter Brown and I sat relaxed in our fishing chairs. For an hour we had trolled, and no fish had bothered to strike our carefully fileted bonito bait. Then, suddenly, there began as odd a little incident as you'll meet in many days' fishing.

First Brown's rod jumped forward. He made a startled choked sound in his throat which was intended to be notification that he had a tarpon on. In the next instant my own rod lurched, and I also made noises. Then both lines went out in convulsive leaps and there was excitement aboard, what with two tarpon on at the same time.

Brown's line went limp. "Mine's gone," he said.

My own tarpon was by no means gone. At that moment, far back of the boat, he came out in a great silver spray, a fine sight in that white moon, and I would be a sorry fisherman if I didn't say he was positively of record proportions. Certainly he ran like a very big fish, taking my line as if the drag of the reel were nothing and getting closer and closer to those barnacled pillars every second.

The tarpon kept going. The amount of line on the spindle dwindled perilously. "Back up!" I shouted to Captain Andy.

But then, even before the last of my line went, the tarpon got away. "He made it to the bridge and cut your line on the barnacles," Andy said. I reeled in disappointedly, as did Brown. We found that the two lines were fouled.

"Say," Brown said. "You suppose we could have had just one fish? If our lines were fouled and mine had yours pulled in a bit, that could explain how I felt the strike before you did.

While we puzzled over whether it had been one tarpon or two, we disentangled the lines and I reeled on in. As I neared the end, Andy flashed his light on the line. Here it was frayed badly, almost falling apart.

"See?" said Andy. "He got to the bridge. Barnacles did this. Reel on in and . . ."

He stopped, for now the wire leader had appeared, and on it the hook. The line had *not* broken, even though you could now pull it apart with one finger. It was the *hook* that had broken. Now a broken hook, even a high-quality 6/0, is uncommon but not unheard of. But how had that frayed line held while the tarpon exerted enough pressure to break the hook? The line could hardly have become cut after the fish was gone for there was then no force to push it against the barnacled pillar. We still haven't figured it out.

You're always running into odd things like that when you're fishing and it adds considerable spice. The tarpon that broke the hook without breaking the frayed line will linger in my memory a lot longer than some I've successfully landed.

I once caught several large cobia—by trolling past a channel buoy. One of them was enormous, weighing sixty pounds. When we got back to the dock an hour later I looked in the fishbox and found that one of the cobia had, in his death throes, regurgitated a small, intact cowfish. This cowfish is a queer little number, having a couple of hornlike projections over his eyes and being encased in a shell expecially shaped to fit him. I picked up this cowfish and tossed him overside, where to my amazement he immediately swam away! No doubt he had a hard time making his friends believe the account of his experiences.

Along the shore line of Suwannee Bay, which is the juncture of Suwannee River and the Gulf of Mexico and, needless to say, salt water, you can catch fresh-water bass. I don't mean to say that you can catch an occasional bass —I mean that you can perhaps catch more bass in this salt water than you ever caught in fresh water. Once in a while the commercial fishermen even catch bass in their nets a half mile from shore. In this locale Emmett Mitchell and I once had an extraordinary experience. It's a queer feeling to be casting your lure against a salt-marsh shore line instead of lily bonnets and logs. But the bass were there, as our string proved. We were working a narrowing strip of grass between two tidal creeks.

Then, where the strip of grass narrowed to a point, I caught a bass. I released him, cast again at the same point and caught a second bass. Another cast at the same place, another bass, this third one being a three-pounder that put up a nice fight. Emmett, at my suggestion, now began casting his lure—which had been bringing in as many fish as my fly—at the same magic patch of water. He didn't get a rise on several attempts. Meanwhile, I made my fourth cast and caught my fourth fish. On my fifth cast there was a swirl of water, a tug on the line, but the fish got away. On the sixth cast I caught my fifth bass. And I claim that five out of six is an acceptable average, especially when you had a strike on the other cast.

I recall another reportable fishing experience Emmett and I had. Joe Edwards was with us, and we were taking a sort of vagabond cruise along the Gulf coast. On a bright afternoon we anchored the cruiser and in the skiff headed for the grass flats where we hoped to catch some sea trout. This time we were fishing for food, not fun. The water was shallow and we could see the waving grass on the bottom as we drifted. Our tackle was very light fresh-water stuff, for sea trout rarely go over two pounds in these waters.

I hooked a trout and boated him and I had my supper. Presently Joe caught his fish. Emmett fished in vain. Then a big fish grabbed his shiner-tail bait and rushed away. The whirring spindle of the little reel burned Emmett's thumb. The small spool carried only about fifty feet of line and whatever was on the hook had no intention of stopping inside fifty feet.

"Crank up!" Emmett shouted.

I started the motor, and for a few minutes we pursued the fish and gained back some line. Meanwhile, there was speculation as to the nature of the creature, our only sight of him having been in an occasional sudden white froth of water. Often we have trouble with small dog sharks; however, Emmett maintained that it *could* be a redfish and shortly thereafter he was proved right by the coppery glint that flashed in foam.

Now a redfish, or channel bass, is a prize and to land one on that tackle would be a feat. We gave Emmett much encouragement and doubtful advice and I assisted with the motor whenever the redfish threatened to strip the line off the reel. By now we had moved into water only about three feet deep and the fish was tiring. We drifted with the motor dead and the redfish swam in wide circles around the boat.

Then, fifty yards astern, appeared the dorsal and tail fin of an eight-foot shark. Very obviously he was on the trail of the hooked

Continued on page 136

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Two Terps from Leon & Eddie's

Cafédom, that world of soft lights, soft shoes and soft money, where bronzed lads in khaki mingle cheek by jowl with pale city slickers . . . Besides having its own lingo, this incredible, self-contained world now has its own pin-up girls. Straight out of the heart of Fifty-second Street, Leon & Eddie's, to be precise, comes Sherry Britton, brunette.

If you question the reason for Sherry's present dominion over the fickle heart of Swing Street, note first the Body. It sways by night, bringing forth press-agent adjectives like *exotic* and *sinuous* and bringing down the house. La Britton's eyes are green, and her hair, the shining black kind that Victorian hack writers referred to as "raven tresses," is forty-six inches long—you get a rough idea of how long this really is when you consider that Miss Britton is only sixty-five inches long herself.

Café Society's challenge to Hollywood's Betty Grable was born twenty-two years ago in New Brunswick, New Jersey, of Russian and Irish parentage. She eluded truant officers to begin her Broadway career as a chorine at the age of fourteen, toured the Subway Circuit in *Stage Door*, played the lead in *Getting Gertie's Garter*. Her dancing technique is all her own. There are no amazing feats of terpsichore; she merely moves languidly to slow music and, while as cool as a lady at an afternoon tea, she often causes the audience to break out impulsively in wild applause.

The fair young lady, resting comfortably for the cameraman, is Nancy Stith of Cincinnati, Ohio. New to the niteries, golden-haired, blue-eyed and aged twenty, Nancy arrived in New York just a few months ago. She is a chorus girl at Leon & Eddie's, and although this is her first job in the big town, Miss Stith has definite ambitions, knows her own mind. She likes tall, dark men, "on the lean side but not skinny"—don't weigh in, soldier. She wants to combine modeling with show business; she likes the noisy informality of Fifty-second Street; she will tear herself away from the neon lights only for the Drama or for her dream image come to life.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF

The Deferred Diagnosis

Dr. Corbin was a man of science who scorned the usual bedside manner and gave his patients the unadorned truth

by MILTON MAZER

▪FICTION▪

Dr. Corbin sat in his consultation room reading Osler's *Principle and Practice of Medicine* which lay flat on the desk before him. At intervals he stopped to make notes on a sheet of paper lying next to the book. He held the black pen firmly in his long fingers much as he did a hypodermic syringe, and he wrote in a precise script which would have delighted any school teacher of the era before education became modern. Pharmacists never had any difficulty in reading Dr. Corbin's prescriptions though his patients did, for he had never deserted the Latin like most of his colleagues. Every one of his prescriptions for a liquid medicine read, "Misce et fac solutionem." There was no other proper way, he felt.

If he had anything of a bedside manner it certainly had none of the hearty effusiveness which he detested and which was cultivated so surely by his associates. If he had any manner at all it might be called the austerity of sheer competency. His patients never felt that he was warm or close to them, for he indulged in none of the usual devices for winning their affection. He was quite satisfied if he could arrive at the correct diagnosis of their illnesses. And, as a rule, so were they. If you wanted handholding and a gruffly affectionate clap on the shoulder, you did not consult Dr. Corbin. But if your illness required painstaking study and objective thought, you could do no better than to consult him. He examined his patients with the precision of a draughtsman measuring an interval on a blueprint and, indeed, when he spanned the distance between your breastbone and heart with his unyielding thumb and forefinger it was as though a steel precision caliper were making the measurement.

In speaking with his patients he was correctly formal but not without humor of a coldstone and repetitive variety. When a patient addressed him as "Doc," he invariably replied, "Are you short of breath?" Once when a woman stopped him at a busy street corner to recite a list of her symptoms he interrupted with, "Very well. Suppose you undress and I'll examine you." With the years his wife had taken to addressing him as "Doctor," possibly because she had referred to him in that way in speaking to his patients.

As he read in the textbook he marked some passages with a soft pencil and once, just as he was about to make a note, he was seized with a paroxysm of coughing and his face and lips became violaceous in color. Both hands pressed against his right lower chest until the episode was over, and then he leaned back in his chair until his breathing became easy again. He coughed up some material into a piece of gauze he took from a desk drawer and when he looked at the mucoid sputum, the hand holding the gauze trembled a bit. When he returned to the book he read rapidly, taking no notes, and he consulted the index many times.

At ten minutes to two by the desk clock he shut the book, put it in a drawer and took a chart from the top of a pile near his left hand. He moved the chart to and fro in small jerky movements, trying to get it into focus, while his other hand adjusted his nose pinchers so that his presbyopic eyes might better look through the lower section of the bifocal lenses. He squinted once and then began to read, his cold gray eyes moving in parallel lines along the chart, slowly and regularly from left to right and darting back quickly to the beginning of each new line. He read at a very regular pace. Only once did he pause; then his eyes stopped in the middle of a line and darted back to the beginning to reread it. But at no time, not even when his eyes paused, was there the slightest change in his lean, tightly-lined, tightly-lipped face. Finished reading, he put the chart in the center of the desk and placed three sharply pointed pencils, parallel to each other, next to it. He sat motionless for three minutes until the minute hand of the square desk clock reached the twelve. Then he pushed the button of the teletalk and said, "Send in Mr. Grant."

The man who came in was conservatively dressed, thin, tense. "Good afternoon, Doctor," he said.

Dr. Corbin replied by nodding and then indicated a chair with an almost imperceptible turn of his head. The patient sat down and with great deliberateness took a cigarette from a silver case and began to tap it on the desk top. He looked up and smiled weakly at the doctor.

"Well, Doctor, are my tests back, the X-ray and blood count?"

"Yes, I was just reviewing your chart."

"Well, I guess it's nothing, is it? I mean, I guess I was bothering you for nothing."

"No, it wasn't for nothing. There were some definite findings."

"Yes, definite, of course, definite. But not bad, I mean."

"Well, I'm afraid the findings are not encouraging."

"You mean bad? I hope you won't give me bad news, Doctor. I'm sort of not prepared for bad news."

"You mean you don't want the truth?"

"No, it's not that. Just that I was hoping for good news. I mean, I hope the truth is good."

"I always tell my patients the truth, good or bad."

Mr. Grant sat back in the big upholstered chair. He caught himself still tapping the unlit cigarette on the glass desk top. He stopped and lit it with concentrated effort. Then he looked up.

"Well, Doctor, what is it?"

"I'm afraid it's just as I expected."

"You mean—?"

"Yes, cancer."

"God!"

He sat motionless, staring ahead with his mouth half open. Then he began to moisten his lips with his tongue.

"How long?" he mumbled.

"A year, six months, perhaps."

He dropped his head and stared at the floor. The cigarette dropped from his hand to the glass top of the desk. He tried to light another and finally succeeded.

"What do we do? What can we

"It sounds good to hear your voice again, your Honor"

do?" His voice was as unsteady as his hands.

"Settle your affairs," said Dr. Corbin. "Get your things straightened out. That's why people must have the truth. So they will have time."

"But treatment, Doctor. Isn't there anything you can do?"

"When you have pain I can help you. See me then. Until then, nothing is necessary."

The patient got up from the chair slowly. He put the cigarette into the ash tray. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks for telling me." He opened the door and left.

Dr. Corbin got up and went into the examining room. The nurse was there folding some squares of gauze, and when she saw him she took the pile of them and went into the other examining room as though she were just about to leave anyway. He standardized the scale at zero and then weighed himself. He recorded the weight in a notebook just beneath the report of his blood count. He washed his hands using the tincture of green soap liberally, rubbing the lather along each finger individually. He dried his hands in the same manner. He took a gray topcoat and a gray Homburg from a rack and went into the reception room, grasping the door knob through his suit pocket.

"I will be at Doctor Ward's office until 3:30," he said to his secretary.

"You have an appointment at 3:45, Doctor."

"Yes, I know."

He walked slowly up Spruce Street to 19th and then turned south. As he stepped off the curb he coughed sharply and put his hand to his chest momentarily. When the color returned to his face he began to walk again at the same pace as before.

As soon as Dr. Ward was free of his patient the secretary showed Dr. Corbin into the office. Ward extended his hand effusively. "I'm honored to have you here, Corbin, honored. How about a panatela? They're from a grateful patient, but they're good anyway." Corbin waved the cigar away with a quick movement of the wrist.

"Oh, yes, I forgot our good Puritan doctor," said Ward. "No vices. Tell me, do you really enjoy living?"

"Perhaps you can tell me about that," said Corbin. There was a note in his voice that halted the banter on Ward's lips. "I come to see you in your professional capacity. I desire to be your patient."

"Say, I hope it's nothing much. But anyway I'm flattered that you've chosen me."

"Yes, Doctor," said Corbin. "I come to you because I respect your ability as a chest specialist. I can't stand your flippancy, but it's my chest I came to see you about."

"What is it, Corbin?"

"I'm not sure. I fancy it's not minor. There's only one thing I want to ask of you, that you tell me the truth about your conclusions. Exactly what you find."

"Why don't you let me treat you as a patient, Corbin? Like a patient, not a doctor. Let me do whatever I think is best for you. Even tell you only as much of the truth as is good for you. Sick doctors aren't doctors anymore. They react like ordinary people."

"I think even ordinary people should be told the truth. I've never evaded it yet."

"God, Corbin, how can you do it? Tell a man he has something incurable? No, sir. Not me. People want to be deluded about things like that."

"Well I don't," said Corbin with finality. "I insist on knowing precisely what you may find, exactly what your conclusions are."

Ward hesitated. "All right, Corbin. I'll tell you the truth. But I hope there isn't anything to tell."

Both men went into the examining room and Corbin stripped to the waist. There wasn't enough fat to fill the depressions between his ribs. Ward asked him a few questions and then examined him meticulously while Corbin searched his face for his reaction. Ward examined his chest under the fluoroscope.

"Nothing to worry about," he said. "Chest perfectly clear. I'll have the technician take a plate just for the record." He smiled.

"Are you sure?" said Corbin brusquely. "How about the cough?"

"Oh, probably some sinus discharge. We'll get an ENT man to look you over."

"I think I'll wait until you develop the plate. I'd like to see it."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Corbin, but I won't be able to develop it until tomorrow. We're making up new solutions. I'll send you a report tomorrow."

"Look, Ward, I want to see the plate, not only the report. My plate, not someone else's. Are you sure you heard nothing?"

"Not a thing," said Doctor Ward airily.

"But I listened the other day

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You Can't Do "Business" with Chick

Beau Jack's manager is like Caesar's wife, and he enjoys prestige with the press as well as immunity from fight game grifters

by FRANK L. WALTERS

▪SPORTS▪

The managerial technique of Charles "Chick" Wergeles, custodian of Beau Jack, biggest money-maker in the boxing business, has so confounded the multitude of prearrangers, gamblers and raw dealers that the prizefight racket may never be the same again.

That is what makes Beau Jack's career unique in the annals of the prize ring. It is not his boxing ability. There have been other brilliant fighters and great money-earners but they did not have Chick Wergeles for manager, nor the setup behind Chick.

This is not discounting Beau Jack's future. He still is in the limelight, in the top flight of his class. But whatever happens, he is a rich man now and he will remain a rich man.

That is the incredible.

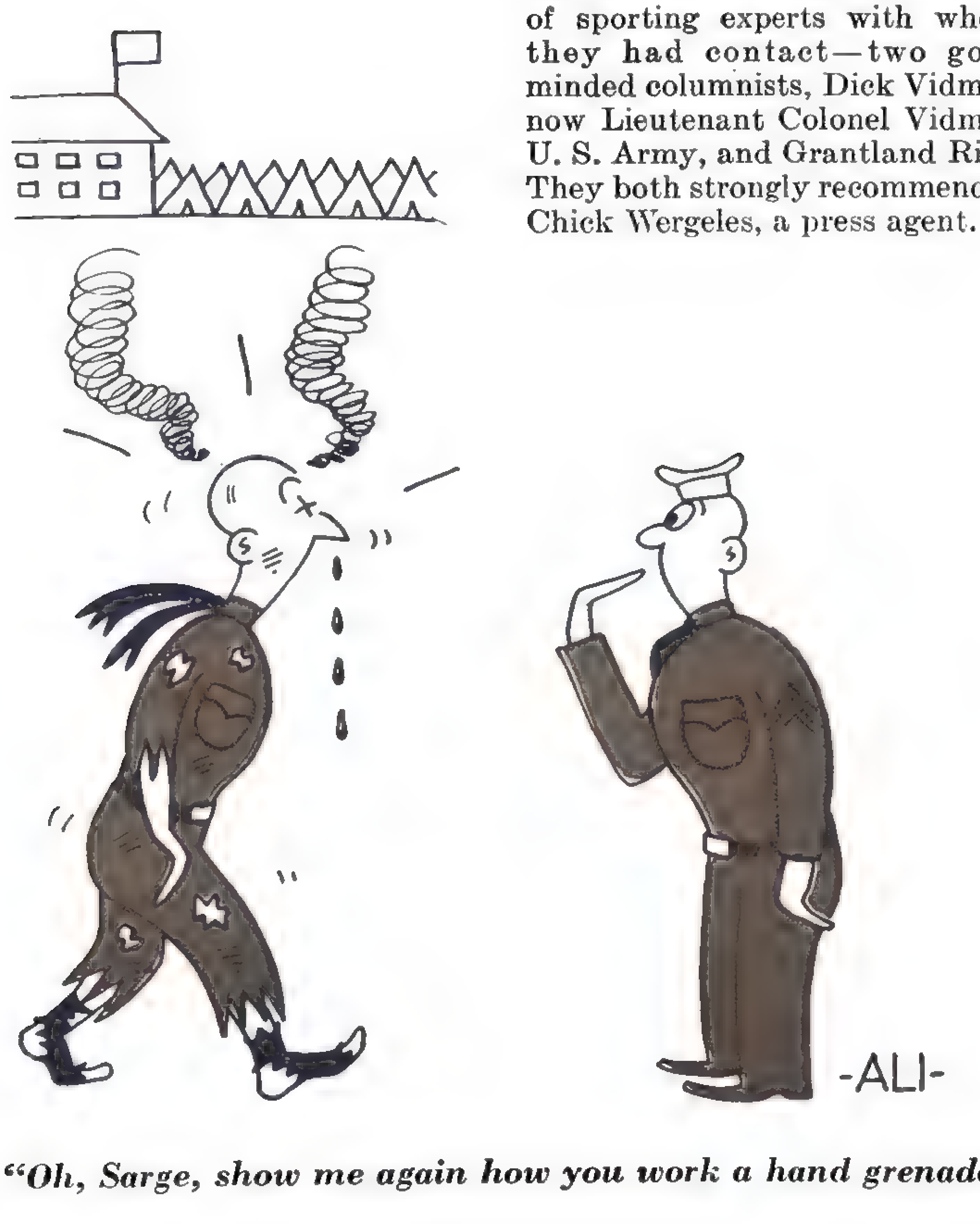
First take Chick Wergeles. This lifelong apostle of malaprop, well known in sports circles for almost thirty years, became a boxer's manager unexpectedly. The honor fell upon him because of the character he had established for independence and the strong friendships he has built and retained in the sports departments of New York newspapers for twenty years.

A group of wealthy sportsmen from the Augusta National Club were seeking a manager for a former shoeshine boy and battler-royal they were sponsoring. Under his real name, Sydney Walker, Beau Jack had been taken in tow at the club by the chief steward, Bowman Milligan. Before he came north in the summer of 1940, Milligan asked Clifford Roberts, president of the Augusta Club and a New York broker, to finance the boy's ring career. So Beau Jack became a community project.

The sponsors for the colored boy, listed at the end of this article, are the most remarkable syndicate in boxing history.

Under the ensuing management Beau Jack fought twenty-six bouts in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and two in New Haven. The committee decided to try for a wider career for Beau Jack and looked for a new mentor.

In their quest for a manager, the gentlemen asked the advice of sporting experts with whom they had contact—two golf-minded columnists, Dick Vidmer, now Lieutenant Colonel Vidmer, U. S. Army, and Grantland Rice. They both strongly recommended Chick Wergeles, a press agent.



"Oh, Sarge, show me again how you work a hand grenade!"

So Beau Jack's guide through the labyrinth of the fight world is as unusual as is his, so to speak, board of trustees. Few sports publicity agents have enjoyed the prestige that little Chick has had through his career of more than twenty years in the profession of ballyhoo. His facility in tearing the language limb from limb is remarkable even in his environment. "It's the biggest illumination tourniquet and can't miss," he will announce. "A reg'lar revival of the fittest."

Which would be followed by a smitch of copy on the desk of the sports editor. No one ever bothered to ask why Wergeles's publicity contained none of his well-known lacerations of English. He was known because his straightforward methods shone like a diamond. No sports writer ever knew him to step out of place, to high-pressure or tunnel under to obtain valuable space. He never tried to swap scandal or inside dope for a paragraph in a sports column.

Thus the surprised Chick, in his Radio City office, waist high in publicity for Tim Mara's New York Giants, found himself with a fighter. And those fight managers who were accustomed to making sound business arrangements beforehand found themselves with an unorthodox newcomer in their midst. Chick didn't seem to have any idea of what a manager must do to play along nicely in the profession.

"Chick, I got a water job—"

"Hire a plumber," he'd answer.

"Chick, for a coupla hunnerd we'll name th' roun'."

"*We'll* name the roun'," Chick would roar, "*fer nothin'!*"

The water job, or tank affair, would be a dive for the purpose of building up Beau Jack's ring record. Naming the round would effect the same result, but would be more dependable for betting. These and other petitioners have plagued Wergeles in direct ratio to the speed of his fighter's upward flight.

But the most reasonable proposals, taking care of the legitimate interests of all concerned, could never get Chick to guarantee anything beyond:

"Beau Jack'll show up in good healt' an' do the best he can."

Even Chick Wergeles couldn't have forseen the future. He lives in a sort of "world he never made." As a prize fighter's manager he must have known that he would not fit in the accepted pattern, but he went at the job with a simplicity that had previously brought him results in the sports promotion field.

The unexampled Beau Jack board of directors was behind him. The board is purely interested in Beau Jack as a fighter who can win. When he can't, he will be permitted to retire honorably on his record.

When the idea was presented to him, Chick was not pleased at first with his fighter. For good reasons Chick thought he might not get far.

"It wasn't his crazy style," Chick explains, "because the style ain't crazy. Henry Armstrong done okay widdat style. Henry even used Beau Jack as a sparrin' partner an' told th' kid never t'change his style. I'll tell y'what won me over to th' kid.

"Th' war. What good is a fighter if he's gonna be drafted? But this Beau Jack can't be drafted.

"He's downright illiterate. Yes, sir, can't read or write a note—not of music, but an ordinary note. Well, I look back to me own illiterate days an' I says how long did it take me? Maybe, I says to meself, maybe this kid'll *never* learn to read or write. Maybe it's a fixation or somethin'. Mind ya, I don't wish the kid'll never stop bein' illiterate, but I see him as a good t'ing as regards not bein' drafted. So I says, okay, Mr. Vidmer—I always say 'Mr.' to a guy who has woiked on th' New York *Times*—I say, okay, an' I take over.

"But it ain't toined out quite th' way I figured. This Beau Jack is the smartes' illiterate you ever saw. Write? He picked it up like Jim the Penman. Signs his name now an' puts little phrases before an' after. He can read like a fool—pick out any newspaper by its name. Studies two hours a day with Milligan, an' what'll happen? Soon as his intellect reaches the Plimsoll line, or somethin', Uncle Sam'll come in an' put a uniform on the guy. An' will I be sore? Not Wergeles. The kid'll be rich an' once he starts fightin', he won't stop till the war's over, which means my two kids'll be out that much quicker."

Men like Vidmer and Rice knew that behind Chick's comic-strip verbal barrage is one of the shrewdest brains in sports. Chick showed it when, without any commitments whatever, he brought

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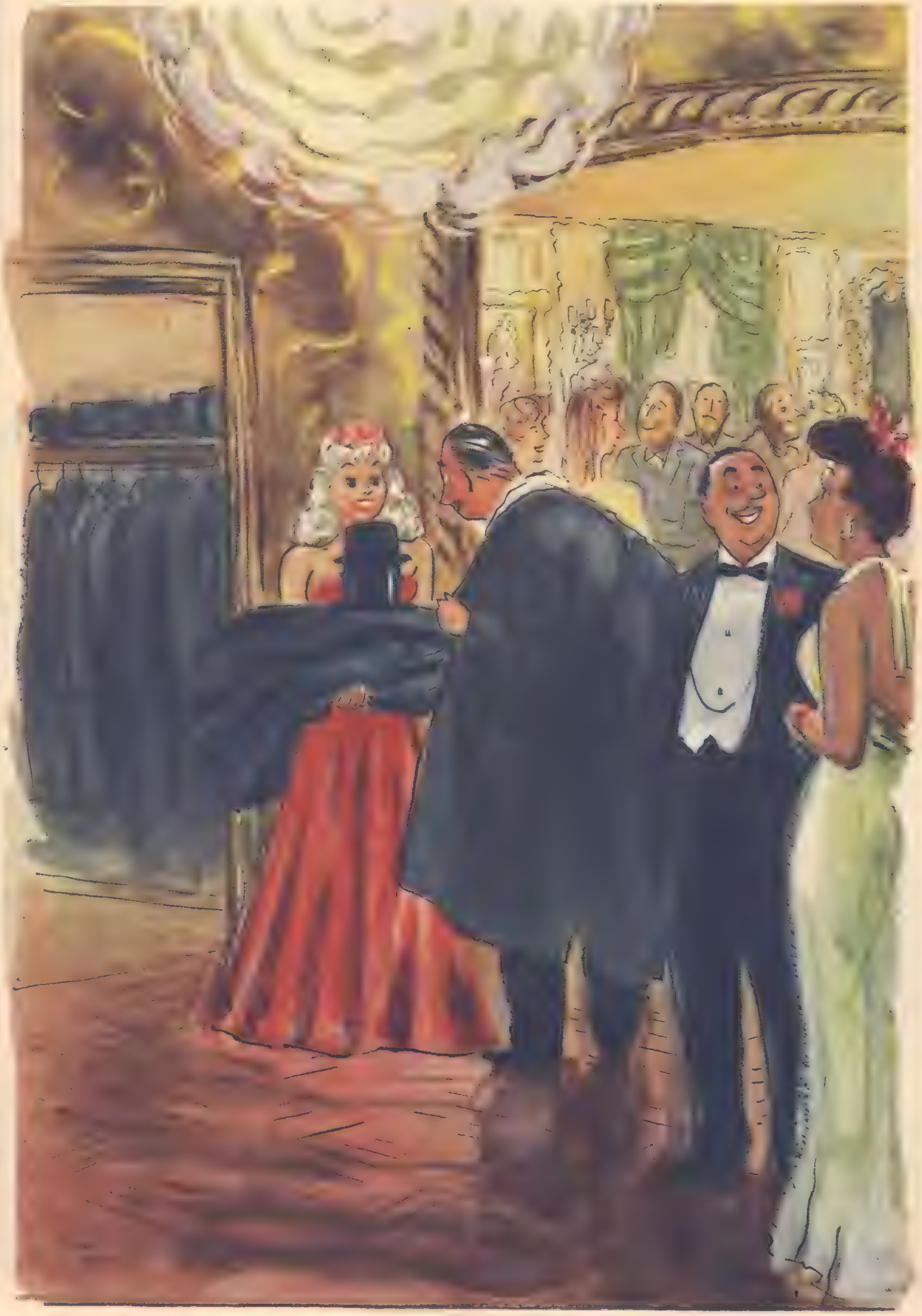
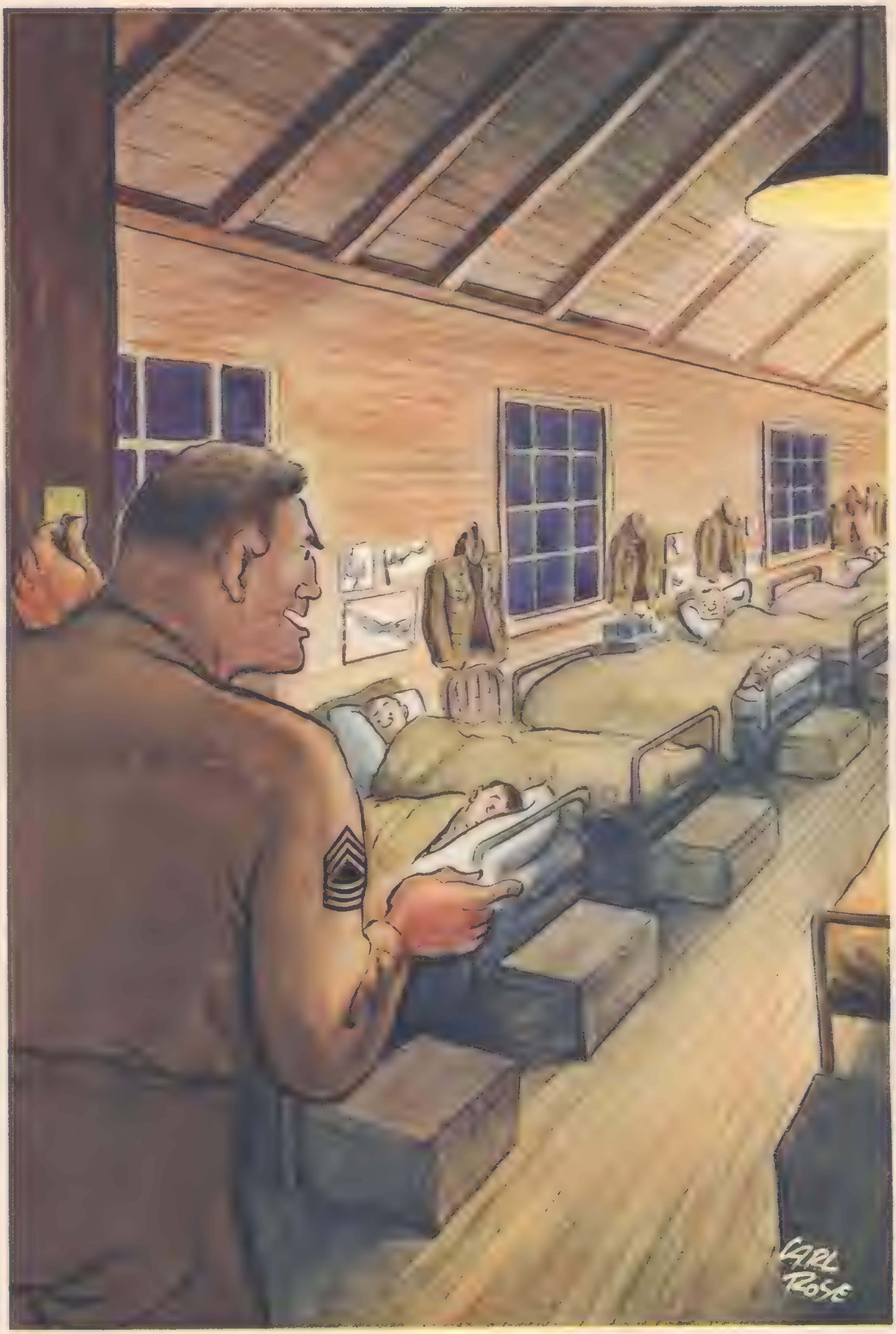
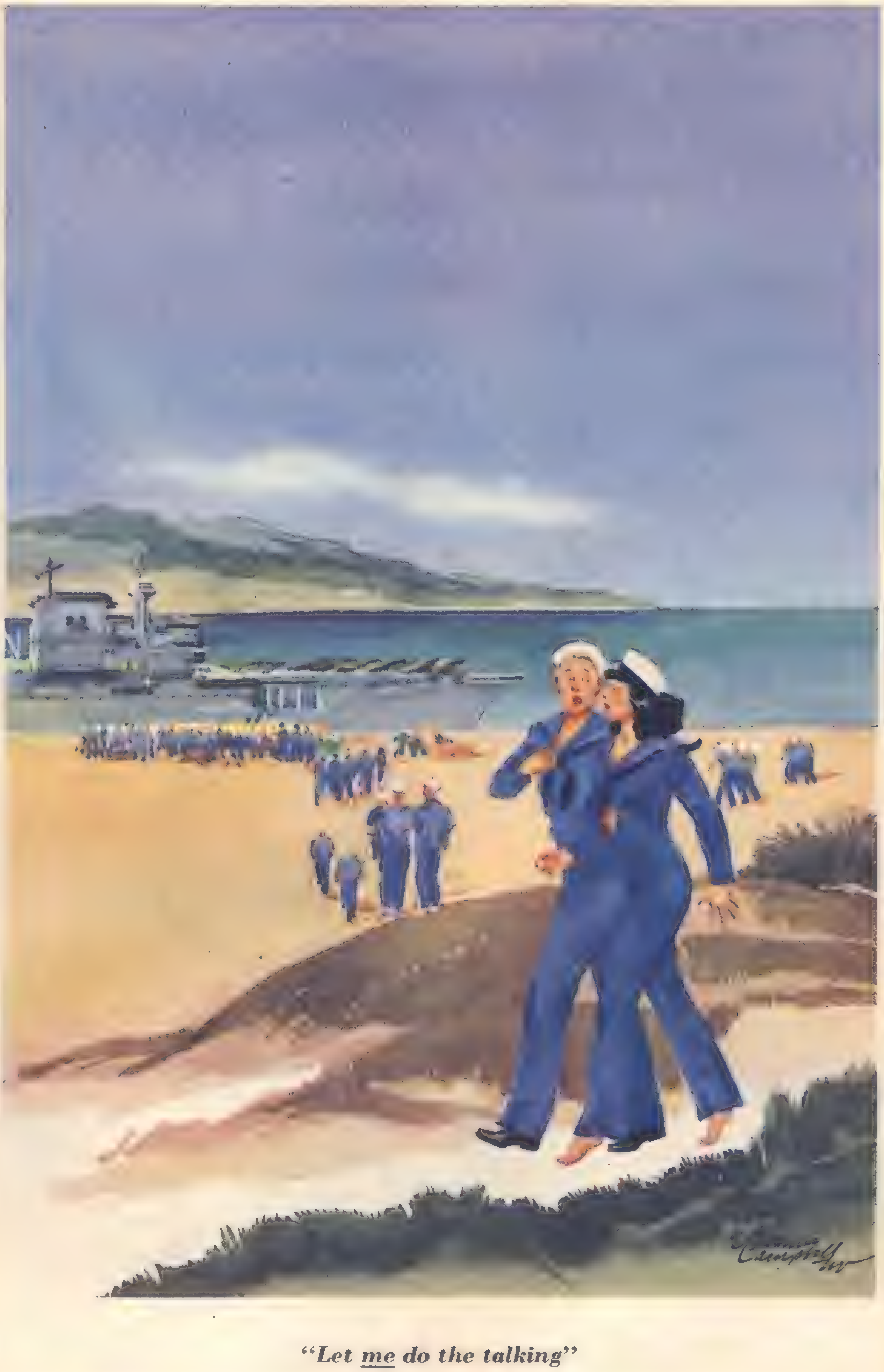


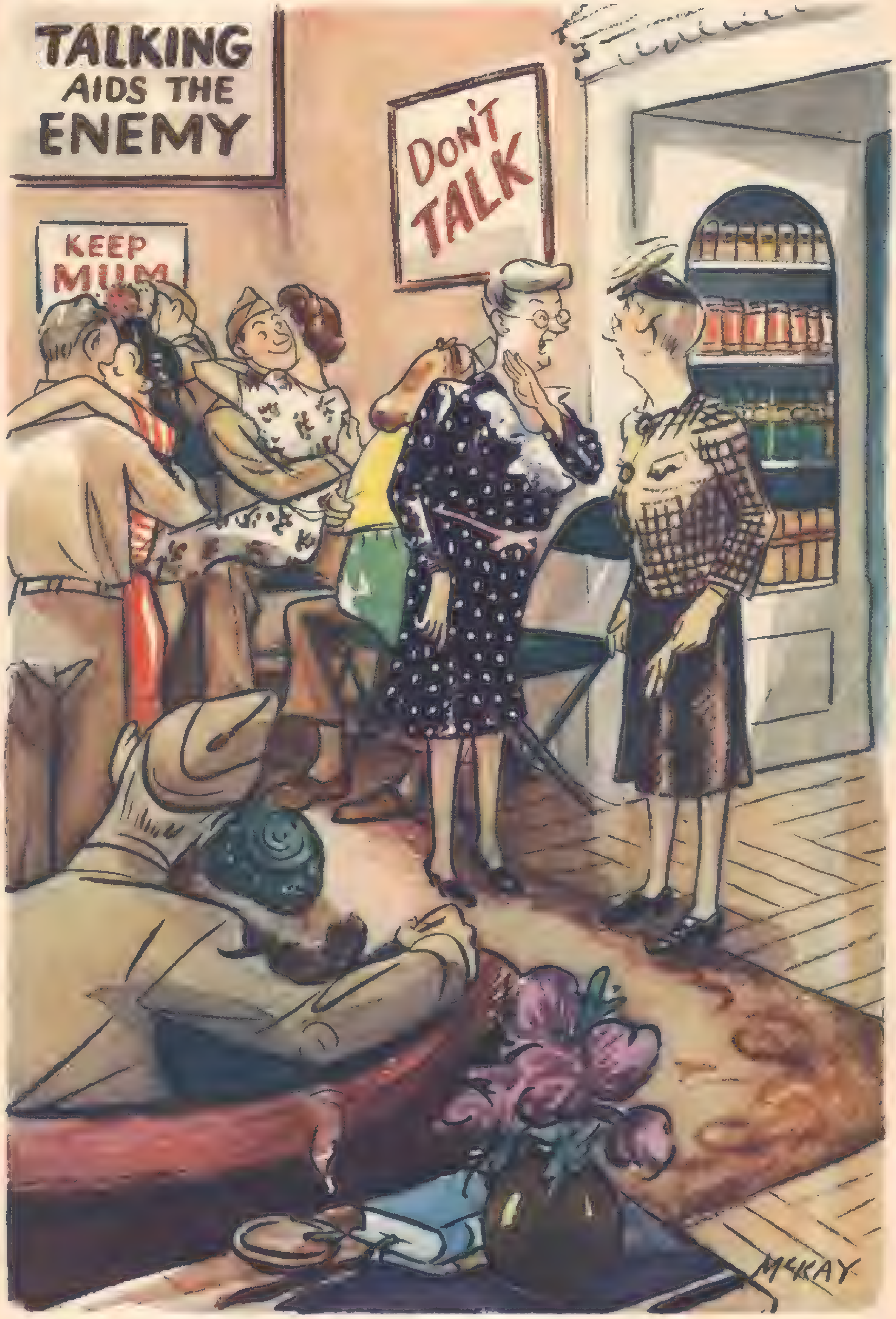
"I give these parties just to please my wife—she used to be a hat check girl"



"Now would anybody else like a drink of water before I put out the light?"



"Let me do the talking"


TALKING AIDS THE ENEMY
DON'T TALK
KEEP MUM
McKAY

"It might be well to encourage some talking, don't you think?"

Playing the Old Army Game

Sgt. Wick had a confident way with women but this girl with the long brown hair was obviously different

by RAY DUNCAN

• FICTION •

S/Sgt. Toby Wick turned out of the stream of sidewalk strollers. He leaned against the window of the Rex Drug Store and folded his long arms across his chest in the manner of a man who has an appointment with destiny—and is five minutes early.

Two M.P.'s walked by, apparently new at their jobs, for they seemed to be looking for something they hoped they wouldn't find. Out of the corners of their eyes they checked Toby over for the usual items, necktie, sobriety, buttons.

"Good evening . . . gentlemen," said Toby, with just enough pause to make it nasty. He spoke with the confidence that comes from a freshly pressed uniform and a first-class dinner.

With his back settled comfortably against the warm plate glass, Wick gave himself over to the pleasure of digesting that dinner. But only for a moment. Suddenly his digestion slowed down and all but stopped. His roving blue eyes had happened upon the girl with the long brown hair.

She had her back to Toby, but it was a back that promised well. Her hair was thick and curly and it dropped over her thin shoulders and far down the back of her light blue coat. The thinness of her legs emphasized the childish, gypsy effect.

Wick shifted his weight forward, away from the plate glass support. He was ready to move quickly, to catch a bus or take off in any form of pursuit that the situation might require. Meanwhile, he held his ground and watched.

The girl paced back and forth next to the curb. She kept glancing down the street impatiently, throwing her head around so her hair whirled in a slow, heavy arc.

Wick had a special approach for girls waiting for busses.

He moved nonchalantly into the strolling crowd that separated him from the girl. But at that moment a red convertible coupe moved up to the curb and stopped. The girl whirled around and started toward it. Wick stopped to watch, his lean face suddenly shadowed by disappointment as the girl grabbed the door of the car and flung it open.

"Oh—sorry!" he heard her say, and she slammed the door and hopped back to the curb, her hair bouncing. A gray-haired woman stuck her head out of the car window, bought a newspaper and drove on.

"Good evening, Miss. Who could be so silly as to keep a pretty girl like you waiting?" Wick was ad libbing now, having been forced to abandon his bus approach at the last minute.

"Please," said the girl, "don't bother me." She glanced up at Wick for an instant. Very light blue eyes in a dusky tan face, and her lips were painted a different shape than they really were.

"Surely you don't mind if I help you wait," grinned Wick. The grin was deliberate, having proved its value on many a similar occasion.

She said, "Please," as Toby fell in step beside her. She was pleasant enough, but not encouraging. "Please go away. I am expecting someone."

But apparently not the person she saw just then, standing a little behind Toby. She stopped suddenly, planting her tiny feet like a Spanish dancer, and her blue eyes widened.

"Bob!"

"Hello, honey," said a slow voice at Toby's elbow. "What's the matter, surprised to see me?"

Toby swung around, but the man didn't look at him. He was smiling crookedly at the girl. A slender, dark man. On his leather jacket was pinned the round badge of a defense worker.

"I hope," he said, still speaking very slowly, "that I'm not intrudin' on you two."

"Bob. You've been drinking."

"I know you two had other plans for tonight. But I got off unexpectedly, honey, an' I got home just as you were leavin' for the bus station, so I followed. I just now caught up with you—"

"Bob, let's not discuss this in front of strangers!"

"Strangers!" snapped Bob, dropping his drawl. He looked at Wick for the first time. "Surely your boy friend won't mind a little family argument!"

"Look, mister—I don't know what this is all about—"

"I never saw this soldier before in my life!" cried the girl.

"That's right!" seconded Toby.

"Listen, soldier!" Bob blew his wine-soaked breath into Toby's face. "I'm not as dumb as you think, you two. I've known for a month Jean was runnin' around. I didn't have no idea it was a soldier—but that don't make no difference! Not any at all!"

He laid a heavy, unfriendly hand on Toby's shoulder. "If I ever see you again—if I ever catch you near my wife again—I'll slit your belly an' find out what makes rats like you tick! Now don't forget that!"

It was one of the few times since Toby Wick rose above corporal that he was completely overwhelmed. He wasn't in the wrong. But still, the stranger was so very definitely in the right!

Wick moved slowly back to his post at the plate glass window, just a little bit sick at his stomach. It was that same feeling he got when some adolescent second lieutenant had worked him over at formation and Toby couldn't say a word in reply. Only in the Army, Toby had a corporal he could take it out on—the old Army game. Here there was no one.

Or was there? Wick shifted his weight away from the plate glass and without stopping to think he plunged through the crowd and out to the curb.

There was a man alone in the red convertible coupe and he was looking cautiously out the door when Toby jerked it open.

"You're a little late—c'mon, step out of that car!"

"What? What's the matter, soldier?" gulped the man behind the wheel.

"Listen, Jack, don't give me that innocent deal! I've known about you and Jean for over a month. Well, she won't be here tonight or any other night from now on. She didn't tell you I was a soldier now, did she?"

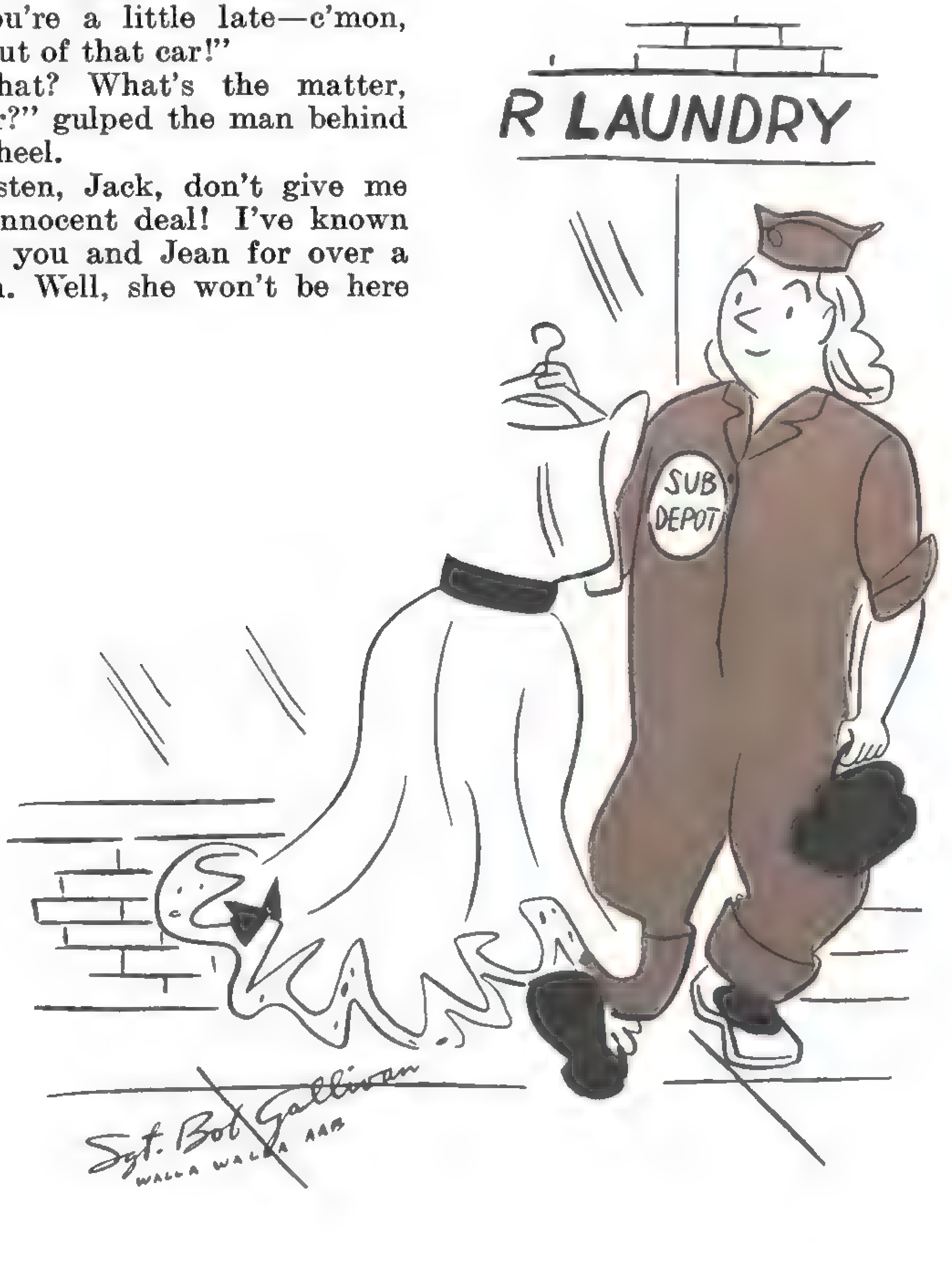
Toby stuck his head farther inside the car, and laid one hand menacingly along the back of the red leather seat. The driver's eyes kept watching Toby's hands.

"I don't know—I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Now listen to me, Jack! I'm going to let you crawl away this time. But if I ever catch you anywhere near Jean again—"

The driver jerked the car into gear, and Toby had to leap back to the curb. The car lurched forward, almost stalled when the driver's foot slipped off the gas pedal, then sped away.

The digestive processes of Toby Wick, staff sergeant, began to function again. He grinned to himself, then threw back his head and laughed out loud as he strolled downtown towards the Palace Ballroom to see what was doing down there. #



The Strongest Man That Ever Lived

Weight-lifting was an admired sport in the nineties when spectators gasped at the jerks and presses of Sandow and Cyr

by WALTER TURNER

• ARTICLE •

Who was the strongest man that ever lived?

Question impossible to answer? Perhaps not. True, every land has produced strong men whose legendary feats were not subject to standards of comparison. But a little more than a generation ago, in the gay nineties, a world-wide interest in "strongmanism" arose and brought the ultimate in human physical power to recorded tests.

Throughout this period strong man exhibitions outdrew all other indoor entertainments. Crowds packed to see such mighty men as Cyr, Sandow, Miller and Pennell. The men of muscle bent iron bars, snapped chains, broke coins in their fingers, lifted huge weights and challenged each other to duplicate the feats. Heavy betting accompanied the contests. The strong men made pots of money and were feted by royalty and fashion. Their pictures displaying their massive physiques adorned bars, poolrooms and barbershops along with the great of fistiana and the turf.

As box office the individual strong man show is a nostalgic memory, but the cult gave birth to the flourishing business of developing health and muscle with bar bells, dumbbells, grippers and other apparatus of the professional strong men. Weight-lifting is a sport with an idiom of its own, bristling with such terms as "press," "curls," "jerks" and "snatches." General symmetry is featured by many teachers and the legacy is a good one.

To the stars of strongmanism who brought actual human physical capacity to the measure of the footrule and the scales, England gave German-born Eugene Sandow; America, Richard Pennell; France, Louis Apollon; Italy, Luigi Borra; Germany, Sebastian Miller and Franz Bienkowski; Sweden, August Johnson and Hjalmar Lundin; Scotland, Donald Dinnie; Ireland, Don Sullivan. Canada produced Louis Cyr and Horace Barre.

To America for many years after the nineties "Sandow" was the synonym for strong man. The handsome Sandow, with his crisp-curled, short blonde hair, small curled moustache and classic features was the male ideal, Hercules and Apollo combined. He had the advantage of being guided by a king of showmen, Florenz Ziegfeld. Sandow traveled with his own troupe and gave his performance in high-class theaters. He was no hairy behemoth. His body was smooth and cosmeticised and polished as a statue. On the stage he took classic poses in a bit of leopard skin that partly covered one side of his gleaming torso, the minimum of athletic trunks and high-strapped buskins. It was the most breath-taking display of human skin that the stage had seen up to that time. The body beautiful was the excuse. Sandow, The Perfect Man.

His feats of strength were almost secondary—seemingly for the display of his all-round, complete development. He would turn a back somersault with a fifty-six-pound dumbbell in each hand. He would press up a big dumbbell with spherical baskets for the end weights and when he set it down on the stage the baskets would open and a man and a woman would step out of them. With his feet in sockets on his Roman Column, his body supported only by straps extending from higher up on the column to his calves, he would stretch out flat, face up, and juggle the heavy bells at arm's length, showing the steel-like strength of his abdominal muscles. He had genuine, enormous power, but he was the muscular esthetic. A leading theatrical critic said of him: "his performance is one to look at and be exalted by pure beauty." He gave many private exhibitions in which ladies of fashion came to admire and to touch the marble muscles of the living statue with their dainty fingertips.

He was of medium height. The force that shone out of him was no indication of his actual weight, which was 186 pounds. He was born in Königsberg, East Prussia, in 1867. He became a naturalized British subject and died in England, aged fifty-eight.

Because of his artistic performance that stressed an ideal that appealed to all classes, Sandow was throughout the nineties and for many years thereafter the most famous strong man in the world. He, more than anybody, inspired the physical culture cult. But while Sandow was peerless as a showman a stronger strong man had come out of Canada.

In the estimate of his fellow pros, Louis Cyr was lord of them all. He easily topped the feats of Sandow, Samson, Attila and Cyclops. His records are extant for comparison by all.

Louis Cyr was born October 11, 1863, in the village of St. Cyprien, Quebec. His father was stocky and powerful, but his mother was really something. She stood six foot one, weighed two hundred and sixty-seven pounds and was terrifically strong.

At sixteen Louis crawled under a farm wagon and lifted it. He practiced strong man stunts and at eighteen defeated the French-Canadian champion, David Michaud. In provincial style rocks, instead of dumbbells, were lifted. Louis raised a 480-pound stone, which was beyond Michaud's power. At twenty-one, Louis did a backlift of a platform weighted with 2,900 pounds of pig iron and made a one-hand push from the shoulder with a 250-pound dumbbell. World record then was 201 pounds, made in 1874 in New York by Richard Pennell, the American champion. Nobody outside Canada would believe that a youngster had beaten this mark.

Disheartened, Louis joined the police force of a Montreal suburb. Within a week he attracted attention by the picturesque exploit of carrying two bullies half a mile to the lockup, one under each arm. This caught the eye of Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette*. With his encouragement Cyr worked up an act and in 1886 defeated Pennell in a formal match in New York and was the North American champion at the age of twenty-three.

He was five foot ten and one-half inches tall, his waist measured forty-six inches, biceps twenty-three inches, forearm twenty inches, thigh thirty-three inches, calf twenty-eight inches. His back muscles were incredible, depth of beef was so great that there was no hollow in the small of it. At this time he wore his hair long around his shoulders. One of his favorite stunts was to tie three fifty-pound weights to his locks and spin like a dervish.

In 1888 at Berthier, Quebec, Cyr made another great backlift, raising a platform loaded with 3,536 pounds of pig iron. In 1889 he pressed to arm's length a dumbbell of 265 pounds. Sandow later claimed a press of 269 pounds but his was what was then called a "screw lift" and later a "bent press." On November 21, 1890, Cyr pressed a 109-pound bell 27 consecutive times. On December 5 of that year he made a one-finger lift of 490 pounds. In 1891 Cyr met and defeated Sebastian Miller who had beaten everyone else in America. In this match Miller challenged with a two-handed press lift of a 232½-pound bar bell. Cyr pressed the bell four times in succession with one hand. Miller settled in America and his son, "Hack" Miller, became known as "the strong man of baseball." That year Cyr also easily defeated Franz Bienkowski, known to strongmandom as "Cyclops." Four days before Christmas, Cyr gave in Montreal's Sohmer Park before 10,000 people one of the most spectacular feats of his career. He stood with folded arms while straps looped over his elbows were attached to the whiffletrees of two two-horse heavy draught teams. Grooms whipped up the horses which dug in their feet but were held to the spot.

Immediately following this event, Cyr went to Europe and hung up more records. On January 19, 1892, he appeared at the Royal Aquarium, England's largest amusement palace, before the greatest crowd that had ever jammed a theater. Among the spectators were Sandow, Samson, Louis Attila and others of the world's strongest. Cyr had challenged them to meet him. They refused. He proceeded to break their marks and added to his own a one-finger lift of 551 pounds and a new backlift of 3,633 pounds.

He was received by Queen Victoria and then went to the Continent to surpass the records of Louis Apollon of France and Hans Beck of Germany. Returning to America he received from Fox the world championship belt.

At Boston, May 27, 1895, he set his all-time backlift record of 4,300 pounds. In Chicago he made another new record, a two-arm overhead jerk of 367 pounds. The next day he defeated August Johnson of Sweden and in the next two months bettered his own past records as follows: one-hand dead lift, 998 pounds; two-hand dead lift, 1,897 pounds; right-hand muscle out, 131¼ pounds; one-finger lift, 558 pounds; jerk from the shoulder, 350 pounds.

After a tour with Barnum and Bailey's circus Cyr retired to his farm and saloon to dig his grave with his teeth. He could polish off at one sitting a twenty-two pound suckling pig. His weight zoomed to 400 pounds. In 1906 he consented to a contest in Montreal against a rising young strong man. Cyr's strength was far superior but he was obliged to sit down between lifts.

Anecdotes of Cyr are numberless. He once, on a bet, pushed a freight car from a dead stop up a grade. But he lost a bet when he tried to go through a train and open every window without pause. Nobody has ever accomplished that feat. He stuck on the last window. He and John L. Sullivan were roistering pals in Boston saloons. Cyr was probably the only man to defy John L.'s challenge, "I can lick any so-and-so in the house." He pushed Sullivan against the bar so hard he knocked the wind out of him. Sullivan lost a bet that he could knock Cyr off his feet and was a child in Cyr's hands at a contest of wrist turning. Cyr was the only man to blow a silver dollar out of the Boston Strong Boy's whiskey glass. The dollar lay flat on the bottom. It took a mighty pair of bellows to do the trick but with one whoosh Cyr could loft the coin to the ceiling.

Louis Cyr died in 1912, forty-nine years old, victim of uncounted suckling pigs. His funeral was one of the most impressive ever seen in Canada.

Sandow was the physical gem, the popular ideal still remembered. Outside Canada few probably remember Louis Cyr but, according to known facts and authentic records, he was the strongest man who ever lived. He was no legendary Milo of Crotona, who could burst a cord with the swelling of his temples and who became able to carry an ox on his shoulders by carrying a calf everyday while it grew up. Cyr's records are on the books. He actually makes that Milo fable seem credible for Cyr could raise on his back not one but two of the biggest oxen that ever grew. ⧺

LIQUEUR
RYE
McKAY

"We are determined to make it last for the duration"

Card Games for Battlers

Chicago Piano, Hooligan Hearts, Easy Go and a jungle version of baseball poker entertain the boys at the front

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

▪ARTICLE▪

As soon as possible after "old moneybags" (the paymaster to you non-G.I.'s) has been by, comes that time-honored fighting man ritual known as the "blanket party." But while one crap game is pretty much like another, the activities at cards in training camps, on maneuvers and right in the combat zones range from blackjack and standard poker through the most fantastic forms of card play the human mind can devise.

This is particularly true out near the front lines where cards are a top recreation and often the only kind possible. Here the preference is for exciting, fast-moving games which not only move the pocket lettuce round and round but give the players a laugh and a thrill. And the boys have developed some masterpieces along those lines, most of them well souped-up versions of popular favorites at home.

For example, there's a poker affair known variously as "Chicago Piano," "Blood and Guts" or "Quick Shave" which is supposed to have made its debut in North Africa. Every hand gets three cards on the first deal, face down. After examining his cards, a player must turn up one card. The lower of his face-down cards is now wild.

Comes the first round of betting, followed by a deal of one closed card to each player who turns up a second card. Those who are staying, chip to the pot and as in regular stud there are raises, overcalls, etc.

This routine goes on until each player has six cards—four faced on the table, two in the hole. The low card is always wild, and not only for one hand but *any other* hand on the board.

The three deals usually generate plenty of action but now comes the kicker. For the seventh and final card comes to the player face down and *must stay that way*. Therefore—and here's the rub—if it happens to be lowest card in the hole it becomes the wild card.

That card, of course, can be the ruin of a strong hand. For instance, a guy might be holding something like this: the 4, 7, 8 and 9 of clubs faced, the 4 of diamonds and the queen of hearts closed. With 4's wild that adds up to a straight flush, a nice hand to ride to glory. But along comes, let us say, a deuce or a trey and presto chango it's merely an ace high flush. Merely, because that kind of a holding in "Chicago Piano" is generally about as potent as a wooden gun.

High and low hands share the pot with aces ranked either high or low. What's more, any one hand may play for *both* high and low—the player selecting the best five cards for high and the weakest for low.

Another killer-diller is a jungle version of baseball poker which is played a lot in the South Pacific. In this game two cards are dealt face down to each player, followed by a round of betting. There are five subsequent deals and rounds of betting, with the cards coming face up.

Any 9-spot, exposed or in the hole, is *wild*. Any 4-spot, in the hole or exposed, entitles the holder to a "base on balls" in the form of an *extra card*. A 3-spot in the hole is a *wild* card but if it should be dealt exposed it fouls up the hand and rules the player out of the hand. However, if he chooses to protect a heavy investment, he may continue in the game by anteing up the *size of the pot*, in which case his exposed 3-spot *also* becomes a wild card.

And just to add a little more spice to this otherwise frenzied pastime, all jacks with moustaches are considered "umpires" and give the player the right to "banish" one, two or three cards from his hand and have them replaced by others. High and low hands divide the swag.

Something slightly less hectic than either of the foregoing is "Easy Go," a banking game. The dealer, determined at the start by high cut, is the banker. He begins by dealing out a hand of five open cards to each player. He then starts to turn up a hand of his own.

Any player who has a card or cards in the same *denomination* as the first one turned up by the dealer chips to the pot. He puts in 2 chips if his card is of the same color, and only one chip if his card is not.

For the second card, the rate goes up to 3 chips for the same denomination and color and 2 chips for the same denomination but not the same color.

For the third card turned up by dealer the penalty is 5 or 4, depending on the color. For the fourth card, it's 9 or 8, again depending on the color. The fifth card hits the player who matches it for 17 if the color is the same and 16 if the color is different.

In that way a pot is built up. Now comes the payoff by way of a second deal of five cards. This time the holders of matching cards collect from the pot according to the same rate that governed the "contributions." If there's anything left after the fifth card has been turned up, the dealer takes it. But if the pot is shy he has to pony up the difference. The deal passes to the left after every game.

Then there's "Hooligan Hearts," a socko variation on hearts. Up to six players may participate, and high cut deals, with the deal passing to the left after every hand. All the cards are dealt out and if any remain they go face down into a widow which is taken by the winner of the first trick.

Before play begins each man selects any three cards he doesn't want and shoves them on to the player to his left, face down.

This bit of garbage disposal over, the player to the left of the dealer leads to the first trick and play continues as in regular hearts.

As in the game civilians know, high card wins the trick and leads to the next, and a player discards when he can't follow suit.

As in regular hearts, the idea is to avoid taking any hearts or the queen of spades. But in Hooligan Hearts the seven of clubs is another stinker to be shunned. The ten of diamonds, though, is an okay card to capture.

Every heart taken adds 1 point to a player's score; the queen of spades adds 13 points; the seven of clubs adds 7 points. However, in Hooligan Hearts the ten of diamonds lops 10 points off the individual's tally.

Lowest score wins and a game can be decided in one of two ways. Either at the end of each deal with low man collecting from the other players at so much per point, or not until some player has been stuck with a total of 100 points with low man again paid off by the others.

There is a daring coup by which one player can skunk his opponents. This he may do by capturing all the hearts plus the queen of spades and the seven of clubs. In which case the scores of the other players are upped 33 points a man. Except for the fellow who holds the ten of diamonds; he's socked only 23 points. If the player's haul includes the ten of diamonds along with all the other counting cards, his opponents are still penalized 33 points each, but his own score also goes down 10 points more. ##

HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Allegro from Movietown

Marlene Dietrich got those much-marveled-at limbs from a kind kismet . . . now you get another gander at said gams from another kind of *Kismet:* the coming-up Technicolor production by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. *Kismet* brings "La Dietrich" back, very much alive, after something of a lull in her life as a femme fatale. The legs which followed the Foreign Legion in *Morocco*, looked that way in *Desire* and kicked Jimmy Stewart in *Destry Rides Again*, now dance under Jamilla, Queen of the Bagdad dancers, in the palace of a harem-hoarder. At M-G-M, where stage crews are case hardened to pretties, Miss Dietrich's first entrance onto the *Kismet* set caused a concerto of whistles from the wings. If electricians sizzle, can box office be far behind?

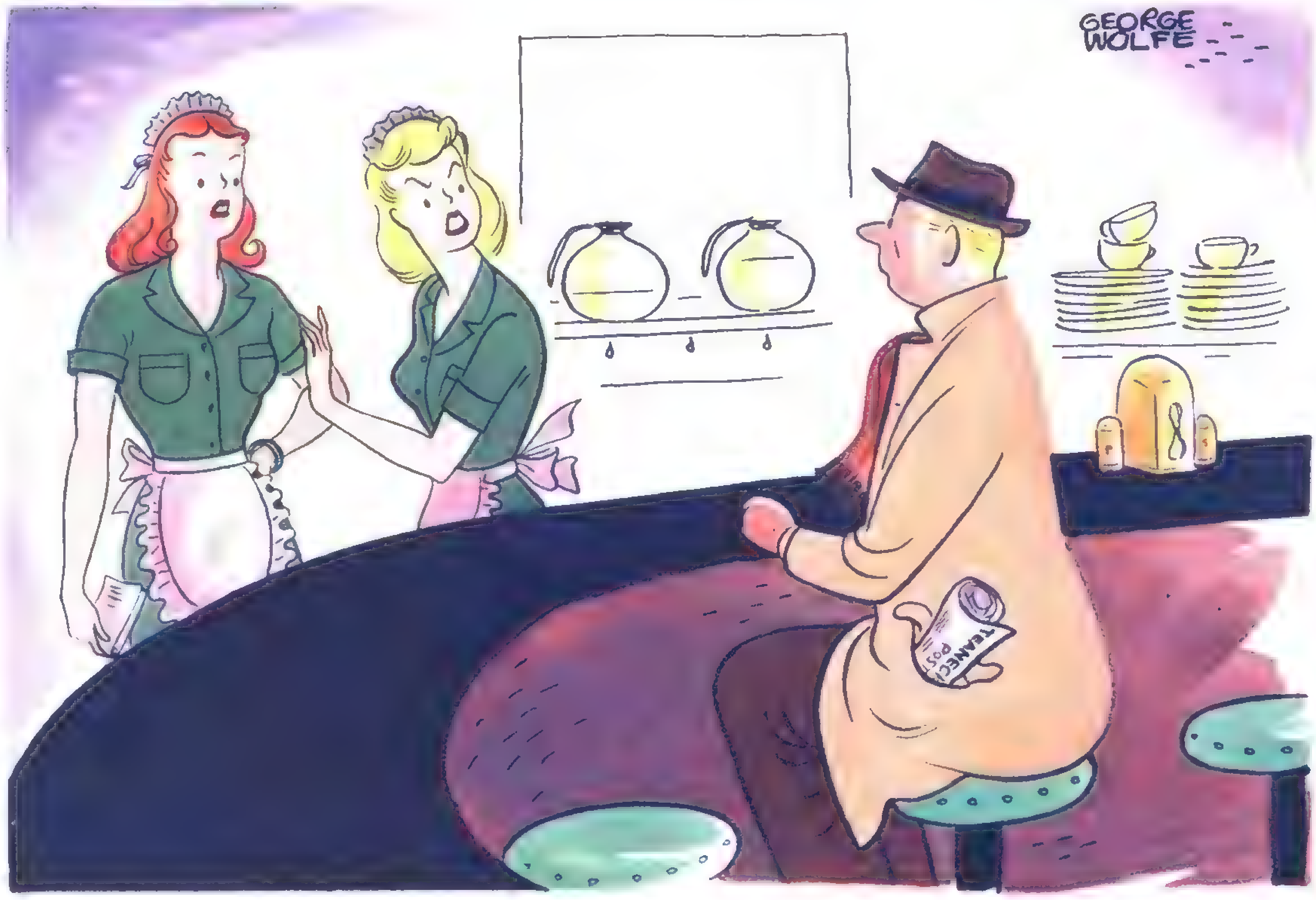
In yon session with the "dencing" girls, Miss Dietrich supports the gold standard. There are four coats of gold leaf paint on each pin—four hours of "unusual occupation" for the make-up maestro who applied it each morning with a brush. At first the gilt turned the Dietrich legs a peculiar green. But since it had the same effect on the envious eyes of less tested beauties, the chameleona was more triumph than tragedy.

A Winchellesque name tags the Bagdad "line": The Arabelles. These background chorines were scooped onto the screen by dance director Jack Cole. The Arabelles, a double dozen, include the café society toastees, the Kraft Sisters, Evelyne and Beatrice, East Indian dancers par ex. And Cole himself snakes in for a carnival dance.

Ronald Colman, as the beggar who poses as a prince, runs into all manner of magic, murder and Arabian Nightmarish complications (not the least of which is Jamilla Dietrich). Joy Ann Page, 18-year old starlet who looks enough like Colman to make it convincing, is the beggar-prince's daughter, a damsel who almost winds up as a bartered bride. James Craig, Edward Arnold, Hugh Herbert and sufficient Caliphs, Grand Viziers and luxurious costumes should make the picture a magic carpet from war worries.

We'll take Jamilla.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE RICHEE



"*Please*—*we're conversing!*"

◀

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The Airplane Scene from *Winged Victory*

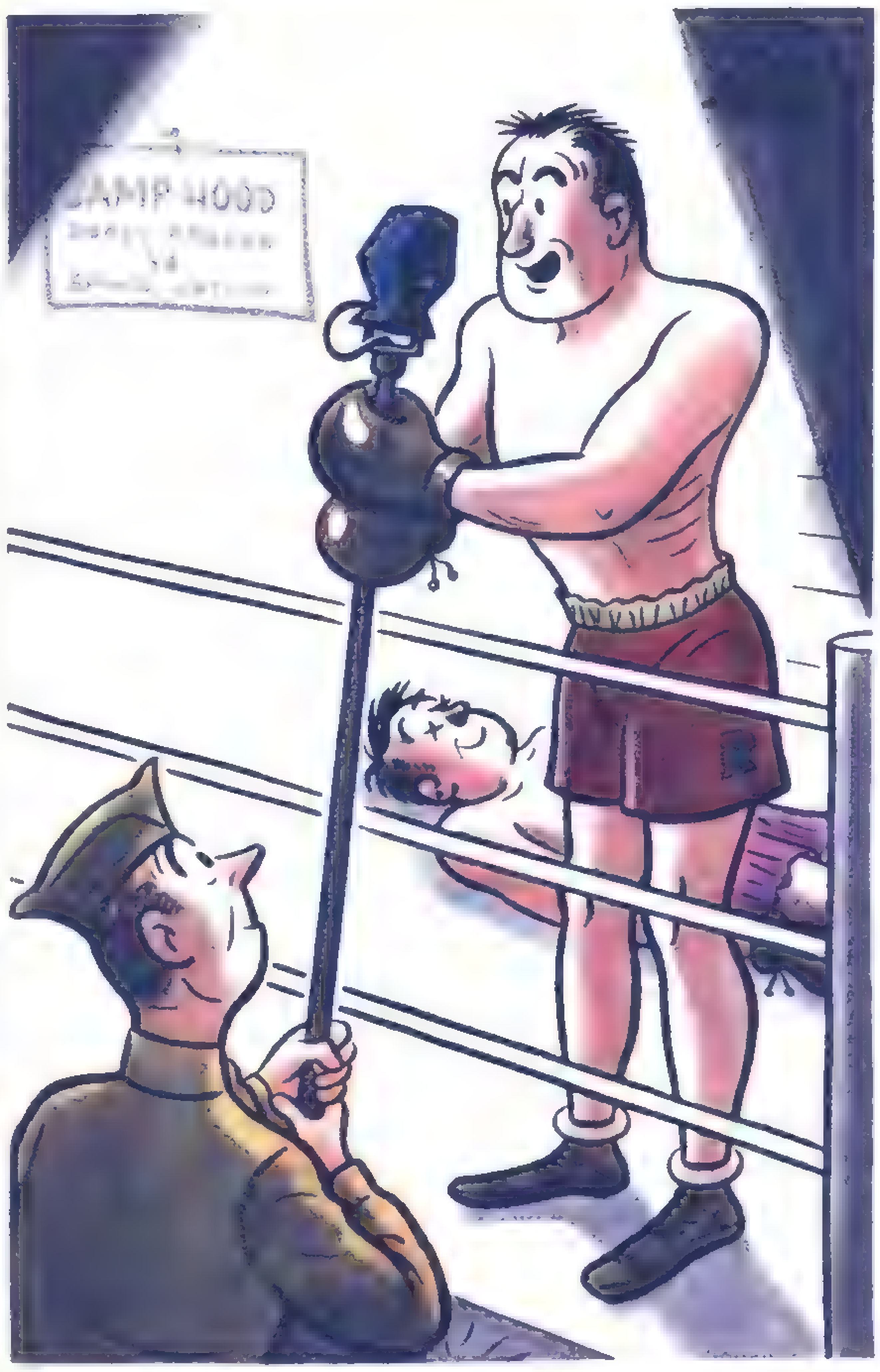
It took the U. S. Army Air Forces to put on, at the 44th Street Theatre, as thrilling a theatre spectacle as American audiences have ever witnessed. At once earthy and devout, *Winged Victory* tells the story of Army Air Force life from enlistment to combat, in terms of three boys from a small town in Ohio. With a cast of 300 former actors and some amateurs selected by playwright Moss Hart from bases all over the country, with a sequence of seventeen scenes that show everything from the induction to combat flying, including a grueling co-ordination test and the tragedy of a washout, *Winged Victory* is a profoundly moving play.

Moss Hart, when called before the curtain to take a bow on the opening night, said: "I read in the paper last night that our boys had bombed Berlin again. That's what this play is about. Thank you."

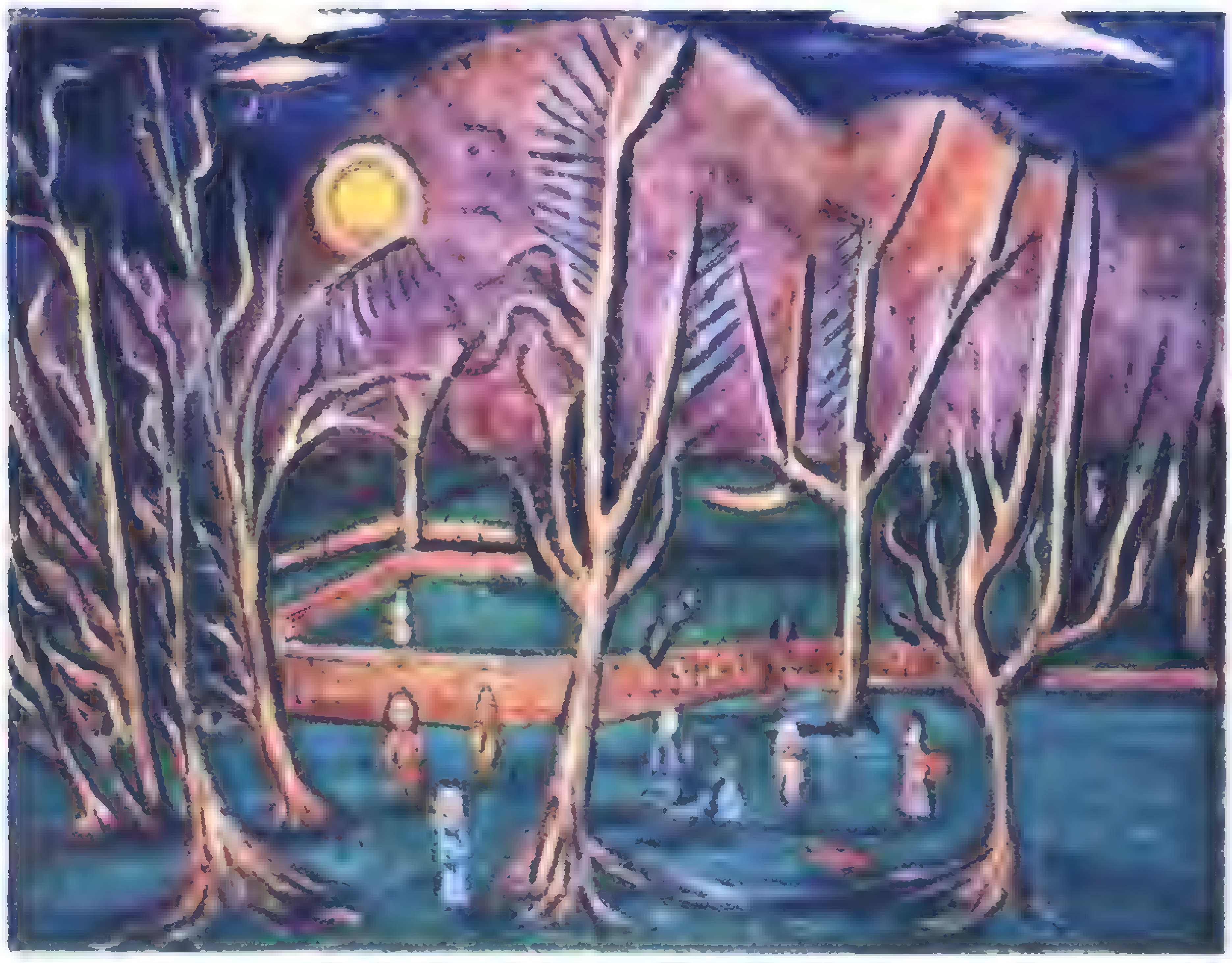
The seventeen scenes are varied in pace and mood but the total effect is one of confidence in final victory. Death is not ignored and a mute tension runs through the scenes—whether horseplay, or moments of terror in the South Pacific. All the men in the company—many of them theatrical professionals in civilian life—are now members of the Army Air Forces, assigned to *Winged Victory* as part of their regular U. S. Army duty.

In our picture, the crew gathered at the base of the B-17 Flying Fortress have just been assigned their plane. The fliers have hit on *Winged Victory* as a name for her. While they brag and joke, they are wondering what lies ahead. From left to right, they are: Pvt. Karl Malden, from Chicago, who appeared in *Counter Attack* and *Uncle Harry;* Pfc. Edmond O'-Brien, who plays a lead as Irving, strictly from Brooklyn. Before induction he did distinguished work in the Mercury Theatre and Maurice Evans' Shakespearean productions; Pfc. Kenneth Forbes, who appeared in *Junior Miss*, *Strip for Action* and numerous radio soap operas; Pvt. George Petrie of New Haven, Connecticut, who had seen the movies, radio and Broadway in *Cafe Crown* and *Mr. Big;* Pvt. Al Ryder, who was Sammy in the radio classic *The Goldbergs;* Pvt. Don Taylor, playing the role of the wacky youngster, "Pinky," who washes out of flight training but later turns up in the crew as a gunner; Sgt. Mark Daniels, the hero of the play, personification of "the typical American airman." A native of East Orange, who came up via the Eastern straw hat circuit, Mark was with M-G-M in Hollywood before going military. Brooding over the scene is *Winged Victory* herself, larger than life and weighing more than a ton.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

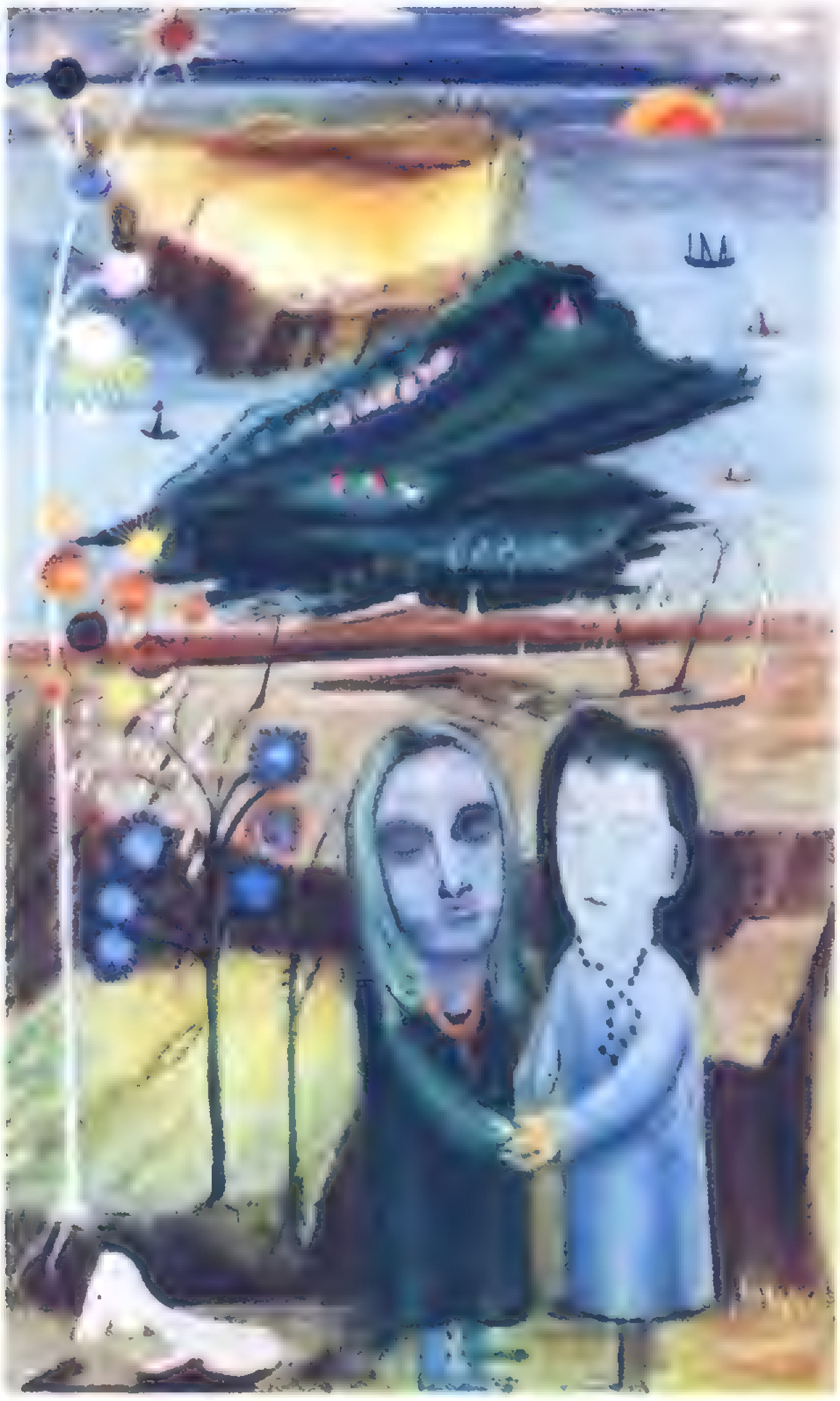


"*. . . and let me add that Mess Sergeant Gilhooly's splendid cooking was a big factor in my victory!*"



COURTESY OF A. C. A. GALLERY

CHILDREN IN THE PARK



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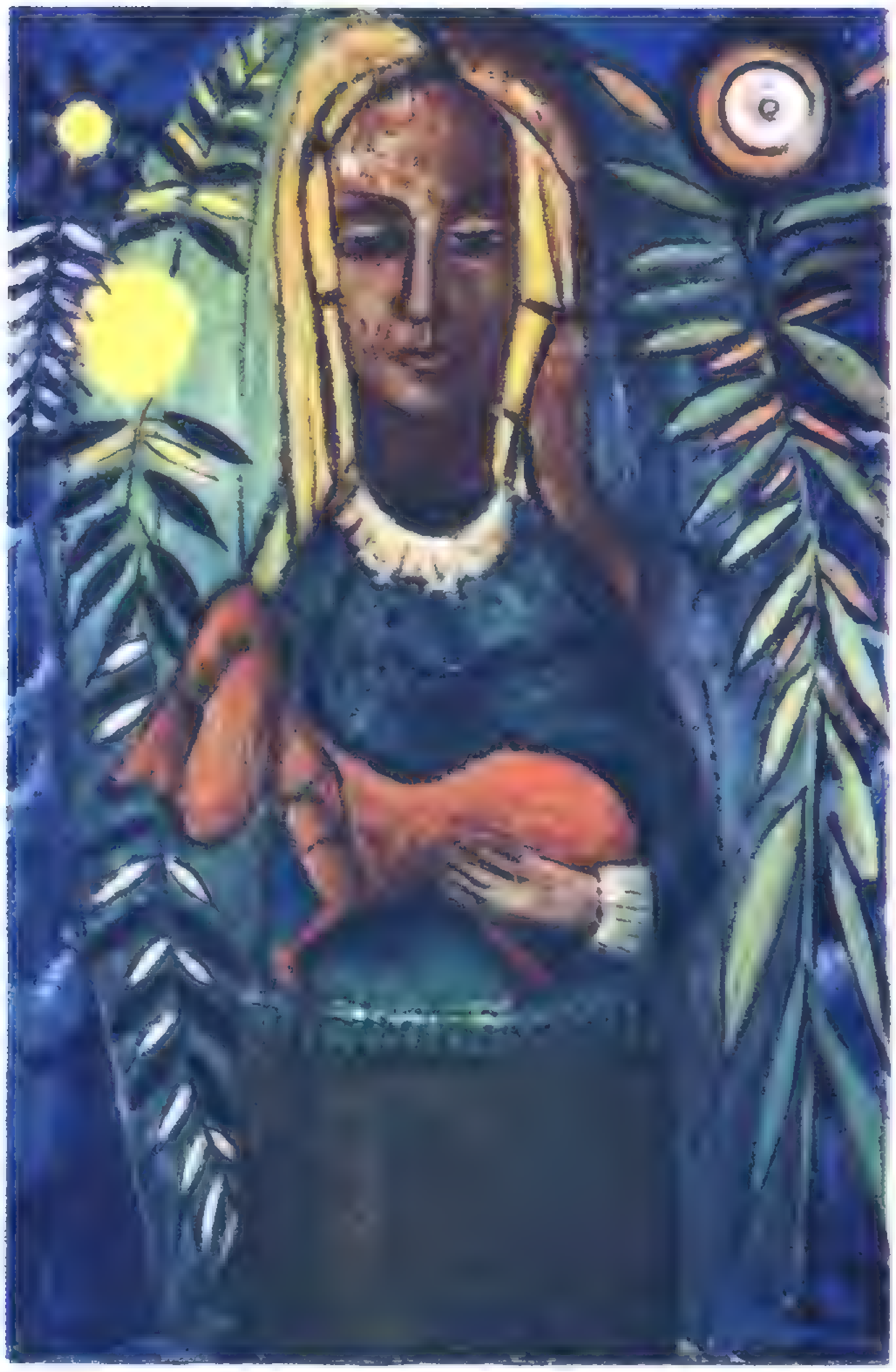
DAY DREAMERS

A Group of Paintings

by NAHUM TSCHACBASOV



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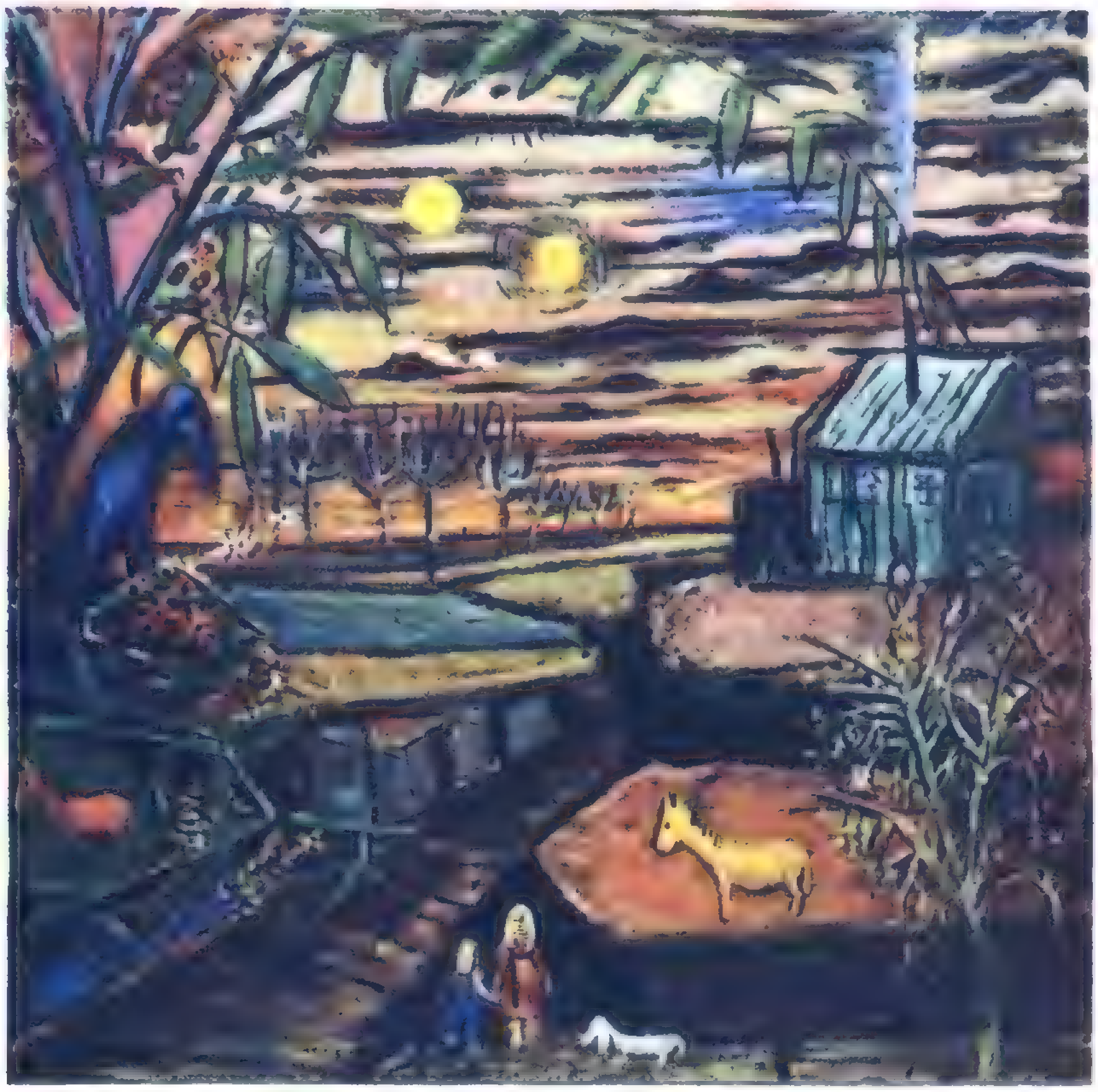
GARDEN OF EDEN



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OKLAHOMA LANDSCAPE

Nahum Tschacbasov's Success Story

Now that the artist is liberated, his formerly dark canvases shine with air and sunlight, human hope and happiness

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

IS THERE a Dostoievski in the house? I should like to tell him about Nahum Tschacbasov. On a lower level, Horatio Alger could also tell the story but he would miss the point, reducing the complicated narrative to the unappetizing, unrewarding and unenlightening skeleton of a success story. Yes, fortunately, Tschacbasov's is also a success story, and against such an unbroken succession of road blocks and antipersonnel mines that the more one reflects on them the more one wonders that Tschacbasov wasn't blown to bits before he reached the sunlit clearing from which, at last, he could look upon the smiling, unclouded sky—and smile back at it. The story of Tschacbasov—not all of which can even now be told—is the story not only of a man who found realization in his work as an artist and in public recognition, but who found also himself and the peace of spirit which comes when the heavy stone which one has had to push uphill for almost a lifetime is finally hurled from the peak to so profound a depth that its impact upon the valley floor cannot even be heard.

Tschacbasov was the kind of man who used to be regarded as his own worst enemy, a man to whom was denied credit for caring about his neighbor, from whom men were inclined to turn away in the belief that he had not yet learned the vocabulary of human sympathy and community. Yes, they praised him for being a powerful, an original, an underived and unique painter, but even when the praise was not grudging it was bestowed upon a creator conceived as separate from the human being. When he smiled, people thought he sneered. A fool at no time, he realized that willy-nilly he was rubbing people the wrong way, that he was the center of a vicious circle in which the world and he persisted in mutual misunderstanding. He read into the attitude and conduct of people unmotivated and unearned lashes upon his pride and self-esteem. He was a square peg in a round hole and suffered, besides, from an almost perfect gift for meeting hard luck more than halfway; he was one of those whom lightning, as well as blows from more mundane sources, would strike more than once. He was a large piece of the sense of inferiority and maladjustment. He had never tasted honey, and much of the characteristic quality of his painting was derived mainly from the depth of his sympathy and understanding of other people whose lives never have been sweetened. But he was a hunk of poisoned meat to make a picnic for a psychoanalyst! Now all this, mind you, must be reported in the past tense, definitely terminated. The present Tschacbasov, a man of another disposition and an artist of a different color and palette, has reasons to smile and not to sneer. From now on he faces forward.

He was born about 1898-99 in Baku, on the Caspian Sea, in the Russian province of Georgia. Upon this circumstance, as upon a peg, critics have hung Byzantine influence on the artist. His father was a timekeeper for one of the foreign oil companies. To be permitted to remain there, the family underwent baptism into the Greek Orthodox Church—a meaningless ritual for the militant atheist that the elder Tschacbasov was. The son, then about five, still recalls his baptismal experience. Because of his father's aversion to all religious forms, the son was early driven into a contrary direction. Early in life he sensed the poetry and the warmth of religious ritual; later, in Chicago, he would sneak into synagogues and look with open-eyed wonder at the movement of ceremonials he could not understand, at the risk of being chastised. Even today, more than thirty-five years later, he celebrates in his painting the poetry and the homely fragrance of Sabbath and feast day and the simple dignity of men and women who have the solace and the support of an abiding faith. Force the young twig in one direction; it will snap in the opposite.

The Russian Revolution of 1905 reached the senses of six-year-old Nahum in the form of firing in the street, barricades, drawn shades, mother's command to stay away from the windows and a generally confused after-recollection. He was seven when the family left for the New World, specifically Chicago, where his father started a print shop which shortly afterwards failed for other reasons than the Panic of 1907. During his first year in America, Nahum was viciously beaten in the groin by a drunkard with an ax handle. He was taken to the hospital with a ruptured appendix. Being merely a charity patient, he was dismissed before he was fully cured and then farmed out for relatively better care to a one-eyed woman who fed him spicy sausages, which only prolonged the period of his recuperation. From neither parent was he able to get the slightest sympathy, kindness or understanding. Becoming in a short time the eldest of eight children, undefined responsibilities were placed upon his shoulders which he could not support.

He was wretched in school, a bad student, an unpopular playmate. He learned English slowly because the language he heard at home was Russian. Stupefied with undernourishment, miserable with loneliness, he went through school in a daze, and, although potentially brilliant, gave so convincing a performance of subnormality that his teacher learned to ignore him as a hopeless case. He spent three years in one class. None of his teachers could have dreamed with what force and brilliance he would one day express himself, not only in paint, but in the English language beyond whose A.B.C. he was then unable to progress.

Essentially a student, he looked forward to the time when he could quit school, and at thirteen, with the pleased permission of his father, he applied for his working papers. He worked as a printer's devil, as factory hand, as messenger boy, earning about two dollars and fifty cents a week. He loved particularly the chore of shepherding to their homes in Gary and Hammond, and other Polish and Czech settlements, immigrants for whom their relatives had been unable to call. The recollections of those excursions went deeply into the making of one of the most profoundly moving paintings of his career, *Deportation*, that canvas which, more than any other, impressed his name upon contemporary art-conscious minds.

Observing that his son was moving from one blind-alley job to the next and going nowhere fast, his father apprenticed Nahum to a printer in the hope that he would learn a trade. He learned his trade, but could not stay put, moving from job to job, often at two weeks' intervals, in a state of permanent depression. During his first working year he suffered a heart attack and was sent for

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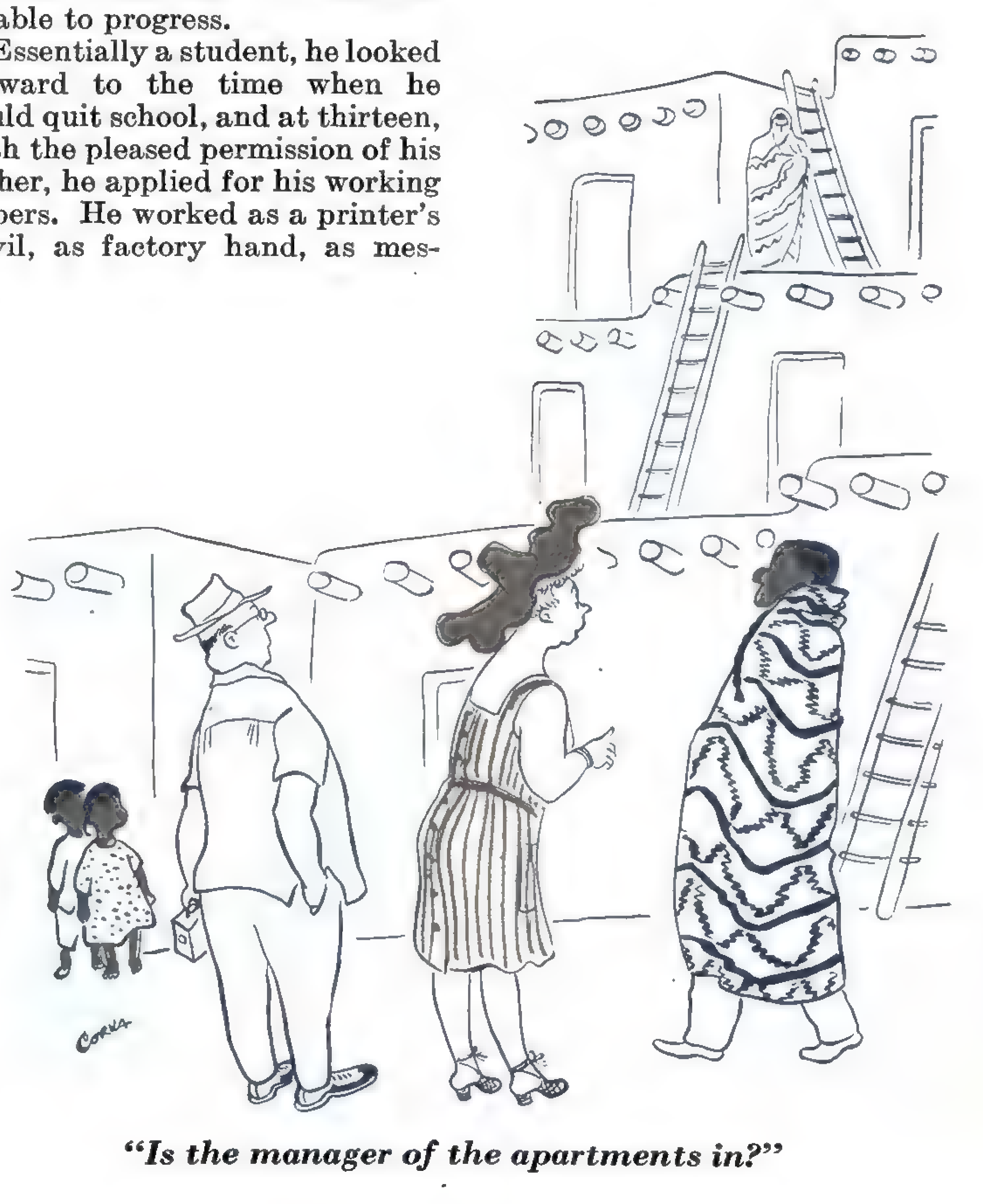


"Is the manager of the apartments in?"

The Thirty-Dollar Car

The dealer knew this was no ordinary sale, for possession of the ancient coupé spelled happiness for the boy

by NEWCOMB HALL

• FICTION •

The little car was weathered, and here and there patches of rust showed on its fenders, but the tires were sound enough and to the boy it looked wonderful. There was a laundry card sign stuck to the windshield that announced that thirty dollars would buy it. Had the price been a hundred dollars the car would not have been so attractive. The difference to the boy between thirty dollars and one hundred dollars was simply the difference between possession of this wonderful machine and non-possession. And at this moment, at this time in his life, possession of this car was of the greatest importance. For there was a girl—a girl with shining gray eyes and a lovely lithe body, so the boy had great need of a car. He went into the showroom and spoke to the manager.

"That car in the window," he said. "The thirty-dollar coupé. I'd like to buy it."

"She's a good little machine," the manager said, looking at the boy and smiling. "Only fifty thousand miles on her, and she's been cared for regularly. It's a real bargain."

"Can I get possession right away?" the boy asked. The manager, sensing his urgency, continued to smile.

"She's yours as soon as we make out the papers," he said. "Thirty dollars cash, and you'll never make a better buy."

He led the way into his office and sat the boy down at his desk. He laid a bill of sale before him and produced a fountain pen from his pocket. The boy began to fill out the form. When he had finished, he handed it to the dealer and then reached into his pocket for his billfold. The car dealer began to read the information the boy had put down on the form. The boy waited impatiently. Suddenly the dealer, who had continued to smile all through this interview, became sober. He frowned and pursed his lips.

"What's the matter?" the boy demanded. "I filled it out all right, didn't I?"

"It says here," the dealer said, "that you're only nineteen. There's a state law against minors owning cars. That is, unless they can get their parents' permission."

"Oh, hell," the boy muttered, utterly disconsolate. "That means I can't have the car now."

"I'm sorry," the dealer said sincerely. "But that's the way it is. You got to be twenty-one to own a car in this state. You'll have to ask your folks."

The boy got up from the desk quickly. "Listen," he said. "Don't sell it to anybody till I get back. I'm going to call home right away."

"I'll have to have it in writing," the manager said. "I'm sorry, son, but that's the way it is."

"I'll have 'em write air mail, special delivery," the boy said hurriedly. "Just don't sell it, that's all I ask. Don't sell it till I come back."

The manager grinned. "No fear, son—I wouldn't sell her if some guy offered me twice as much—till I hear from you."

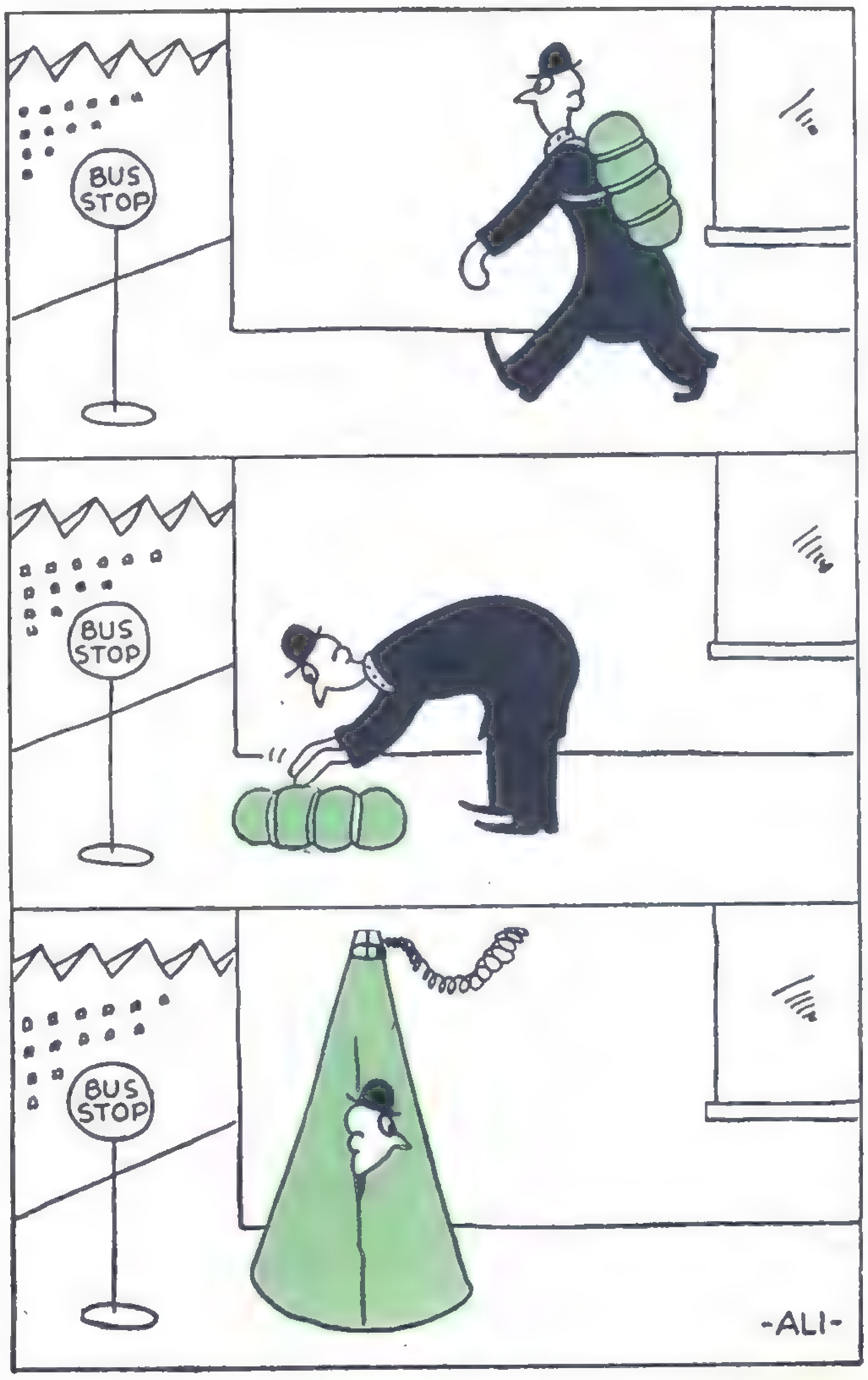
The boy went out into the street and into a cigar store. He put in his call. "It's person to person," he told the operator. "Mrs. John Vail, Oak 5536, Toledo, Ohio. And reverse the charges." He whistled while he waited.

The call went through quickly. When he heard his mother's voice he breathed with relief. He was afraid that she might be out.

"It's Tom, Mother," he said. "No—everything's all right. But it's about this car. I want to buy a car and they won't sell it to me without written permission from you or Dad. It's because I'm not twenty-one and it's a state law you've got to be twenty-one to own a car."

All those miles away from her, he could see the frown, the worry in her face. "Oh, darling," she said, "we would worry so. Must you have it?"

"Listen, Mother," the boy said, "please don't say 'no.' I've just got to have it. It's a beauty and only thirty bucks. And I need a car."



"I'll talk to your father, darling," his mother said. There was promise in her voice.

"Promise, Mother," the boy said urgently. "I'll be away tomorrow, but you write this dealer, air mail, special, so he'll get it tomorrow while I'm gone. I'll be back the next day and I can get the car as soon as I get back."

When he hung up he felt like a million dollars. He was whistling when he went back into the car dealer's salesroom.

"It's all fixed," the boy said. "The folks don't like the idea, but they'll come around. I talked with my mother and she's going to talk to my father, and they'll get off an air mail special to you tonight. You'll get it tomorrow, I'm sure."

The dealer looked at the boy and there was warmth in his eyes. He appeared genuinely pleased by what the boy had said. "I don't think they'll have much cause to worry," he said. "But that's the way with parents. I know. I've got a boy myself. I'll hold the car for you, son, and you don't have to put up anything on account, either. I'll hold her for you till tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow," the boy said quickly. "I'm tied up tomorrow, but I'll be back the next day. You ought to get the letter tomorrow, but I won't be back till the next day. I'll see you then."

"That's O.K. with me, son," the dealer said. "Going to the game at New Haven?"

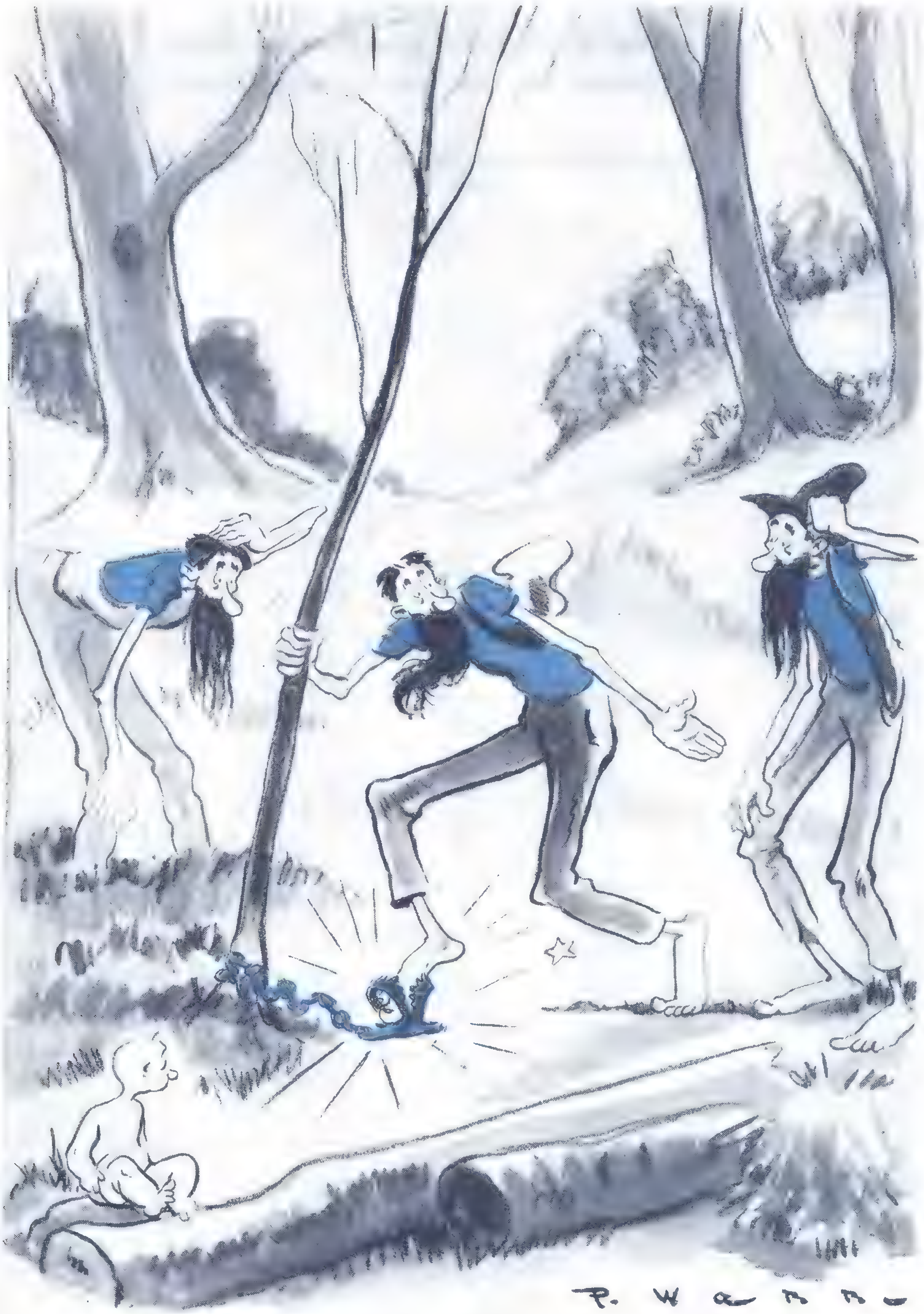
"No," the boy said. "I've got to take a little trip." And he hurried from the salesroom.

When the ball was kicked off at New Haven the next afternoon the boy was three hundred miles away, flying at five thousand feet above a countryside that looked like a vast meadowland. The boy had never liked these training missions any better than the next man, but somehow today the old strain was missing. He was elated at the thought of owning the car.

He was fourth in line and when his turn came he walked directly into it. He yelled as he jumped and all about him he could hear the yells of the other men.

He felt wonderful. He knew his mother would worry about him having a car for a little while, and then she wouldn't worry any more. That was the way it had been when he joined the paratroopers.

It made him feel good to know his folks trusted him. ⌗



"Shecks, no wonder we ain't ketchin' nothin'—look how hard Ah had to step on it afore it sprung"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Plugging easier golf courses and honest wrestling; boding the four-minute mile and choosing the all-time baseball team

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

▪ SPORTS ▪

After viewing the returns of this month's poll the conductors of Esquire's monthly quest of sports opinions are almost scared to say positively that three strikes are out.

Answers to questions I and III were contrary to what we were sure they would be. We were so sure that the weight of opinion would be one-sided in confirmation of the views of those transcendent geniuses, Cannon and Graffis, we hesitated to put the golf and wrestling questions in the poll.

So we know how you feel in case your opinion wasn't that of the majority of voters.

Only one question, that concerning the trapping of golf courses, was decided by a fairly close margin. The duffers registered for staying in the sand; a sort of masochistic verdict we say, but who are we to criticize the customers? Masochistic, in case you don't know, is a fancy word meaning getting fun out of being slugged silly.

This time the usual civilian divisions were polled; the sports writers, sportscasters and general public. Along with the civilians were the soldiers of the Rapid City, South Dakota, Army Air Base and Camp Roberts, California. Camp Roberts was named for Corporal Harold W. Roberts, San Francisco, hero of World War I, who sacrificed his life in order that his buddy might live. The camp embraces 47,000 acres and provides a seventeen-week grind for both infantry and artillery men. The camp is proud of its mile-long parade ground, its nine chapels, four theaters, twenty-four bowling alleys, two service clubs and a 100,000-dollar Sports Arena. "Victory demands individual fitness" is the slogan of the camp where tactical problems that have occurred during the war have been injected into the training schedules. The men know the sound of live ammunition; they fight through "prop" villages alive with snipers and booby traps; they lay mines, fire howitzers, sit behind chattering machine guns, stage commando raids and learn how to handle the bayonet. The last two weeks of training mean fourteen days of bivouac, of being constantly on the move, of firing howitzers, digging foxholes over which lumbering tanks pass and long marches with full field pack and meals of "K" rations.

THE QUESTIONS

I.

Golf clubs have begun modernizing their courses by putting bulldozers on the links and flattening out the bunkers and filling in the traps. Do you think this will serve to make the average player enjoy the game more by making it possible for him to play his round with fewer strokes and less aggravation?..... Yes ☐ No ☑ 53.48%

Do you think this will serve to increase the popularity of the game by making it easier for players to score well?............ Yes ☐ No ☑ 55.66%

II.

Do you think that amateur and professional golf associations made a mistake in dropping their national championships last year, and that they should make an attempt to revive them this year on the grounds that people want sports and championship events to continue on the basis of permitting such contestants as are available to participate?............... Yes ☑ 80.66% No ☐

III.

A wrestling promoter has gone before the State Athletic Commission requesting permission to revive competitive wrestling and put it back on the basis of a contest rather than as the theatrical or entertainment exhibition now in vogue. Do you think that this is a good idea and that an effort should be made to put wrestling on the same competitive basis as boxing, so that real champions in the respective weights could be determined and the public could see real wrestling contests?.............. Yes ☑ 78.18% No ☐

Do you feel that having a referee and judges as they do in boxing would help this effort and bring wrestling back to the status that it once enjoyed in the days of Gotch, Hackenschmidt, et al? Yes ☑ 71.92% No ☐

IV.

Is the present system of a referee and two judges working out better than the old system of only the referee deciding the winner in boxing bouts?............................... Yes ☑ 85.21% No ☐

V.

Do you think a four-minute mile is possible?............... Yes ☑ 81.88% No ☐

Who do you think has the best chance to make it?........... Arne Andersson 21.52%

VI.

Who would be your choice as the greatest player of all time in each of the nine positions on a baseball team?............

p:	*Walter Johnson 46.72%*	*Christy Mathewson 28.69%*	*Lefty Grove 5.33%*
c:	*Bill Dickey 54.53%*	*Mickey Cochrane 22.94%*	*Gabby Hartnett 4.19%*
1b:	*Lou Gehrig 68.10%*	*Hal Chase 18.54%*	*George Sisler 9.05%*
2b:	*Eddie Collins 31.35%*	*Nap Lajoie 19.07%*	*Rogers Hornsby 16.10%*
ss:	*Hans Wagner 82.06%*	*Joe Tinker 4.04%*	*Rabbit Maranville 3.14%*
3b:	*Pie Traynor 40.09%*	*Jimmy Collins 26.88%*	*Home Run Baker 7.07%*
rf:	*Babe Ruth 92.95%*	*Mel Ott 2.20%*	*Stan Musial 1.76%*
cf:	*Tris Speaker 62.44%*	*Joe DiMaggio 34.06%*	*Terry Moore 1.31%*
lf:	*Ty Cobb 79.91%*	*Joe Jackson 3.93%*	*Ted Williams 3.49%*

QUESTION I

Golf clubs have begun modernizing their courses by putting bulldozers on the links and flattening out the bunkers and filling in the traps. Do you think this will serve to make the average player enjoy the game more by making it possible for him to play his round with fewer strokes and less aggravation?

The Public	**No 53.93%**
Sportscasters	**No 56.01%**
Sports Writers	**No 52.47%**

Do you think this will serve to increase the popularity of the game by making it easier for players to score well?

The Public	**No 52.27%**
Sportscasters	**No 62.01%**
Sports Writers	**No 55.56%**

The majority seemed to believe that if you go too far in taking the trouble from golf it wouldn't be golf. High maintenance cost of traps has been the chief factor accounting for trap elimination in wartime, but before the war there was a trap reduction campaign based on observation that numerous hazards penalized duffers who already had been penalized by inability to get distance or to control direction.

You had the Augusta National course of the Great Jones representing one of the finest courses with very few artificial hazards. The other extreme is Pine Valley, in natural and artificial hazards the world's most exacting course. The general golfing public and the golf pros, whether or not they'd played both courses, rated Pine Valley by far the greater course.

Golf course trapping originally was patterned after the trapping of Scotch seaside courses where the wind magnified divot scars. Scientific trapping came later.

"Golf needs popularizing very badly," wrote **George Sargent,** East Lake Country Club, Atlanta. "In my opinion this can be done by two things: (1) make lower scoring possible by easing up the courses, such as reducing the number of hazards; (2) make it possible to play good golf more consistently by using aerodynamics and the center of gravity in building golf clubs."

"During my 25 years experience in golf," wrote **A. G. McKay,** Edgewood Country Club, Charleston, West Virginia, "I have found that most of the average golfers like an easy course to play on, and it is the average golfer who keeps most of the golf clubs going. I think that they ought to be considered more. Golf is a game where players come to forget their worries and relax, and you can't do that in sand traps."

"Golf courses should be made or revamped to suit the average member," declared **Wiffy Cox,** Hempstead Country Club, Hempstead, New York. "Golfers get a kick out of making a low score."

George Bertz, Portland, Oregon, *Journal*, said that: "All that is needed to make a course tough for championship play is to add length and narrow the fairways by letting the rough heavy."

"The more difficult a game is on either body and mind or both," wrote **D. G. Peterson,** Bartlesville, Oklahoma, *Examiner*, "the less adherents it will have. For example, there are thousands of checker players and few chess players. The mania in recent years for trapping and bunkering golf courses has made the game a battleground for professionals alone."

Among the professionals in favor of softening up the courses were: **Tom Walsh,** Chicago; **John J. Manion, Alex Ayton,** St. Louis; **Joe Novak,** Los Angeles; **Bobby Cruickshank,** Richmond, Virginia; **Ellsworth Vines,** Monterey Park, California; **Ralph Guldahl,** Chula Vista, California; **Olin Dutra,** Los Angeles; **Frank Walsh,** Royal Oak, Michigan; **Warren Kofoed,** Tacoma; **Private Alex B. MacDonald,** Camp Croft, South Carolina, and **James M. Dalgety,** Colgate University golf coach. **Willie Hunter,** Pacific Palisades, California, and **Alex Burke,** Philadelphia, voted "no".

CHOICE OF THE EXPERTS FOR BASEBALL'S ALL-TIME TEAM

Ed Barrow *New York Yankees*	Clark Griffith *Washington Senators*	Connie Mack *Philadelphia Athletics*	Luke Sewell *St. Louis Browns*	W. Benswanger *Pittsburgh Pirates*	Truett Sewell *Pittsburgh Pirates*	Mike Kelley *Minneapolis Millers*	Bump Hadley *WBZ Boston*	Spud Chandler *New York Yankees*	Billy Disch *U. of Texas Coach*
p: Mathewson	Johnson	Grove	Grove	Mathewson	Johnson	Johnson	Johnson	Mathewson	Johnson
c: Dickey	Cochrane	Dickey	Schalk	Kling	Cochrane	Dickey	Dickey	Dickey	Dickey
1b: Gehrig	Sisler	Gehrig	Sisler	Chase	Gehrig	Gehrig	Gehrig	Gehrig	Gehrig
2b: Lajoie	Lajoie	E. Collins	Gehringer	Frisch	Gehringer	E. Collins	E. Collins	Gordon	E. Collins
ss: Wagner	Wagner	Wagner	Wagner	Wagner	Jurges	Wagner	Wagner	Wagner	Wagner
3b: J. Collins	J. Collins	J. Collins	Bluege	Traynor	Rolfe	Traynor	Traynor	Keltner	J. Collins
rf: Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth	Ruth
cf: Speaker	Speaker	Speaker	Speaker	T. Moore	DiMaggio	Speaker	DiMaggio	DiMaggio	Speaker
lf: Cobb	Cobb	Cobb	Cobb	Clarke	Musial	Cobb	Cobb	Cobb	Cobb

QUESTION II

Do you think that amateur and professional golf associations made a mistake in dropping their national championships last year, and that they should make an attempt to revive them this year on the grounds that people want sports and championship events to continue on the basis of permitting such contestants as are available to participate?

The Public	**Yes 74.71%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 86.53%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 81.98%**

The heat has been on the United States Golf Association and the Professional Golfers' Association ever since they dropped their national championships for the duration. The U.S.G.A. cancelled its championships at its annual meeting held about a month after Pearl Harbor. The P.G.A., which often had trouble getting financial sponsorship for its annual championships, followed the amateur body's lead.

National golf championships have been abandoned for the duration by ruling golf bodies in Britain and Canada.

In the case of the U.S.G.A., some of its officials concede that it may have been a mistake to give up the national open and amateur title events, but add that it was a mistake made when the urgent thing to do was to abandon activities not directly concerned with winning the war.

Voting in the negative, **Charles Kennett,** University of Iowa golf coach, thought, "Travel conditions would seem to warrant the abandonment of championships for the duration."

G. Paul Brawne, WAIM, Anderson, South Carolina, was in agreement with Kennett. He commented: "Nothing I enjoyed more than attending the Augusta Open each year, but with travel what it is, I think they were wise to discontinue."

On the other hand, **Curdy Byrd,** pro at Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Alabama, said, "I think all sports should go on as they help as physical and morale builders." **Bob Andrews,** Roebuck Golf Club, Birmingham, Alabama, also voted that he thought it was a mistake to drop the tournaments, but **Al Watrous,** Oakland Hills Country Club, Birmingham, Michigan, said, "no."

Servicemen as usual favored continuation. Prominent among these were **Captain John W. Behr,** Camp Castle Hot Springs, Arizona; **Private Alex Agase,** Quantico, Virginia, former Illinois All-American guard, and **Captain Dave Rankin,** former Purdue All-American end, who won the Air Medal for his aerial feats against the Japs in the South Pacific. "The abolishment of any competitive sport in times such as the present," wrote Captain Rankin, "is a mistake."

QUESTION III

A wrestling promoter has gone before the State Athletic Commission requesting permission to revive competitive wrestling and put it back on the basis of a contest rather than as the theatrical or entertainment exhibitions now in vogue. Do you think that this is a good idea and that an effort should be made to put wrestling on the same competitive basis as boxing, so that real champions in the respective weights could be determined and the public could see real wrestling contests?

The Public	**Yes 87.20%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 73.07%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 75.02%**

Do you feel that having a referee and judges as they do in boxing would help this effort and bring wrestling back to the status that it once enjoyed in the days of Gotch, Hackenschmidt, et al?

The Public	**Yes 84.61%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 73.08%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 65.16%**

To us, the two mugs who conduct Esquire's sports poll, the above answers exhibit the supreme confidence of our fellow citizens. But, on second guess, you don't often see sports competitions any more vigorous and on the up-and-up than college wrestling.

Maybe one thing that put professional wrestling on the bum was the development of defense beyond the capacities of offense. That made for dreary performances. The last honest professional wrestling match we think we saw was the bout in which Jim Londos defeated Strangler Lewis at Wrigley Field, Chicago. That cured the most stubborn cases of insomnia. And if it wasn't honest, Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, which promoted the event, would be brokenhearted. Arch practically had his staff around the ring with tommy guns and instructions to shoot either or both the contestants in the bloomers in case there was any indication of the gladiators dogging it or going phony.

And as for having referees and judges, what the hell good would that do except put wrestling promoters to the trouble of getting bigger hotel rooms so all the boys in the show could sleep together?

Art Griffith, coach of Oklahoma A. & M. wrestling champions, voted "no" on having judges in wrestling. "Such stunts as spitting in each other's face, striking each other and throwing opponents out of the ring," insisted **George H. James,** Brazil, Indiana, *Times*, "have disgusted the real sports fans." **Bill Faulkner,** WISH, Indianapolis, recalled that, "Wrestling is one of the world's oldest sports and should be engaged in as such. Honest bouts are held in our colleges and would be a refreshing addition to professional sport." **Zipp Newman,** Birmingham *News*, maintained that, "Wrestling as an honest professional sport is beyond redemption." **Herman S. Reifsnyder,** Altoona *Mirror*, added that, "Wrestling is a dead sport because the wrestlers made it so. The boys demanded money comparable to the boxers and they put on the fake shows to rile the fans. Some schools in this area draw more to wrestling bouts than basketball games. The wrestling isn't faked; that's the big thing."

"Amateur wrestling in the colleges of the Big Six draws well," stated **Don Pierce,** Topeka *Daily Capital*. "Even intramural wrestling was a whooping draw at Kansas U." **Sigsbee Miller,** Elizabeth City, North Carolina, *Advance*, also reported legitimate wrestling booming in his area. "In all matches in this section, huge crowds have been drawn. In near-by Norfolk, wrestling is one of the most popular sports."

Van Patrick, WBEN, Buffalo, New York, commented:

> I think that wrestling should continue to go along the way it is at present. If you put the sport on a competitive basis the fans would lose interest. It has been tried by every wrestling promoter in the country and it won't work. The present day wrestlers, or actors, as some people prefer to call them, give you entertainment. There is never a dull moment when the villain attacks the people's choice. New York State has clamped down on the rough stuff and as a result the fans are booing the bouts. But when the commissioner turns his back and the villain

Continued on page 126

E. Simms Campbell

"Separate checks?"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Recording a loud squawk against the synthetic mirth manifest in *Jackpot*, *The Cherry Orchard* and most chorines

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

As corresponding secretary of the Department of Complaints and Public Sanitation I want to register a few grumbles. My first is about the dancing girls in the musical shows. They simply have to get over whirling around so quickly that they haven't time fully to resolve their grim frowns, when their backs are turned, into the genial smiles which they subsequently beam at the customers. It's disturbing to us optimists. We see a line of darlings come on exuding enough sunshine to warm the Arctic regions to a pulp. Then, no sooner have they executed the second twirl than we catch them on the three-quarters turn with a chill grouch on their faces which the speed of the number hasn't given them time to wipe off and go back into the exuberant grins.

Since maybe it is too much to ask of the girls that, when they aren't facing the audience, they smile at the backdrop in happy recollection of the dog-meat frankfurters they had for dinner, probably the best thing would be also to cut out the smiles when they turn around. There is altogether too big a dose of synthetic good-nature in the shows as it is. The average show, in the case of the boys as well as the girls, may be summed up as two hundred rows of teeth bared to the spectators in a pertinacious jollity. A little lockjaw here and there would help.

There's no end to the facial and molar buoyancy. Only once in the whole two and a half hours are we spared it and that's only for a few moments at the climax of the first act when the leading lady tells the leading man that he's a bum and that she no longer loves him. Otherwise the evening from first to last is just one firm, big, set, terribly gay and happy smile, if you can believe it. There's no letup even when the soprano finds the tenor making up to her French maid or when the comedian cracks a joke that everybody in the company heard when they were playing in half a dozen previous shows.

In *Jackpot*, which was pretty dreadful all around anyway, the misery was doubly accentuated by such a comprehensive display of ferocious *bonhomie* as couldn't be matched by a mass convention of highly pickled brother Elks. Even in the case of *Mexican Hayride*, which is otherwise a mighty tasty show, there is so persistent a parade of artificial animal spirits, interpreted again mainly by baring the teeth in a simulation of irrepressible glee, that it occasionally induces an opposite emotion in members of the audience, or at least in one member like myself. As a matter of fact, the only show produced thus far in the season whose cast's faces comport themselves with a reasonable resemblance to normal human beings' is *Carmen Jones*. And the cast of *Carmen Jones* happens to be made up of Negroes, who in popular legend wear broad grins twenty-four hours of the day.

My second grumble is about those reviewers who, though they confessed they laughed themselves sick at Jack Kirkland's *Suds in Your Eye*, allowed, nevertheless, that the evening was to be deplored because Kirkland "hadn't written much of a play." It seems to me that that's something like complaining after a banquet because there wasn't any music. It's true that *Suds in Your Eye* wasn't much of a play but neither have been some of the plays which have evoked the merriest laughter in the record of the American theatre. For example, *The Mulligan Guards*, *McFadden's Flats*, *Reilly and the Four Hundred* and a dozen more. Kirkland's play about three boozy old hussies on a San Diego junk pile (it was a free dramatization of the Mary Lasswell novel of the same name) didn't meet the dramaturgical demands of the classroom, granted. But many plays that have met those demands haven't been one half so amusing.

Then there is Maxwell Anderson. My complaint in his case is that I wish he'd stop trying so desperately to be a he-man in such of his exhibits as the late *Storm Operation*. As a war play it is bad enough and it is only made worse by its author's obvious determination to have his audience regard him as being possibly just as tough a guy as the next fellow when the occasion calls.

In a way, Mr. Anderson's determination is understandable. For some years now his plays have been couched so consistently in language dressed by Mainbocher that his customers have come to view him if not precisely in the light of a poetaster of the *Yellow Book* period, at least as one of the *Red Book* period. It is doubtless his desire to rid them of that impression. And it is to that end that he now goes in for fancy profanity and even some lavatory-wall stuff. (There is a sample in his latest play that, if printed in a magazine, would make the Post Office turn white in the face.) It doesn't jibe with Anderson; it seems forced and artificial; and it gives him the air of a little boy chewing licorice and spitting profusely in the hope of impressing the neighbors that it is plug-cut. When it comes to the matter of being a good, honest tough guy, Clare Boothe, for instance, can give Anderson cards and spades. Anderson doesn't fool anybody, except maybe eight or ten of the critics. So let him for his own and art's sake stop trying to be a Hemingway or a Steinbeck or a Stallings with whom he collaborated on *What Price Glory?*

Another thing that doesn't particularly enrapture your mopus is the dour resolve of some of our producers and directors to lighten up the classics, whether the latter factually bear lightening up or not. The latest example is to be found in the Eva Le Gallienne-Margaret Webster production of *The Cherry Orchard*. It is true that Chekhov's play, which is a classic of the modern theatre, isn't the grim and glum thing certain producers and directors have made of it in the past. But it is, or should be, equally manifest that neither is it quite the jolly parlor comedy these ladies have presently often constituted it.

Your mopus is always suspicious of producers and directors who go in for this kind of interpretation. He fears that, whatever their scholarly pretensions, they are thinking a lot more about the box office than about an honest internal job. They seem to be saying to themselves, sotto voce:

"After all, what the public wants these days is not tragedy but entertainment and the way to win it is by hook or crook to work out a fairly plausible light treatment of the play which if played otherwise might depress the customers and keep too many of them away from the ticket window."

Operating on this cagey principle, the director proceeds forthwith to the public library and buries his (or her) nose deep in the dramatist's diaries, letters to delicatessen dealers and old servant girls and other such esoterica in the desperate hope that he (or she) may dredge up something that will provide a faint justification for making the suicide of one of the characters, say, the result not of unbearable misery but of an unconstrained psychological jocularity and maybe the bankruptcy of the family, with starvation staring it in the face, something not more serious than just another little *contretemps*.

Coming upon the scantiest clue and stretching it to the limit, the overjoyed director thereupon rushes home and composes a treatise for the papers arguing his (or her) box-office dodge in terms of superficial scholarship. Big names, only remotely connected with the issue in hand, are sprinkled through the argument by further means of convincing the yokels that they never before had the correct idea of the play and of its author's intention. And additional coggery is incorporated in such artifices as contending that when, in the script of a Russian dramatist, the stage direction is, "Tears flood from his eyes," what the dramatist, being a bizarre Russian, really meant was that the tears were not those of grief but uncontrollable happiness. (In this immediate connection, it will be casually pointed out that the dramatist, though he possibly never realized it, was a sly satirist.)

This frequent diminution of the serious elements in a playwright's work and the insistence upon lightening them as a gesture toward box-office favor will, if it keeps up at the later-day pace, probably culminate in a day when insane Lear will be indistinguishable from the nut in *Arsenic and Old Lace* who imagines he is Teddy Roosevelt and when Banquo's ghost will be played by Leonora Corbett.

After all these years, wise in the tricks of the critical trade, I appreciate that at this point I might handily win the good will of my reader by making an about-face and ending up on a relieving note of expansive good cheer. It's a trick that always works and that leaves the reader with the feeling that the critic is a nice fellow after all, one who is far from being the crank some idiots believe he is, and one with whom it would be very pleasant to sit at the beer table. But, if you will forgive me, I am not going to do it, at least not this time. I am rather going to try to cuddle up to you with still another grouse. This is it.

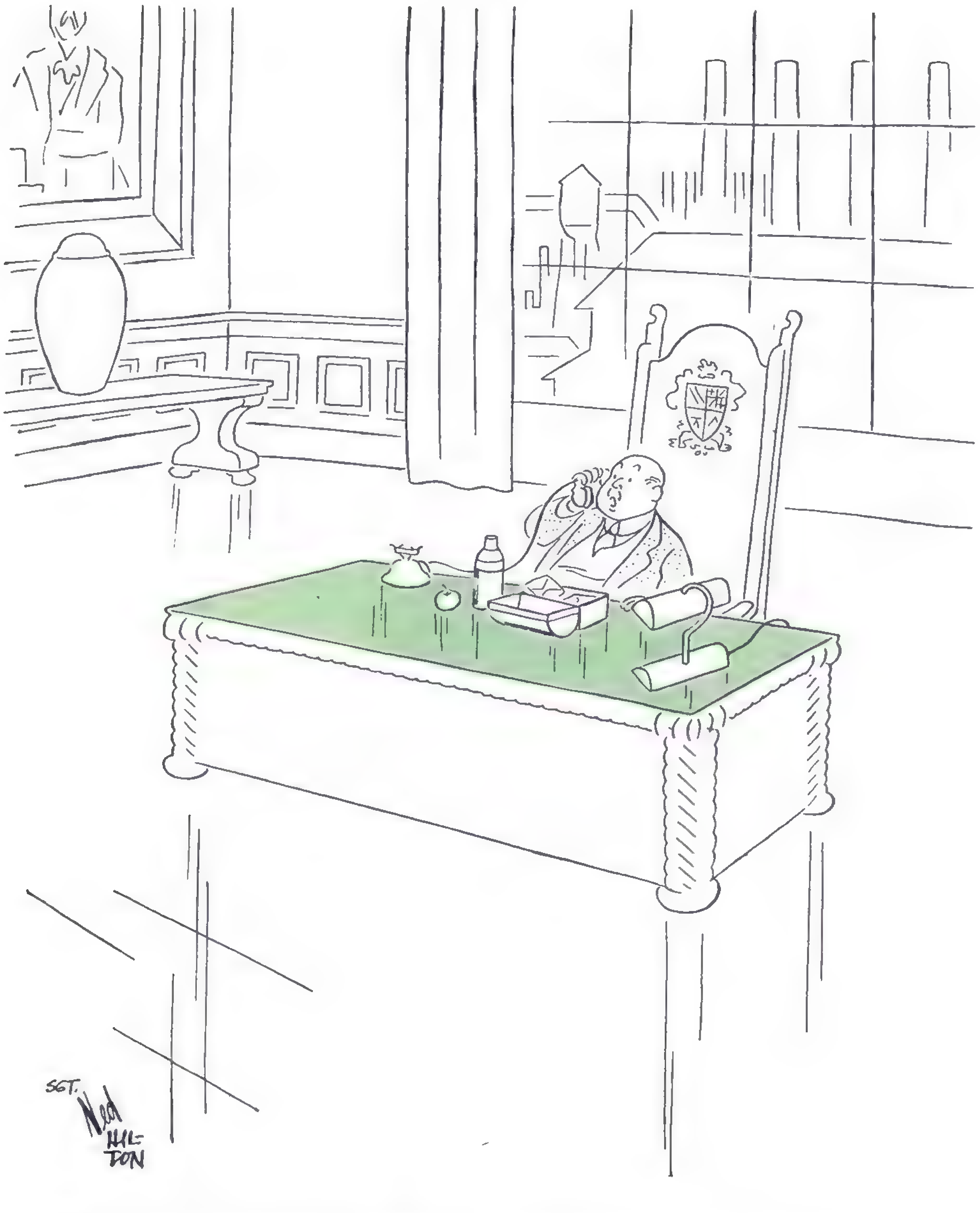
I do not in the slightest mind when a playwright whose play I have torn apart gets hot under the collar and denounces me as a know-nothing, with maybe a case of smallpox complicated with a touch of hookworm for good measure. His reaction to my dicta is entirely natural and understandable, and he has a perfect right to tear me apart in turn. However defective his arguments may be, he gets a lot of personal satisfaction in sounding off, and I would not deny it to him for the world, especially the world as we presently find it. He can have it from me even if he doesn't tear me to pieces. But, nevertheless, there are occasions when I begin to be skeptical of the lengths to which he sometimes carries himself.

One such occasion is that lately provided by Mr. Moss Hart. Mr. Hart, as you know from these columns, wrote a show called *Winged Victory* for the United States Army Air Forces. As you also know from these columns, I didn't like it, so reported and gave my reasons. It seemed to me, in brief, a callow performance with a pervasive Grade C movie flavor and small credit to the worthy body that inspired it and to which it was supposed to pay tribute. Having dozed off periodically during its weary course, I refreshed my memory of some of its stupidest lines by having recourse to the published play sent to the reviewers for reference. In quoting the lines, I included two or three from the book which apparently had been cut out of the play on the opening night. All the other quoted lines, which were the worst, were, however, duly spoken.

Mr. Hart's wrath knew no bounds, since many of the other notices had greased up his vanity. He thereupon sat down and composed a vituperative letter to me, calling me all the names he could think of, accusing me of critical malpractice ("You have been guilty of this before!"), and stating that I was "dishonest and snide," among many other things.

As I have said, I have no slightest objection to his expressing these or any other views of me that he cares to. That is his privilege. I have only one complaint. The letter was written on the official stationery of the War Department, Army Emergency Relief, Army Air Forces Branch, with emblazoned thereon the names of the Commanding General, General Henry H. Arnold, and Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air. Furthermore, it was sent by Mr. Hart in the government's "Official Business" envelope, which is stamped with the legend, "Penalty for Private Use to Avoid Payment of Postage, $300."

Since when, may I ask, has the abuse of dramatic critics by Broadway playwrights come under the heading of the United States Army's official business? #



"Darling, you've done it again—you've forgotten my toothpick!"

Great Big Beautiful Thoughts

Conceding that being a genius is nice work, how much do most of the artistic ace-eroos alter the way of the world?

by GILBERT SELDES

THE LIVELY ARTS

THIS month we're going slumming. We're going to disguise ourselves and, not showing a morsel of fear, go right over where the great geniuses, the artists of all time, especially those now living, are holding forth. We want to see how the other half lives. In the old days, essayists and painters and poets would slum down to the musical hall or the circus and dredge up a patronizing phrase (and usually a good painting, I must admit). Now we're going to see how the poor geniuses are getting along.

Of course, the first thing you note is that they're getting along fine. They're making as much money, relatively, as a comic strip artist or an acrobat. A few poets may still be undernourished, but most of the serious artists are socking away the dough steady. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells are old-timers; they either kick about the income tax (GBS) or shrug it off. And our Nobel prize winners are pretty solvent, too; because if it's a long time between novels, there are always magazines and guest appearances on the air and reprints and sidelines generally. You have only to write a Book-of-the-Month Club book and you're more or less automatically in the same bracket with the more serious strip drawings. If you compose, you are advised to be Shostakovich and get ten thousand dollars for first radio rights; but even in America you will manage: if you're for ballet, you are definitely in; conduct a really good symphony orchestra and you are a made man. If you're a painter, a tobacco company will help out during the lean weeks; if you're a scientist, the Army needs you; if you are a philosopher, where's your best-seller?

A couple of generations ago the mark of greatness in the arts was poverty. No one understood you and no one paid to hear you or see your works. In those days you consoled yourself with a variety of notions: that you were too good for the common herd; that you, and only you, understood the spirit of the time; that you had a rendezvous with the future (Stendhal dated his exactly). You announced that palaces would crumble, heroes would be forgotten; and all that survived would be the words you wrote, carved in deathless bronze. This was pretty good compensation for being a little down at the heel, and if you believed enough in your fame, you didn't envy the best-seller quite so much.

I maintain it's a dirty trick that these same superior characters are now in the dough, and if you're not, you have to be ultra-extra-superior; you have to be so special that NO ONE UNDERSTANDS YOU—or you have to admit that quality and popularity are not oil and vinegar, otherwise known as mutually exclusive terms. You can no longer prove genius by poverty.

But, angelic spirit, coming from another world, that's only the first step. The second's worse. Because the time has come to cast a critical eye upon the actual product of the great serious artists, the ones who work in the noble forms, the inheritors of the classic traditions, the symphonic composers and tragic playwrights and painters in oil and the heavy dancers. The time has come to look at them again and ask whether they're holding their own. Mind you, not a word about the popular fellows; not a suspicious sneer or low innuendo; no comparisons whatever. On their own ground, are the great ones doing their job?

Who am I to anticipate the verdict of posterity? Just at a guess, I offer that damn little in the theatre and in fiction and in symphonic music is going to pick up laurels fifty years hence. And the reason is that damn little of it means much to us now. Go on. You name the novels of our time which will stand the gaff of the ages (well, the years, then). And remember that after the most assiduous plugging in the schools, very little of the world's imaginative literature is actually read in our own time. What's the use of saying that Shakespeare and Keats are the greatest of poets and the soul of England, if no one can understand them. I use these examples intentionally, because they *do* survive. But who else? A few lyrics and a few sonnets—and how many great *old* novels have you read lately?

The nineteen hundreds came in with the cargo of the Victorian era; we *believed* that living men could write eternal books. And we discovered, looking back, that the half-truths of science, offered for amendment and perfection, were really shaping our lives. And the half-truths of social science, economics and psychology, often presented as eternal verities and knocked over by violence later on—these also were affecting us. And Bulwer-Lytton was not. Even Thackeray wasn't. Not even Owen Meredith.

Look for a moment at our majestic contemporaries. Theodore Dreiser spent a lifetime saying that life had no meaning; and that captains of industry were heavy men with light women; and that society or someone was to blame if a lad murdered the girl whom he should have married. Did he have as much effect on American life as Willard Gibbs, John Humphrey Noyes, James J. Hill, Abraham Cahan, George M. Cohan, Charles Selden (or Henry Ford), Wilbur and Orville Wright and Irving Berlin? Sinclair Lewis began by jabbing a sharp pin into Main Street and the real estate man in the biggest office on Main Street. Did he express the spirit of his country, then or later, any more successfully than Booth Tarkington, the Rotarians, the municipal Health Departments, the Boy Scouts, Mack Sennett or, I regret to say, Eddie Guest? A dozen other writers spend a good twenty years doing what James Fenimore Cooper did before them—they ran down their own country and pretended that they were expressing its soul. Cooper did better work with the Red Man and our critics usually did pretty well with the Reds—until Soviet Russia recognized the United States as a wonderful place to learn the secret of freedom, which is production.

So far the big boys seem to have guessed wrong. But look homeward, angel. What was it they were trying to say that was so significant, universal and delicate at the same time? What's the profound eternal message the artist ever tries to convey? I've known a few great artists in the past twenty years and admired them—but not for any profound and secret truths they had discovered about LIFE. There are painters who say, in effect, the visible world looks like *this* to me; or, the things I see make me feel like this; or, finally, look at what I saw! All of these are legitimate; and when a great artist sees something and makes you see it, fresh and new, he's tremendous. But he hasn't told you anything significant about human nature, immortality or love. Poets and playwrights and essayists and novelists, dealing with words, seem to be saying wonderful things; and sometimes, very, very rarely, they say these things with such intensity, clarity and life (elevation, if you prefer) that they really

Continued on page 156

OLD TIME SONGS

Don't Go in the Lion's Cage Tonight

ESKY submits that never was a warning rendered so void as this one, with Peggy Corday in there pitching for the opposition.

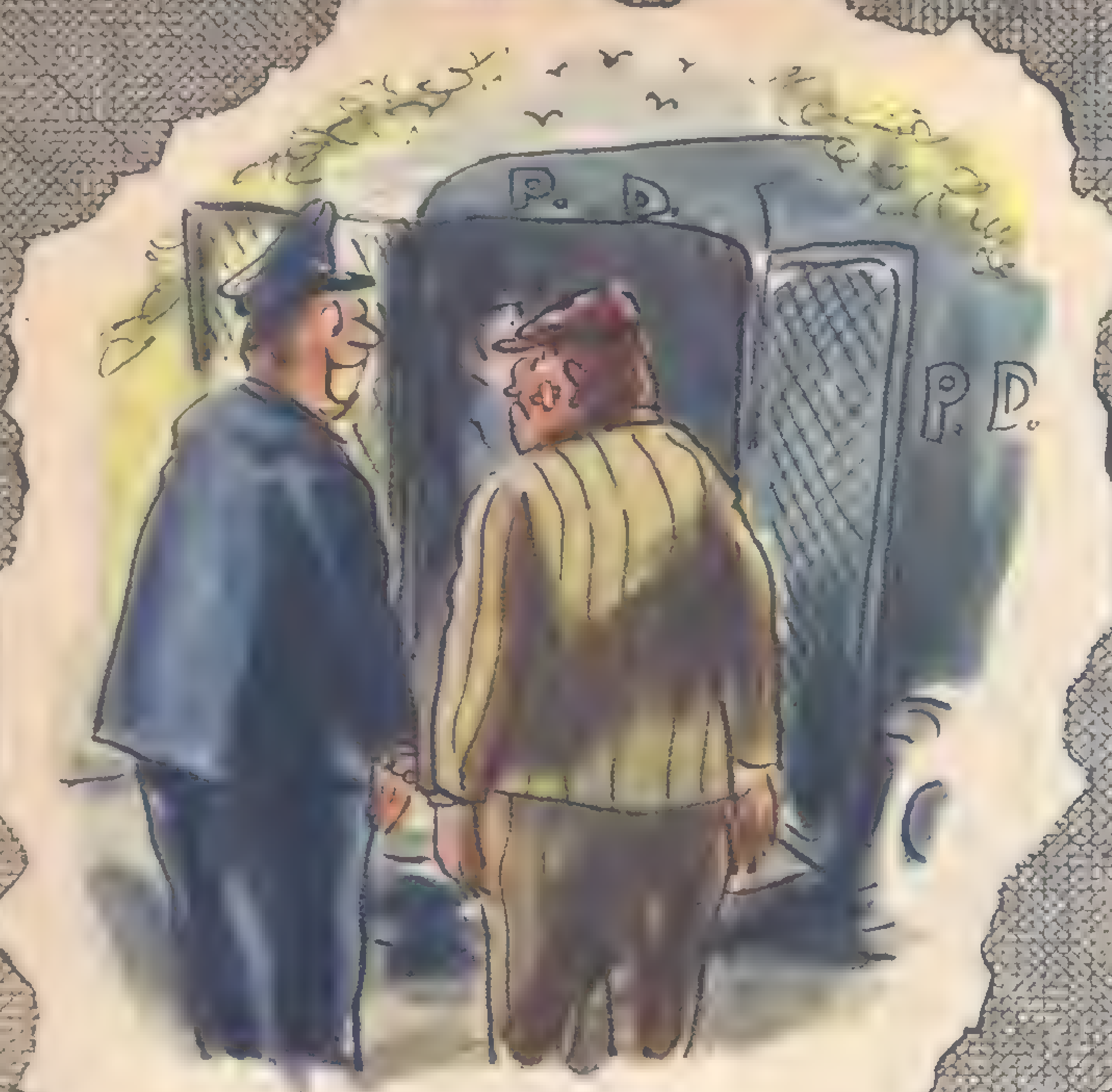
Don't Go in the Lion's Cage Tonight, the third in Esquire's series of old time songs, is a humorous ballad in the kick-in-the-pants tradition of Josh Billings and Mark Twain. It grew out of a confident era in American history when few of life's joys were rationed or tempered. Dinners were many-coursed and indigestible; women, richly petticoated and copiously constructed; children, numerous and so healthy their blood was annually thinned in the spring; vitamins were unknown and unnecessary; pianos were large and square; sentiment was unadulterated and unashamed; humor was robust and roaring.

Don't Go in Them Lions' Cage Tonight, as it was originally called, tells the story of a girl who was gifted with second sight (they had a lot of that, too, in those wonderful days). She pleads with her actress mother not to tempt fate by going into the cage for the customers that evening—for she has a premonition that the lions will get out of hand. Follows the heartless: "Ha, Ha!" of the quote careless, witless lady unquote who "Heeded not" the daughter's tender plea. It is evident that daughter knew best, and mother seems about to take her last dramatic exit through the mouth of a lion. Ah, but who is that brave young man who leaps from the gallery into the arena, plumb into the lions' cage? Why, that's our hero. He saves the mother, kisses the grateful daughter (whom he's loved from afar) and in the fullness of time they are wed.

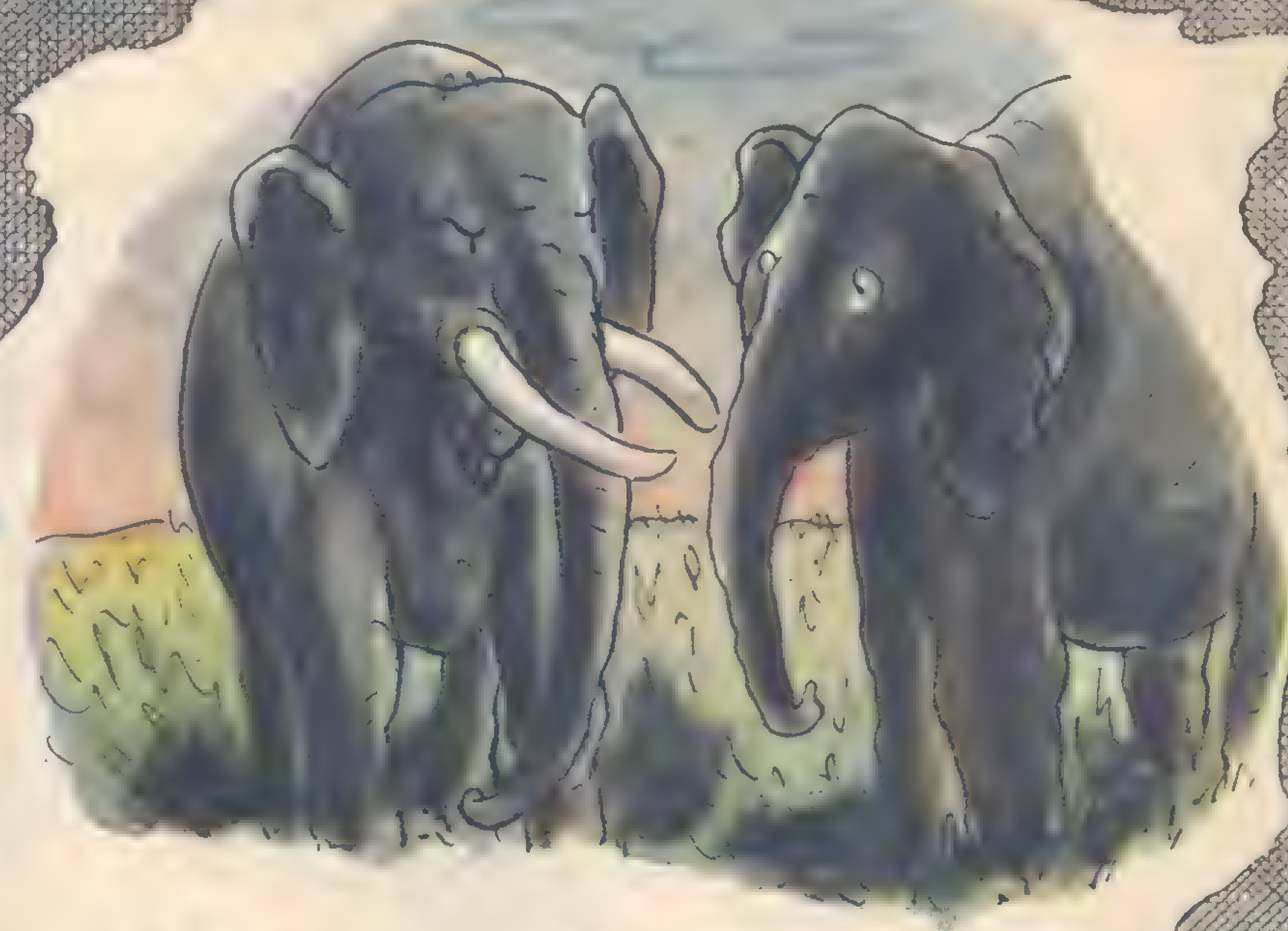
The modern version of the song, revived by Beatrice Kay, omits the happy ending, leaves us terrified. *Don't Go in the Lion's Cage* was what music men call a burlesque; that is, it was built up from singer to singer, growing out of a wisecrack that struck some minstrel's fancy like *Don't Swat Your Mother, Boys—It's Mean* and *Heaven Will Protect the Working Girls*. Famous among such American folk music, it is a warmly welcomed souvenir of the gaslight era.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SYDNEY RAVITZ: DESIGN BY STAPLES-SMITH

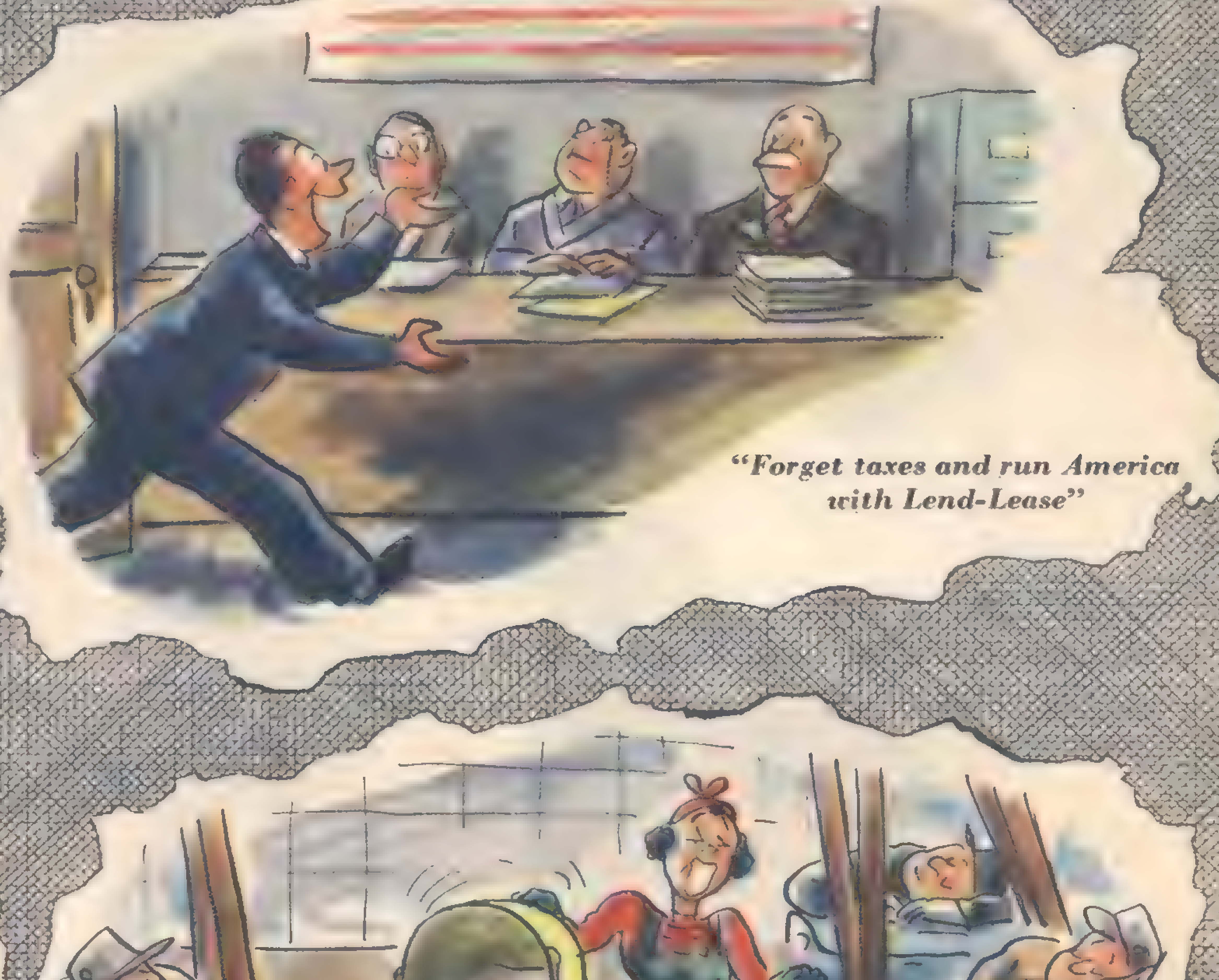
Don't go in the Lion's Cage To-night!



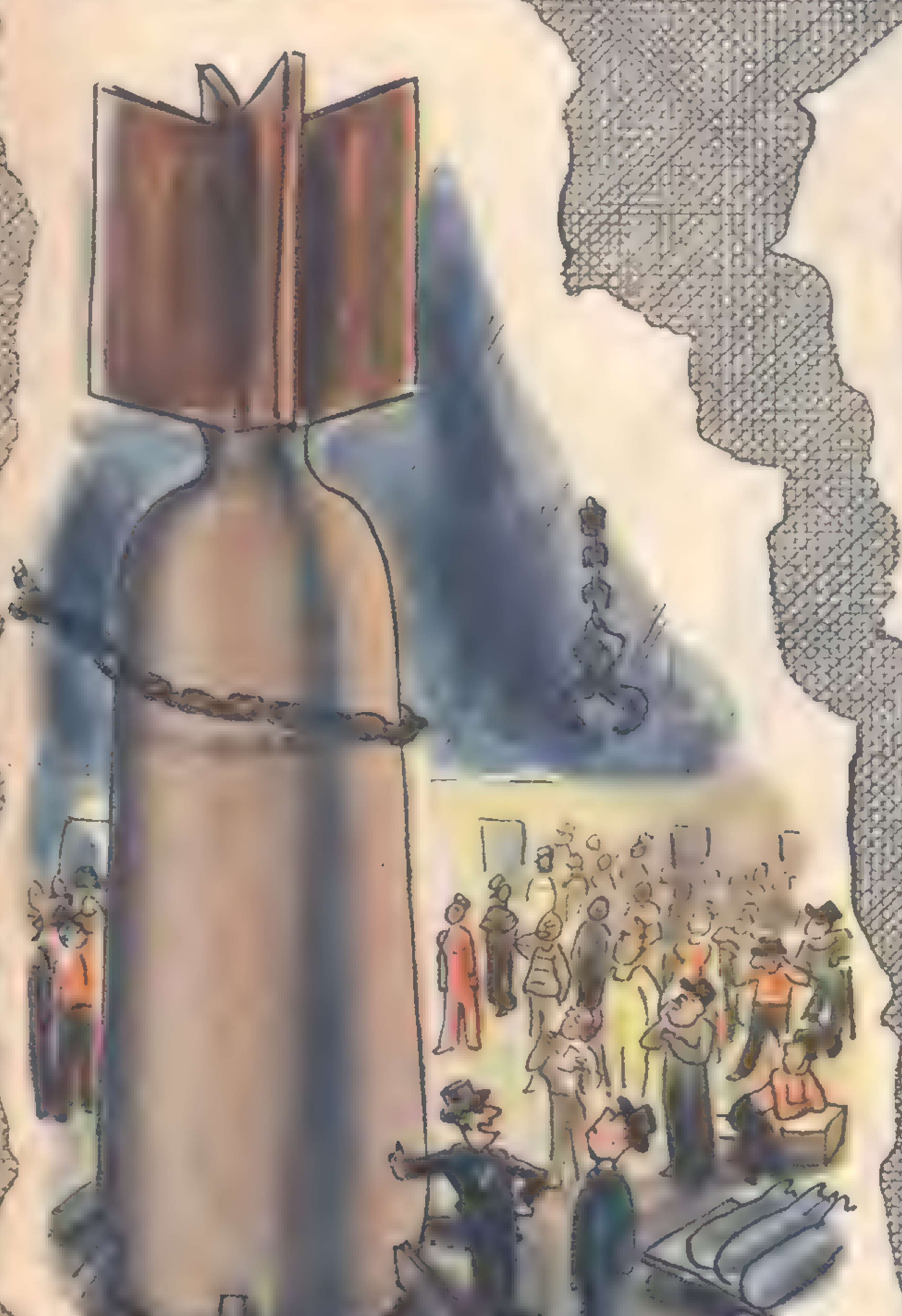
"It's such a lovely day—do you mind if we walk?"



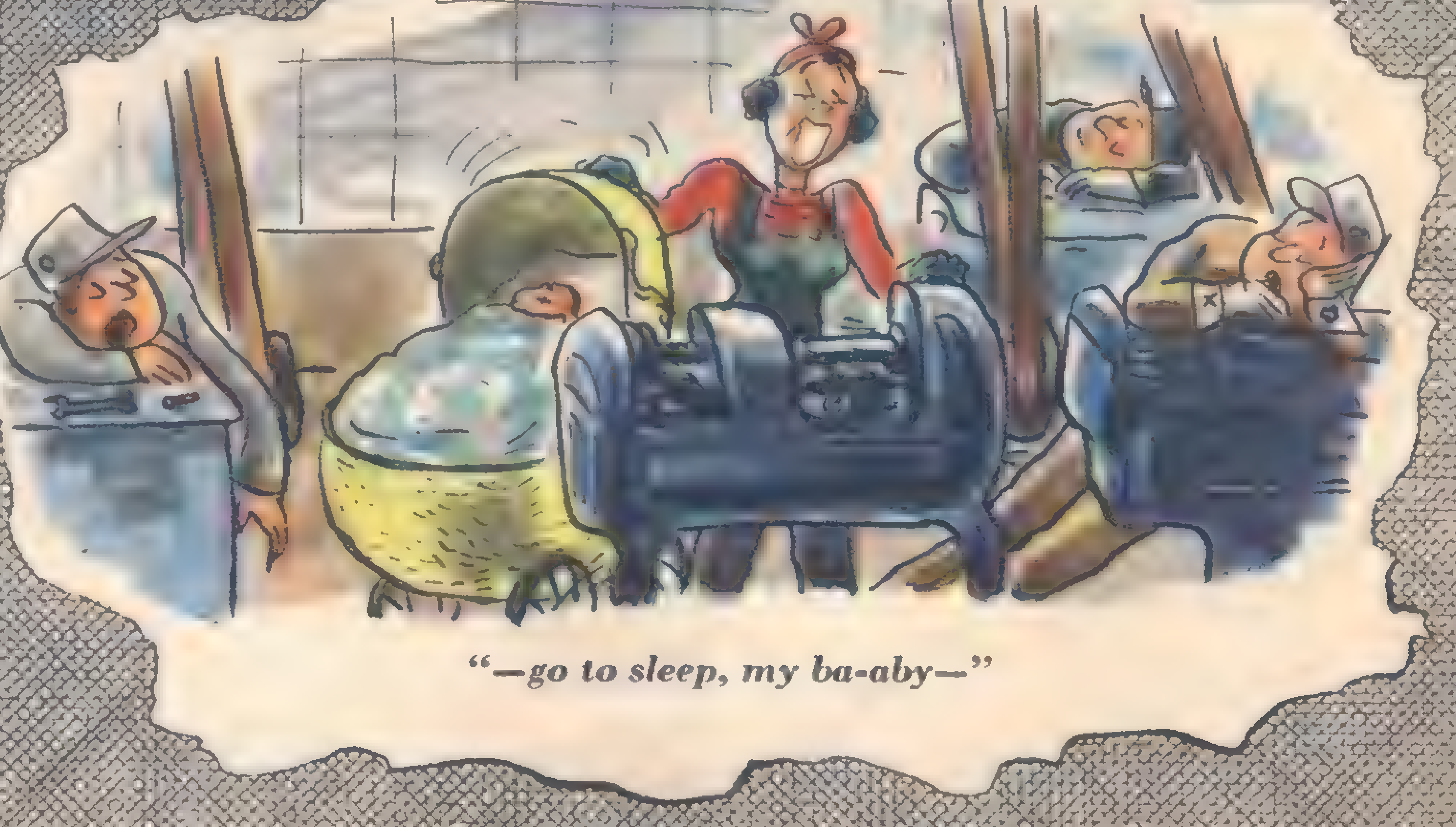
"All this talk about plastics makes me sick—what's the matter with good old ivory?"



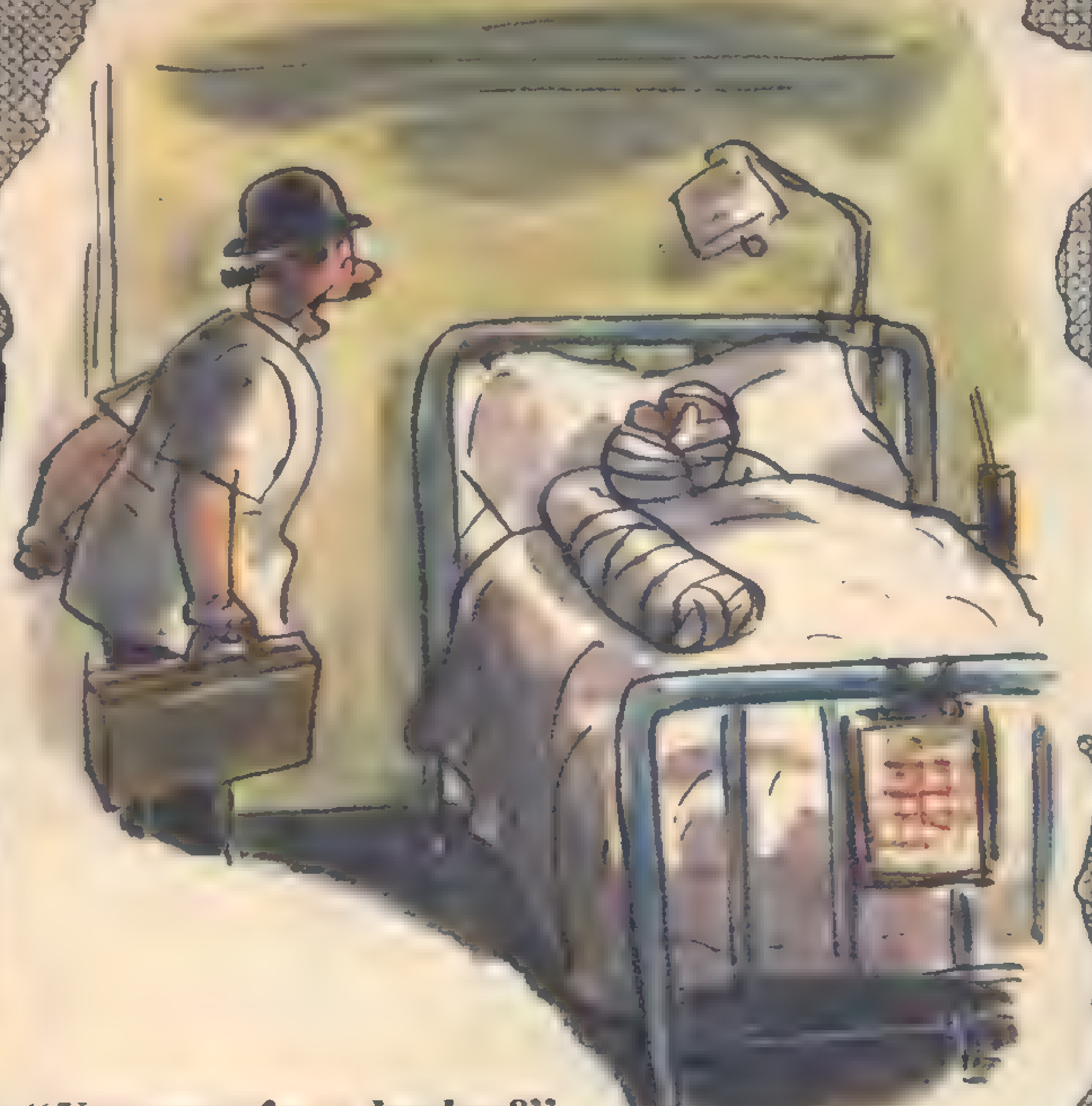
"Forget taxes and run America with Lend-Lease"



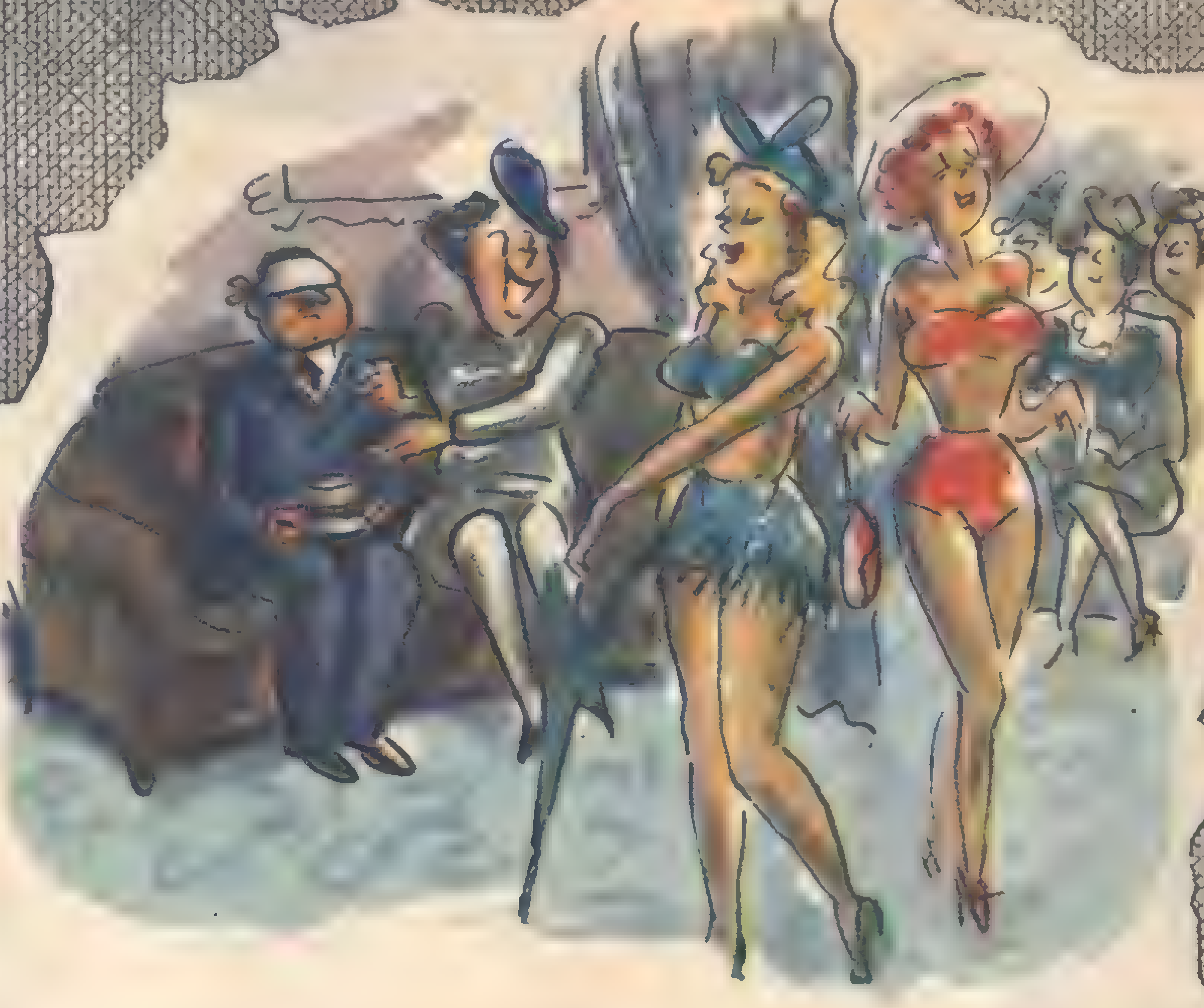
"Right now everyone is trying to think of a name big enough for it"



"—go to sleep, my ba-aby—"



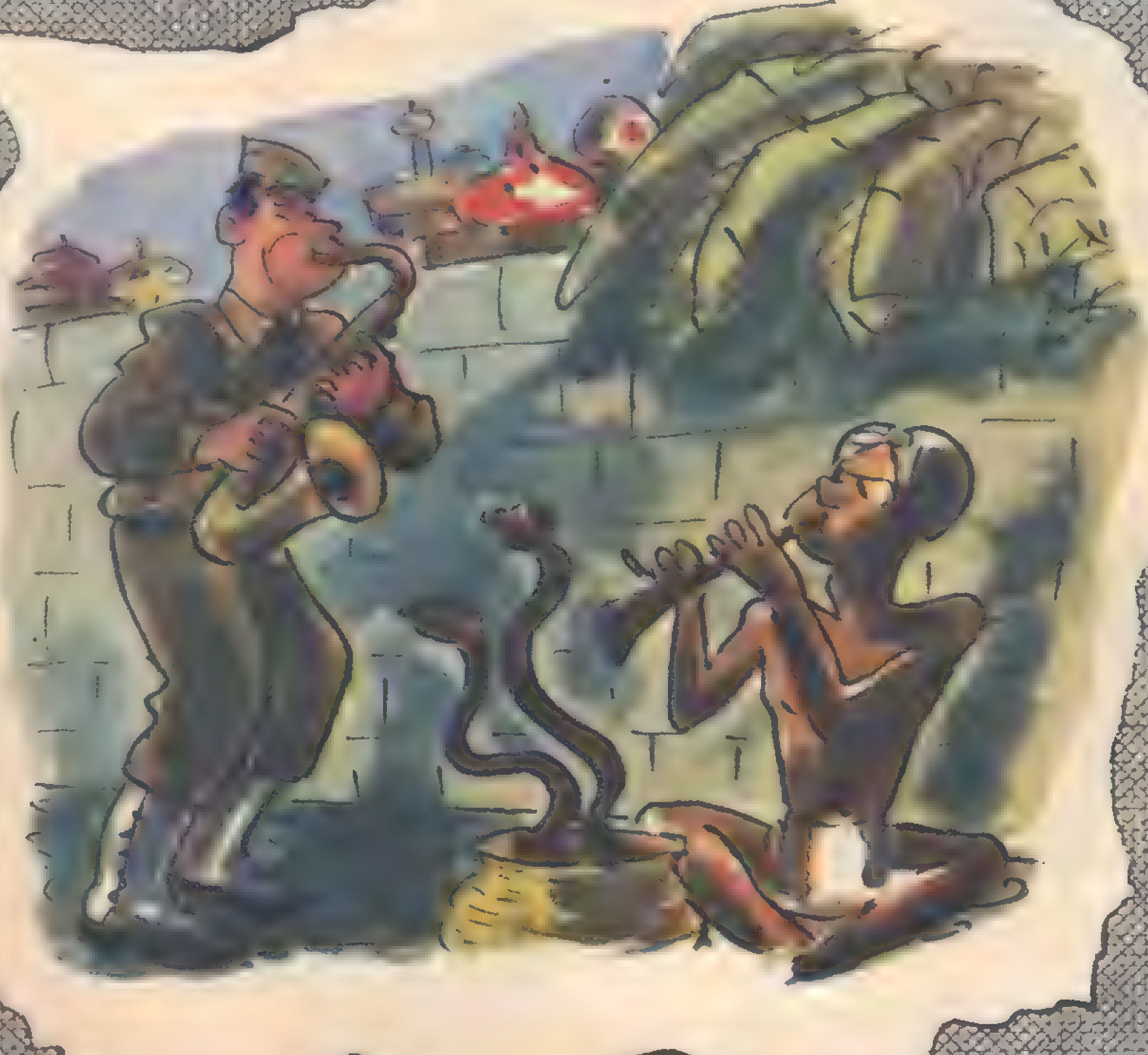
"You sent for a barber?"

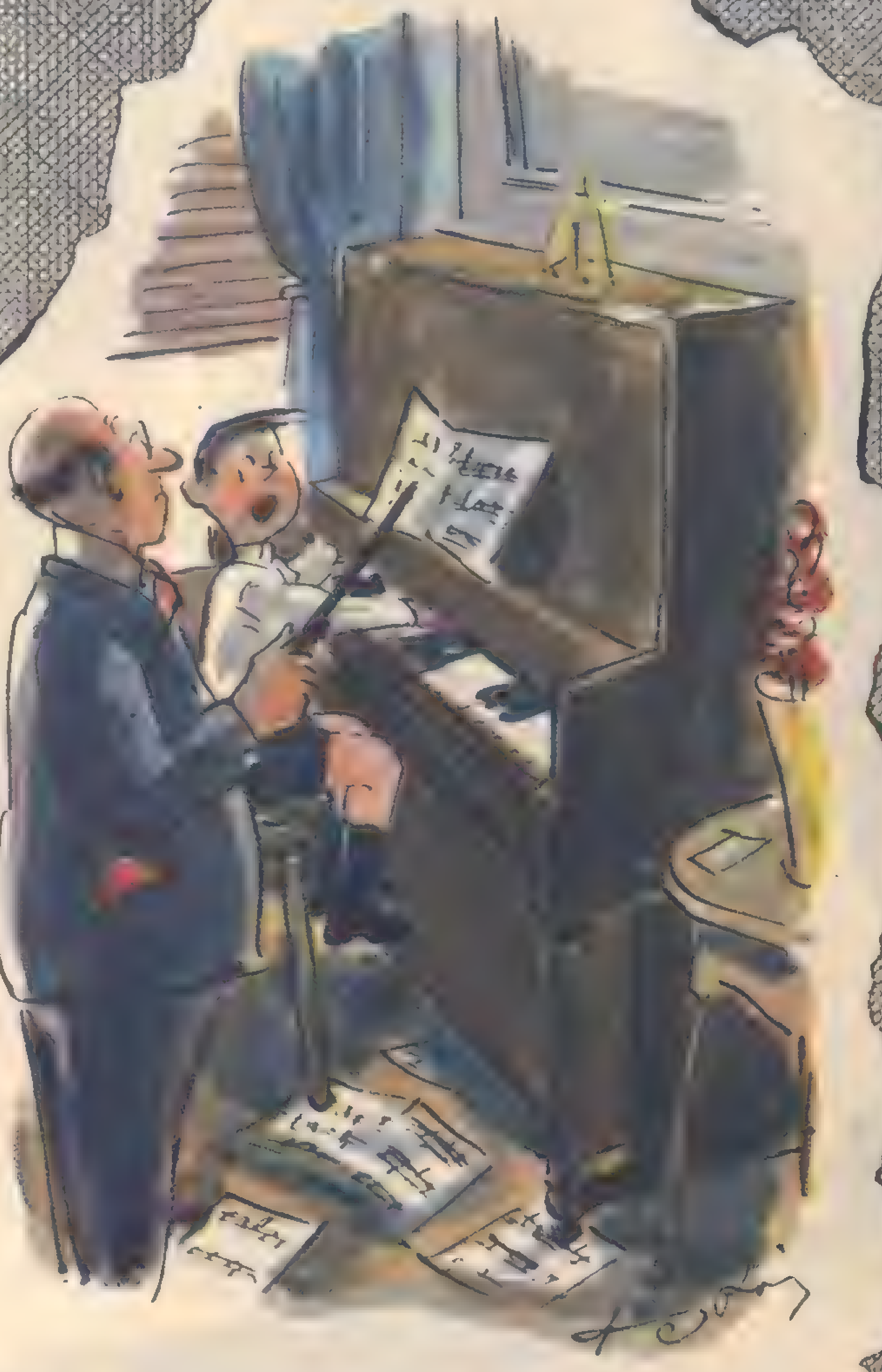


"Here is one you'd love, dear"

More or Less Merry May

by **IRVING ROIR**





"You must be pretty hard up for money to go through all this"

Army Glider Maneuvers

Leslie Saalburg

The use of gliders for transporting men and materials is considered one of the important aerial developments of World War II. Towed to destinations, gliders are landed by skilled pilots. At the glider maneuvers shown, first civilian wears a grey Glen Plaid suit with red and blue markings, broadcloth shirt, foulard tie and snap brim hat. Next civilian sports a brown tweed suit, blue oxford shirt, brown-grey hat. Third wears a flannel suit, broadcloth shirt, repp tie, brown hat and shoes.

The Umpire Is Seldom Wrong

Looking backward on forty years of baseball, this official names the top modern umpires and the all-time best

by BILLY EVANS

SPORTS

"THE only good umpires are the dead ones." That is a generally accepted belief in baseball to which I do not subscribe.

Good umpiring is most necessary to baseball. The game hinges around it. In all the history of the game, no other participant can boast the unsullied record of the arbitrators. Never has the umpire done anything detrimental to the best interests of baseball.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I doubt very much if the baseball fans of America would hail with joy the coming of the perfect umpire. They like the umpiring to be good, but they still like the umpire to be human—capable of making mistakes. Otherwise, baseball's greatest alibi—the blaming of the defeat on the umpire—would be eliminated from the game.

Using the forty years that I have spent in baseball—twenty-five years as an umpire, twenty-two of them in the big leagues—as a criterion, I am convinced that there are not only good umpires who are not dead but great ones. Over two score years I have known and worked with some truly great officials. It would be hard to name a greater umpire than Bill Klem of the National League, who came to that league in 1905 and is still active, although his title now is chief of staff. Hank O'Day and Bob Emslie were two other greats of the old school. In the American League there was the one and only Silk O'Loughlin, the inimitable Tim Hurst and the dignified Tom Connolly.

The greatest umpire of all time, however, to my way of thinking, was Jack Sheridan. He was the ace of the American League staff when I joined the big show.

I place the crown on Sheridan's head because his ideas of umpiring are the fundamentals that are now followed by every successful official in the game. Sheridan was the originator of the crouch or the "line-up with the ball" system that is now regarded as the only proper style to call balls and strikes. When I broke into the American League, all umpires in the National and American leagues, other than Sheridan worked straight up.

Each day while working the bases I would follow every move of Sheridan, as he shifted his body and stance back of the plate the better to follow the flight of the ball. For years the originator, Sheridan, and the imitator, Evans, were the only two big league umpires who constantly sought to adjust their sights to each pitch. Now it is the universal custom.

Jack Sheridan is the only umpire in all the history of baseball who umpired back of the plate with no protection other than a mask. In those days, as now, all umpires wore a chest protector, shin guards, knee pads and an abdominal protector. They still wear much the same equipment, improved with the years. Today a great many umpires wear a protector underneath the coat rather than the inflated type. Bill Klem, I believe, was the originator of the popular inside protector.

Over all the years that Sheridan umpired in the big leagues, no one recalls seeing him hit by a pitched ball or foul ball. He so adjusted himself to line up with the pitch that there was little or nothing left of him to be hit as he crouched behind the catcher. He made an art of keeping out of the way of pitchers and foul tips.

In addition to the proper technique, Sheridan had all the other requisites that go to make up the great umpire. He had great courage; he had a phlegmatic temperament—nothing ruffled him; he wasn't vindictive. He did not regard himself as infallible. He liked the ball player who put up a heated protest when he had a kick coming, but had no use for the player who was constantly seeking an alibi. No umpire had better command of the playing field. He ruled with an iron hand but was always fair. He hated nothing more than to have to eject some player from the game as a final resort. He always maintained that it was the good umpire who could keep the player in the game; any umpire could put him out.

Often umpires are specialists, stars at umpiring balls and strikes, but not so good on the bases and vice versa. Sheridan was the all-around umpire, equally efficient at plate or base. He stressed the matter of position in calling plays on the bases as much as insisting on lining up with each pitch when back of the plate. His favorite remark was that umpiring the bases was a mathematical problem, merely a matter of angles. "Get into the right position and you will make few mistakes;" "always keep the ball in sight;" "never let the fielder get between you and the ball;"and" just forget about the base runner—he will eventually arrive;" were pet phrases with him. He always maintained that watching both the ball and base runner caused you to draw conclusions which very often warped your judgment.

In a photo finish, I place Jack Sheridan in the number one position and Bill Klem as runner-up, with a dead heat for the show position and many qualifying.

Strangely enough, two of the game's greatest umpires hailed from the same city, Rochester, New York, and started their umpiring careers at about the same time—Bill Klem and the late "Silk" O'Loughlin. Klem and O'Loughlin had much the same theory about umpiring, namely, "the umpire is always right." When a player protested an O'Loughlin ruling, Silk's favorite expression was:

"Never made a mistake in my life and it's too late to start now."

While Klem never preached infallibility as did his home-town neighbor, Silk O'Loughlin, he had the confidence in his ability that makes for greatness. Of all the outstanding umpires, Klem was perhaps the greatest believer in pantomime. It was his theory that to let the public in on what was going on often proves helpful. When Klem fined a ball player twenty-five dollars, he always accompanied the decision by sticking the five fingers of his right hand in the face of the sentenced ball player five times.

It was Bill Klem who used to draw a line when some player angrily rushed at him to take him to task over a disputed ruling. Once Klem drew the line, the fans knew what it meant. If the belligerent athlete stepped over it, he was through for the day.

Then there was the old-time arbitrator exemplified by Tim Hurst, the type who made his own rules to suit the occasion and who meted out judgment not always in keeping with the strict interpretation of the rules. Hurst had a flair for sarcasm. He feared no one. He preferred to keep a man in the game and tell him what a counterfeit he was rather than to put him out of the game and eliminate the controversy.

In the old days, players often slid into first base in an effort to win the decision. Hurst was always of the opinion that players did this merely to confuse the umpire by raising a cloud of dust and making the decision just that much more difficult. It is a matter

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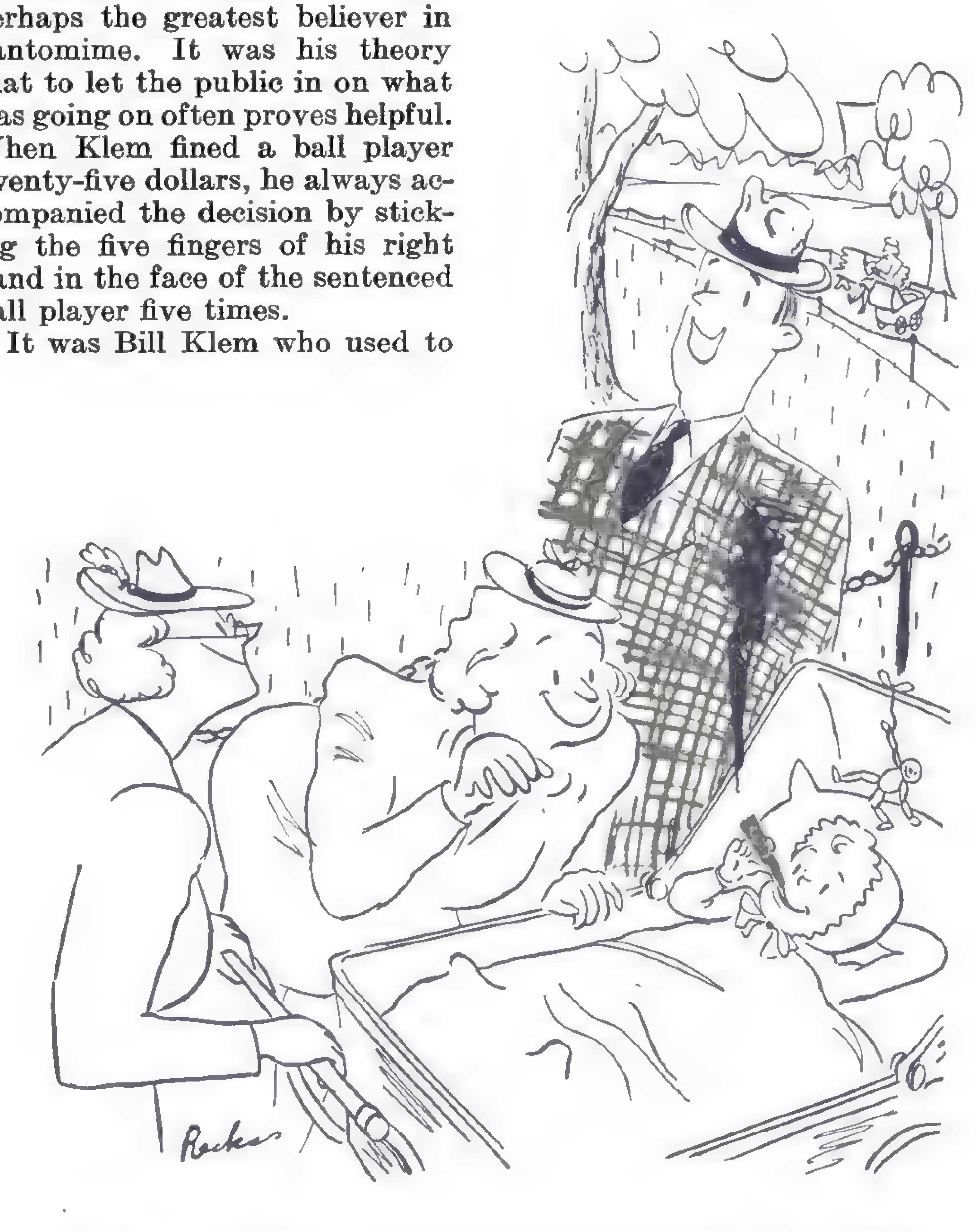


"My, my—he's quite a little man already, isn't he?"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Heiden's study of Hitler leads a list including *Rogues' Gallery, Connecticut Yankee, Nonce, Thesaurus of Epigrams*

by BENNETT CERF

BOOKS

KONRAD HEIDEN'S *Der Fuehrer: Hitler's Rise to Power*, will be the definitive book on Hitler fifty years from now, provided anybody still wants to read about him by that time. It is a devastating, frighteningly thorough study of a devastating, frighteningly thorough monster, presented by an author who spared no trouble to collect his material and an editor (Robert Linscott of the Houghton, Mifflin Company) who knew how it should be arranged and presented. It belongs on a shelf with *Mein Kampf*—a footnote to indicate the depths to which a human being can sink. Book reviewers, panting for a chance to play Dorothy Thompson for a change, devoted a paragraph or two to Heiden's book and the rest of their columns to their own interpretation of the whys and wherefores of Nazidom. Scholars resumed their endless and insoluble debate: Do the times create the man, or does the man create the times? The Book-of-the-Month Club distributed three hundred thousand copies, several hundred of which will be read from cover to cover. Emil Ludwig announced that he, too, was going to write a life of Hitler. "There are only two men qualified for such a task," he announced loftily. "I am one of them." "Who is the other?" asked a publisher. "Never mind," said Ludwig. Maybe he was hidin' Heiden in the back of his head. With Mr. Ludwig it's sometimes hard to tell.

Der Fuehrer covers the life story of Hitler from birth through the Blood Purge of 1934. That purge convinced Hitler, says Heiden, that "the most horrible deeds become less heavy to bear, the more monstrous and numerous they are, because in the end each horror wipes out its predecessor in the minds of the people . . . The piles of corpses on June 30, 1934, must have given him the final proof that since 1919 his path of murder and violence had been the right path to greatness." For an American appraisal of that fateful week end, I refer you to Ambassador Dodd's diary. Dodd sensed the fact that Hitler was now ready to throw off all restraint and to pursue a course that could end only in world-wide war and destruction.

* * *

As an antidote to Heiden's record of filth and corruption, I turned deliberately to the autobiography of that wonderful gentleman, Wilbur Cross—a warm, friendly, shrewd book whose name, *Connecticut Yankee*, is nothing short of perfect. There is not one word in this book that will disturb the thousands of people up New England way who have built Wilbur Cross into something of a legend. It is primarily a success story—the small-town boy who made good as a teacher, an author and a politician—convincing proof that an honest man can sometimes lick the machine. Governor Cross' chief regret seems to be that he was not named after his great-grandfather Peter. "Peter Cross, the Governor of Connecticut," he meditates. "It would have been good for thousands of votes!" During his first campaign for governor a political opponent laughed him off as "that dear old gentleman from Yale." "After I licked them, however," says Cross, "they changed their tune to 'that old son of a bitch'!" That gave the governor an unholy and understandable satisfaction. He did a fine job in his four terms in office. He does an even better one in this mellow autobiography. It is a source of regret to him that Billy Phelps did not live long enough to review it. Cross refers to Billy as "my lifelong friend and colleague," and dwells fondly on the day of the Yale commencement in June, 1934, when he personally presented Phelps with an honorary degree. Phelps was in the middle of an oration at the time and was flabbergasted when the governor interrupted him. He was about the only man in New Haven who was not in on the secret.

Governor Cross, hale and hearty, finished *Connecticut Yankee* on the day he was eighty-one. A happy thought occurs to me: where will Adolf Hitler be on *his* eighty-first birthday?

* * *

Rogues' Gallery is a collection of acidulous and generally superficial profiles of eminent contemporaries, written by Frank Scully, and published by a new outfit in Hollywood named Murray and Gee. Strictly on its merits, this book is no great shakes and, by comparison, serves chiefly to make you realize how good and how penetrating the profiles in the *New Yorker* magazine are. Scully mentions the enterprises of his erstwhile publishers, Simon and Schuster, so frequently that S. and S. might well buy out an edition and distribute it to reviewers as a house organ. The best of the pieces, detailing the facts behind the writing of Frank Harris' *Life of Bernard Shaw*, appeared originally, if my memory serves me, in Esquire. Scully is not hindered by an excess of modesty. It appears from his account that he not only wrote the book for Harris but buffaloed Shaw into correcting galleys and making changes and then nobly forebore to insist on anything like a reasonable share in the royalties. Some of his other pieces concern Maugham, Steinbeck, Willkie, Trader Horn, Mann, Dreiser and Scott Fitzgerald. The portraits of the first three are supposed to be devastating, but succeed only in making Mr. Scully sound like a small potato. His rapturous praise of Abbé Dimnet and Jim Tully is even more embarrassing.

Frank Scully was a member of the famous 1917 class at the Columbia School of Journalism that also included Morrie Ryskind, Max Schuster, Morris Werner, Henry Hough, Howard Dietz and Herman Manckiewicz. The "radical" of the group, believe it or not, was George Sokolsky, who didn't even know of the existence of a National Association of Manufacturers in those innocent days. Dogged by persistent ill health, Scully finally settled on the French Riviera, where he encountered most of the notables he dissects in *Rogues' Gallery*. Like Maugham, he fled before the shadow of the swastika. The two met again in Hollywood. Maugham's ego, he reports, was "as badly scarred as if carved with a bolo knife." I have seen Maugham, too, and read the manuscript of

LEARN HOW TO COOK
a Cramer

his new book. It seems to me that Frank Scully must have met some other Maugham.

Scully's chapter on Trader Horn is a highlight of his new book. "Zambesi Jack," as the old "convivial" liked to call himself, cut quite a swath when he arrived here in the early thirties. His preposterous memoirs were kited to best-sellerdom by one of Simon and Schuster's most ingenious publicity campaigns. His long grey beard, his picturesque cape and sombrero and his unbelievable capacity for liquor in any form added luster to the legend. Zambesi autographed hundreds of copies of *Trader Horn*. When his manager protested that he was sapping his strength needlessly, he made a remark that has become famous in book circles. "It's been my experience," he declared, "that people never lend an autographed book!" He told Scully that he once had a pet tiger who liked to sleep across the foot of his bed. One night he kicked the tiger in a moment of absent-mindedness. "Do you know that that one kick broke the poor tiger's spirit? Shows how careful we must be of the other fellow's feelings!" Another time he claimed that he shot a mother gorilla. Just before she died she reached out her hand to her little baby gorilla. "I tried to make amends to outraged Nature . . . I took the baby gorilla and paid a slave girl thirty shillings to nurse it." To hear Trader Horn tell it, women fell for him just as hard when he was eighty as when he was eighteen. He credited this to a love potion a beautiful witch in Zululand brewed for him.

Scully is at his best in a dissertation on the "one-legged lads of literature." He himself has a peg-leg. He lists as fellows, Laurence Stallings, Walter Duranty, Herbert Marshall, St. John Ervine and Peter Freuchen. He'll have to add Captain Ted Lawson and Lord knows how many more before this war is over. Lawson is the hero of *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* who lost a leg in the crack-up that climaxed his participation in the Doolittle raid. "Every one-legged Lothario I ever met," avers Scully, "galloped out of the West with more gusto than if he had two." Duranty corroborates this statement. He says the wooden leg gains the ladies' attention; his all-around charm does the rest.

Rogues' Gallery ends on a melancholy note: the virtually unattended funeral of one of literature's golden-haired sons of the twenties: F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scully tells the tragic story with an understanding that is strangely lacking in some other sketches in a particularly uneven book.

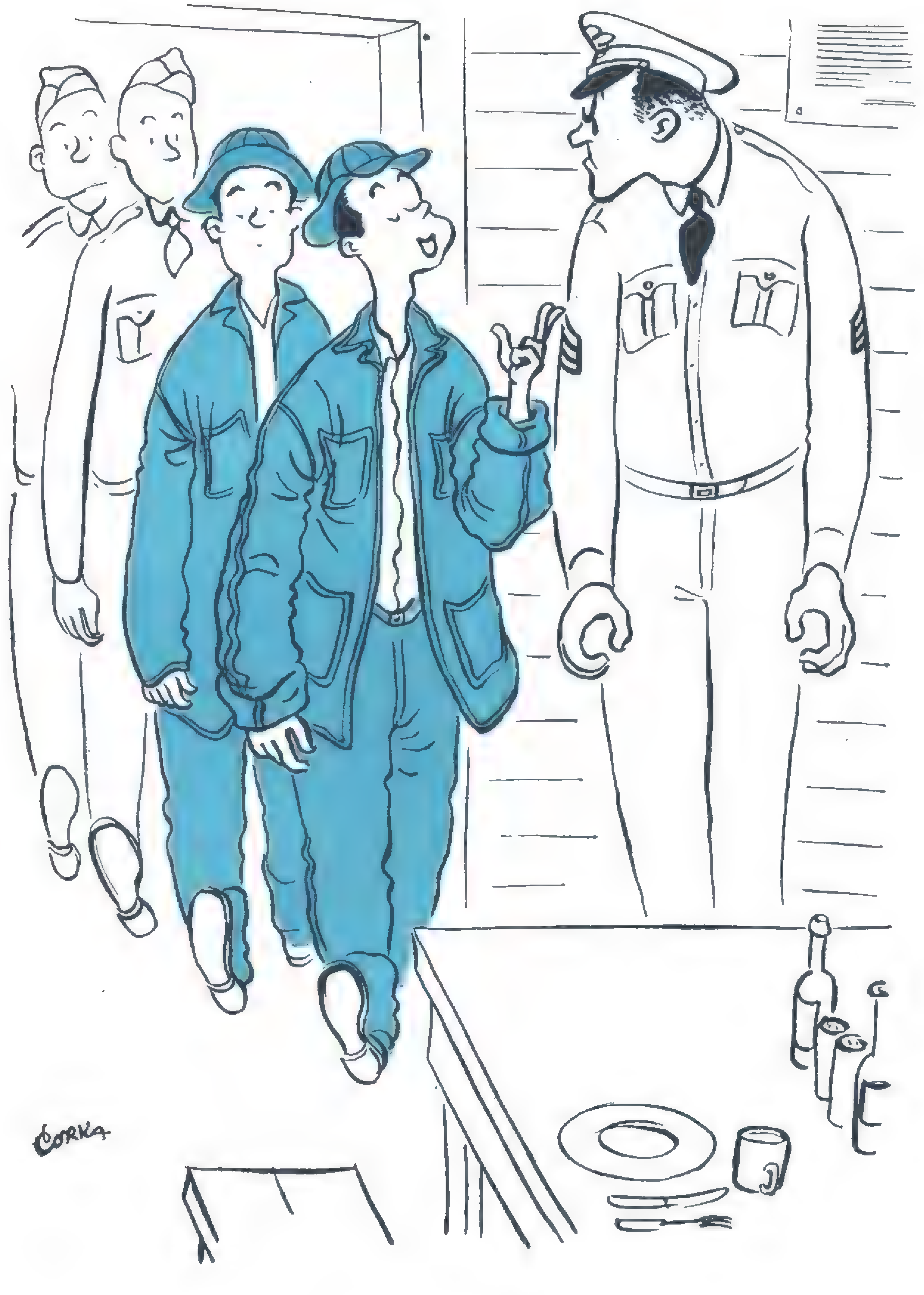
* * *

Edmund Fuller's new *Thesaurus of Epigrams* will do until a better one comes along. It's always a great comfort to see how many dull and witless remarks pass as epigrams when big shots deliver them! Here are a few of the better nuggets unearthed by Mr. Fuller: "A friend in power is a friend lost"—Henry Adams; "Marriage is a ghastly public confession of a strictly private intention"—Ian Hay; "There is something about a closet that makes a skeleton terribly restless"—Wilson Mizner; "Youth is a wonderful thing. What a crime to waste it on children!"—G. B. Shaw; "He who refuses nothing, Atticilla, will soon have nothing to refuse"—Martial; "The man who wakes up and finds himself famous hasn't been asleep"—Anon; "If you ever find happiness by hunting for it, you will find it, as the old woman did her lost spectacles, safe on her own nose all the time"—Josh Billings. Personally, I would swap all the thesauruses of epigrams in existence for one handy, pocket-size edition of the works of Alexander Pope.

* * *

A current mystery in publishing circles that may be cleared up before this article appears in print is whether the publishers of Michael Brandon's novel, *Nonce*, were partners in what bears every earmark of an elaborate prank, or whether they actually expected the public to take the book seriously. *Nonce* is the sort of gross parody that the Hecht and MacArthur of yesteryear might have dashed off after a week of carousing about the Chicago underworld. The recipe is three parts *The Sheik*, one part Dali, seasoned with a pinch of Havelock Ellis and Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, and left in the sun without a cover for about two weeks and a half. Borde Kane is the proverbial African explorer who has no worlds left to conquer. Lions, tigers and women roll over and play dead at a single glance from his hypnotic eye. Only one girl does he remember. He saw her for just an instant. "Their eyes hadn't met; they had collided, flashing an instantaneous message. Her beauty was ample, with the peculiar drooping of a shoulder contrariwise to hip that masks the strength of a pliable body." That was Verity Latbury all right, all right. Borde tingles

Continued on page 149



"Two, please!"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**

A YARDBIRD in our outfit, just back from furlough, says he was served this meal in a fancy hotel:

Odor of Chicken Soup
Memory of Pineapple Salad
Shadow of Beef Sandwich
Lemon Mirage Pie.

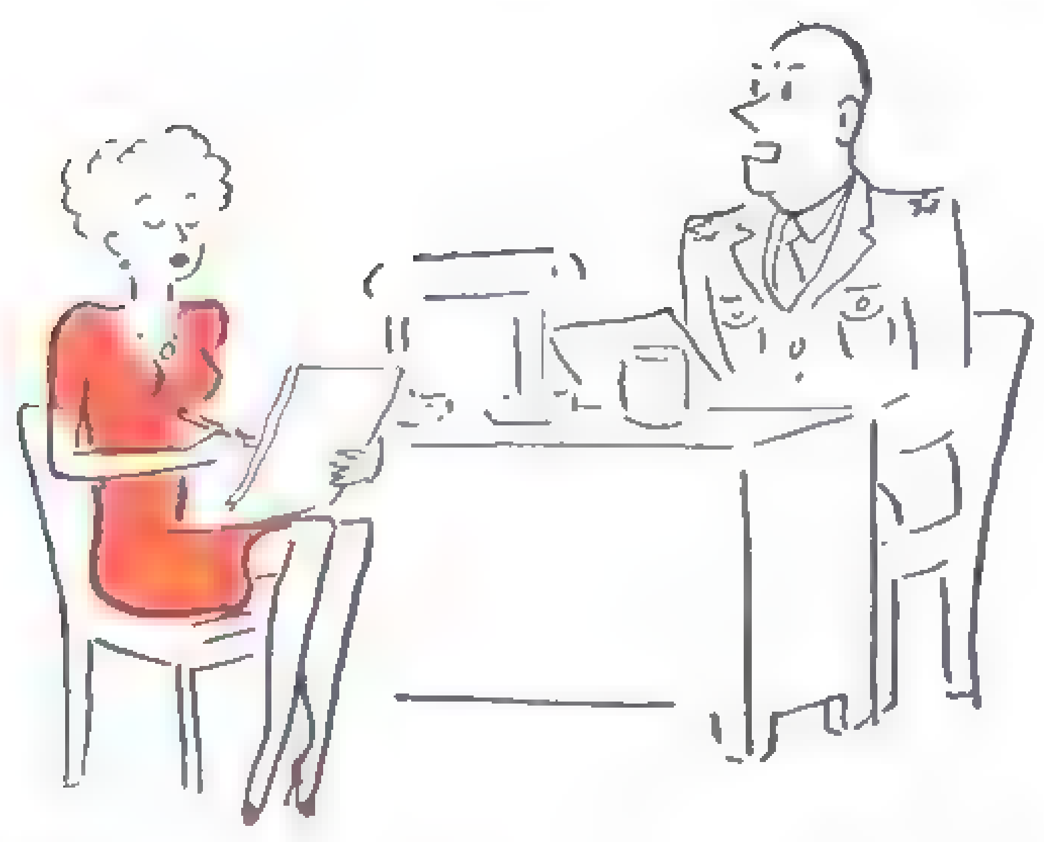
—*The Communiqué*,
Camp Livingston, La.

General Robert E. Lee once remarked to a Civil War goldbrick, "You must be very fond of your mother, my lad. You are so considerate of her son."

—*The Fielder*,
Stout Field, Indianapolis, Ind.

"My dear," said the head of the house, valiantly trying to carve the evening meat, "how did you ever get this steak without giving your number 18 coupon?"

—*Belvoir Castle*,
Fort Belvoir, Va.



"Memo to all Army cooks: In the printed recipes for next Tuesday there is an error. Change the line 'add a pinch of salts to each of the 10,000,000 bowls of soup' to read 'add a pinch of salt to each of the 10,000,000 bowls of soup'."

"I have a confession to make to you. I'm a married man."

"Gosh, you scared me. I thought you were going to say this car wasn't yours." —*Bombardier*,
Pocatello Army Air Base,
Pocatello, Idaho

G.I: "I want to buy a present for my wife."

Sweet Young Sales Lady: "Could I interest you in some net or rayon hose?"

G.I: "Yeah, but let's get the present for my wife first."

—*Lee Traveller*,
Camp Lee, Va.

A recruit was running the obstacle course, puffing and groaning, when finally he fell down.

"What's the trouble?" demanded the chief.

"I think I've broken my leg, Sir," the seaman moaned.

"Well, don't just lie there and waste time," shouted the chief. "Start doing push-ups."

—*The Skeeter*,
U. S. Naval Training Center,
Melville, Rhode Island

The new Army rifle is said to weigh 8.69 pounds. After it has been carried about three hours the decimal falls out.

—*The Clipper*,
Homestead Army Air Field,
Homestead, Fla.

The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the bridegroom.

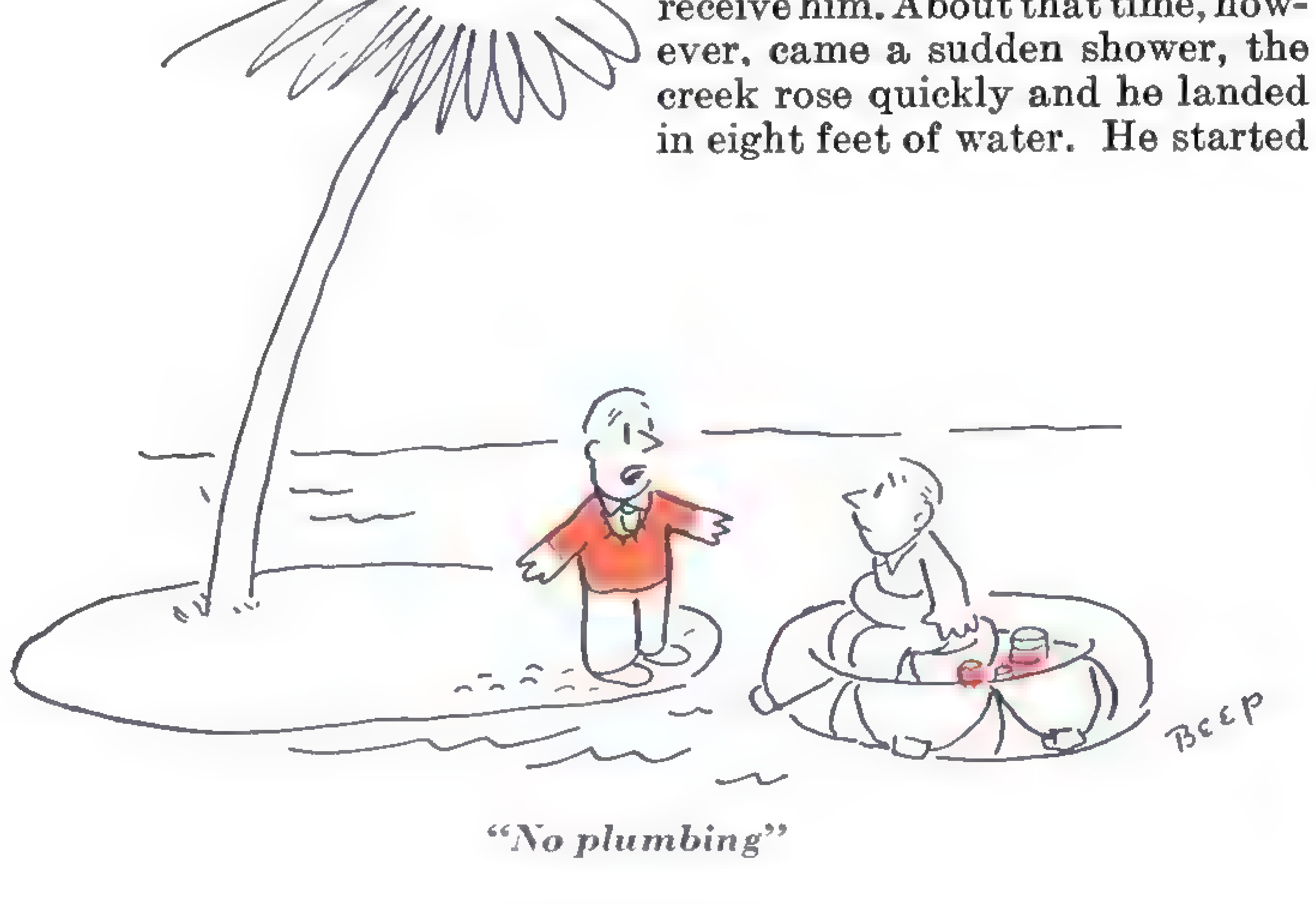
"Why, I certainly thought we were going to have a room to ourselves."

—*Armodier*,
Camp Chaffee, Ft. Smith, Ark.

"What the heck are you grinning about, rookie?"

"Well, Sarge, I used to be a milkman and now I can sleep till 5:30 in the morning."

—*Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas



"No plumbing"

Tech. Sgt: "Let's get our wives together tonight and have a big time."

Master Sgt: "All right, but where will we leave them?"

—*The Interceptor*,
Camp Pinedale, Fresno, Calif.

A sergeant and a private were court-martialed for kicking a colonel, just as the latter was stepping into his car in front of a hotel. The sergeant, asked for an explanation, said the colonel had stepped on his most sensitive corn, that he lost control of his reflexes and had kicked the colonel unintentionally.

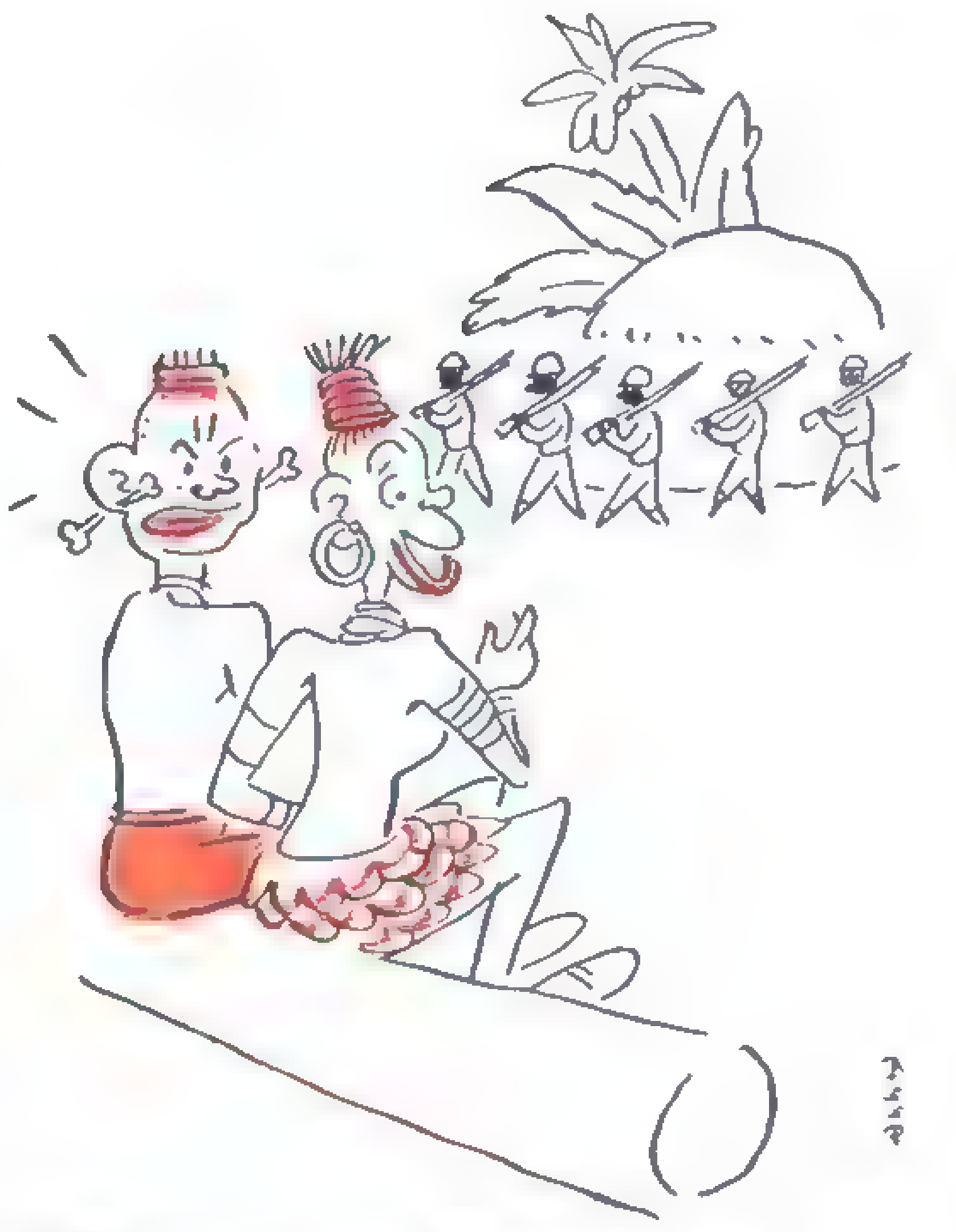
That seemed logical to the Board of Inquiry. They called on the private for his explanation. He just shrugged.

"I guess," he said, "I ain't got no excuse. I saw the sergeant kicking him and I thought the war was over."

—*Terminal Topics*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
San Pedro, Calif.

If you don't like the weather in Texas, just wait a minute. One hot day this spring a farmer came in from work in his field and decided to take a swim in the creek before lunch. He stripped off his clothes as he walked along and dived from the canyon wall without noticing that the recent drought had dried up all the water from the stream. As he left the cliff he was horrified to see the rough, rocky, dry creek bed waiting to receive him. About that time, however, came a sudden shower, the creek rose quickly and he landed in eight feet of water. He started to swim ashore when it became a blizzard and the water froze him fast in the ice. Before he had time to worry about missing his lunch, the sun shone brightly, melted the ice and the only ill effects suffered by our hero was that his shoulders were blistered by the sun before he could swim ashore and get his shirt on.

—*Ft. McIntosh Blitz*,
Laredo, Texas



"What's this Harlem you keep talking about?"

Soldier: "Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?"

G.I. Barber: "It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a piece of ear."

—*The Bealiner*,
Camp Beale, Calif.

Cpl. to Taxi Driver: "What are you stopping for?"

Driver: "I thought I heard the young lady say stop."

Cpl: "She wasn't talking to you."

—*The Interceptor*,
Camp Pinedale, Fresno, Calif.

Modern Maiden's Prayer: Dear Lord, bring him back safe, sound and single.

—*The Terminal Beacon*,
U.S.N. Receiving Station,
San Pedro, Calif.

During recent political upheavals in South America, one side captured the other's general. An envoy was sent to negotiate an exchange of the general.

"We will give you four colonels for him," said the officer.

The offer was declined.

"Eight majors?"

"No."

"Sixteen captains?"

"Sorry."

"What then?"

"We have given the matter most thorough consideration, and the least we can accept is two dozen cans of condensed milk."

—*Broadcaster*,
Scott Field, Ill.

The sergeant settled into the chair at the PX barber shop: "I want a shave, no witch hazel, no shampoo, no tonic, no massage, no shine—I just want a plain shave with *no* trimmings. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir," said the barber, "shall I use lather?"

—reprinted from the *Post Exchange Magazine* in *The Command Post*, Sacramento Air Service Command, McClellan Field, Sacramento, California

First M.P: "So your prisoner got away? Didn't you guard the exits?"

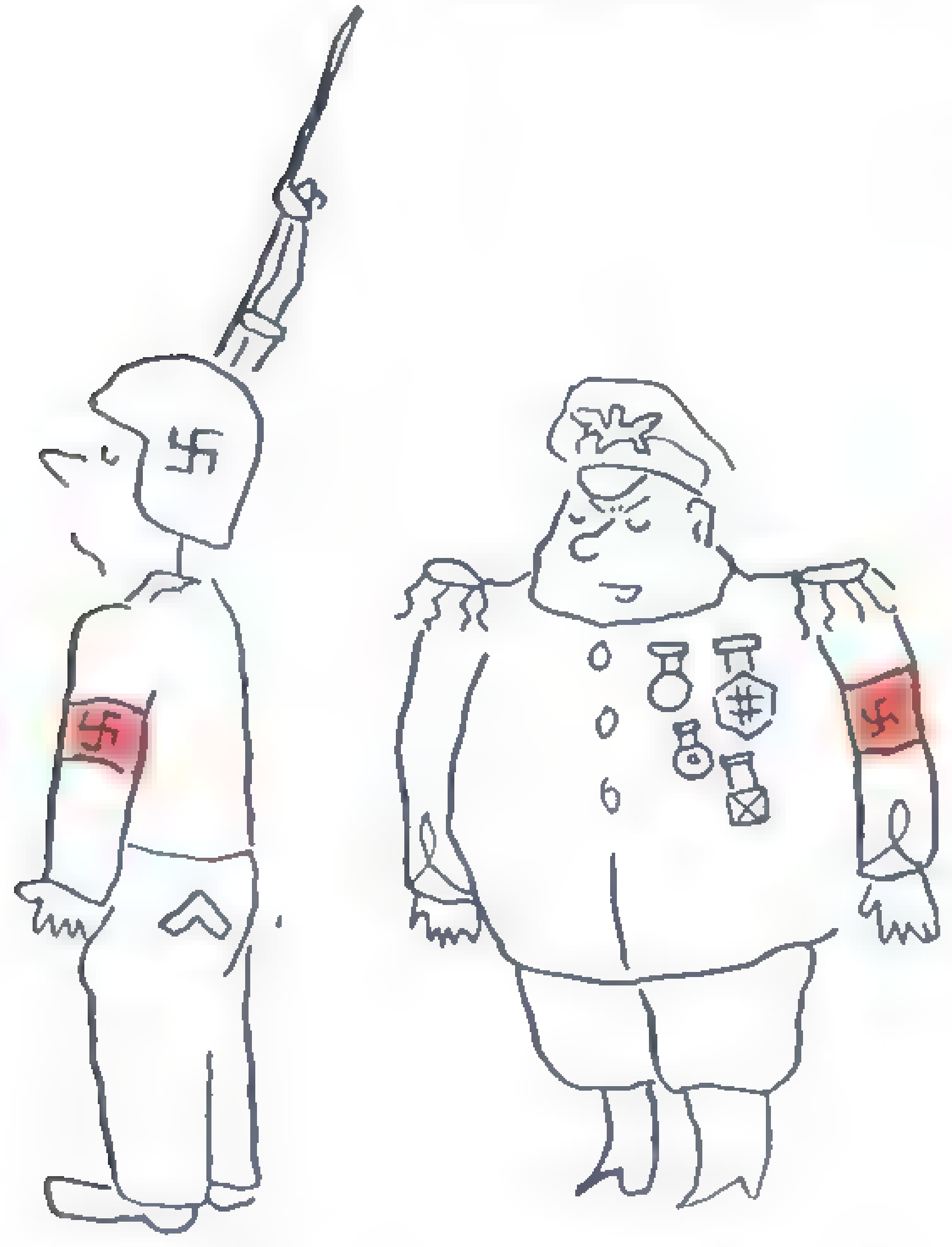
Second M.P: "Yes, he must have gone out one of the entrances."

—*Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas

Mother: "Mabel, get off that sailor's lap."

Mabel: "No, Mother—I got here first."

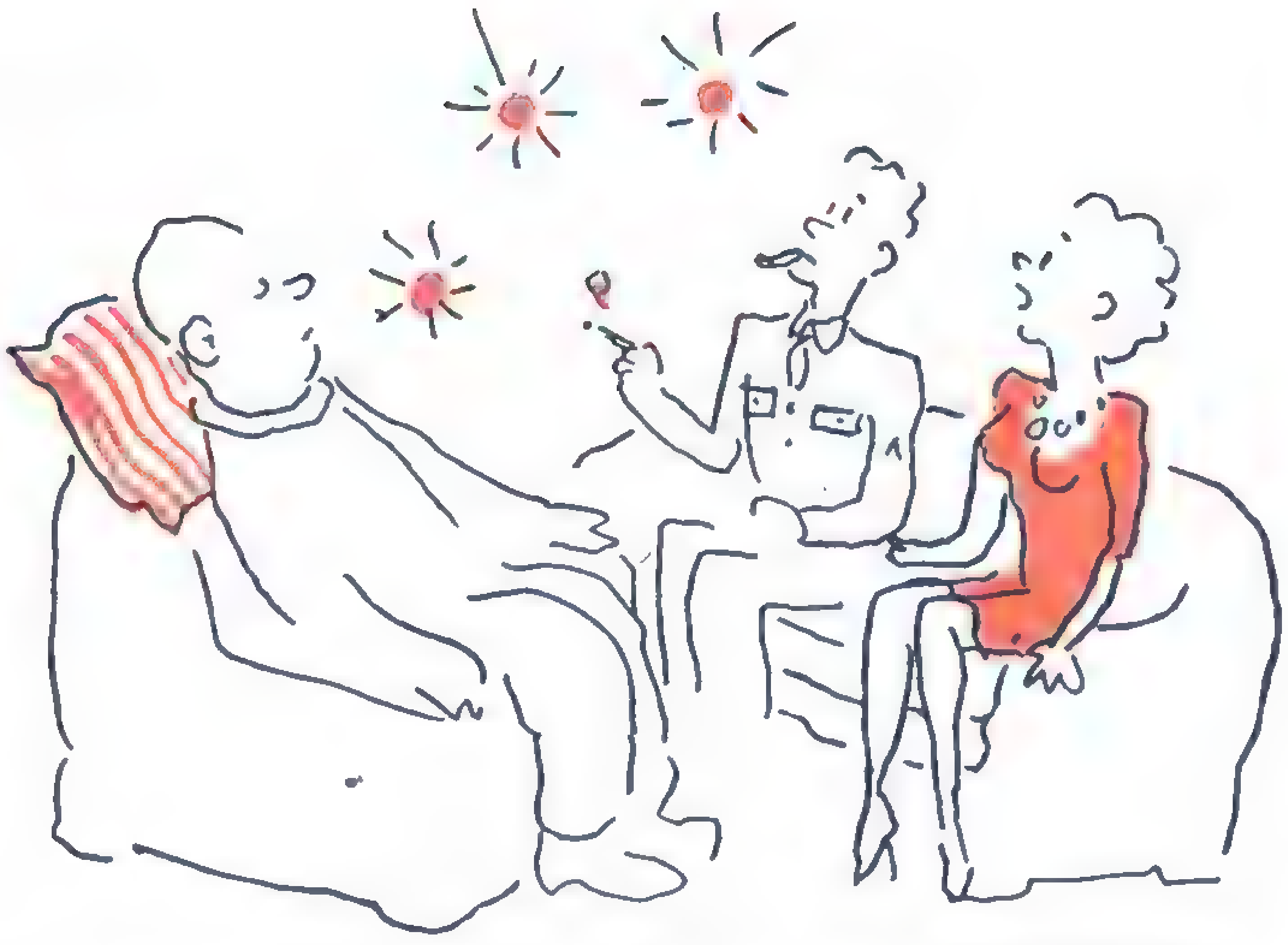
—*Marine Corps Chevron*,
Marine Corps Base,
San Diego, Calif.



"Sentry, no matter where you receive the wound, you wear the wound stripe on your arm"

A recruit was overheard saying in his sleep: "Don't kill Hitler at once. Make him finish basic training first."

—*The Range Finder*,
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.



"Be careful with matches—Papa has been out siphoning gas and he burps ethyl"

Sgt. Jackson looked with amazement at the bump on Cpl. Henry's head.

"How in heck did you get that?" he asked.

"My wife threw a vase at me."

"Why on earth didn't you duck?"

"I did, but she allowed for it."

—*TAC*,
A.A.F.T.C., Orlando, Fla.

While taking his IQ test, a draftee was asked: "What does RFD stand for?"

He looked blank for a moment, then visibly brightening, said, "Ranklin Felano Doosevelt."

—*The Shermanian*,
Sherman Field, Kansas

Agent: "Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier and bring you a host of new friends."

G.I: "I'll take a quart."

—*The Bull Horn*,
N.A.T.T.C., Norman, Okla.

S.C. 3/c: "How did you get the black eye?"

S.C. 1/c: "For kissing the bride after the ceremony."

S.C. 3/c: "But isn't that the usual custom?"

S.C. 1/c: "Yes, but this was three years after the ceremony."

—*The Avenger*,
U.S.N.A.S., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

WHO IS G.I. JOE?

To his government G.I. Joe is manpower. To the general he's expendable. To the medics he's a potential casualty. To the quartermaster he's another foot in a shoe. To his company commander he's a replacement. To his first sergeant he's a goldbrick. To his mess sergeant he's a chow hound. To his battery clerk he's a sick book rider. To his sergeant he's a lousy recruit who'll never make a soldier. To his corporal he's a target for hard labor. To the Pfc.'s he's a meathead.

But to his girl back home he's a hero, and to his family he's THE shining example of an American soldier.

—Reprinted from the *Tarranteer* in the *Camp Wallace Trainer*,
Camp Wallace, Texas

Three Yanks sleeping in Italy were awakened by a crash.

"What was that," asked one, "bombs or thunder?"

"Bombs."

"Thank heaven," said the first G.I. "I was afraid we were going to have more rain."

—*Scott Broadcaster*,
Scott Field, Ill.

She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "You mean wild, romantic, restless?"

She: "No, you make me sick."

—*Tower*,
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Mother: "I wonder where the Army shipped Junior? He writes, 'Faith and bejabbers, sure and I arrived safe and sound, but I can't tell you where I'm stationed, begorra'."

—*The Bull Horn*,
NATTC, Norman, Okla.

Conductor: "Hurry up, lady, we can't wait all day."

Lady: "Can't you wait till I get my clothes on?"

All the passengers turned to stare. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

—*Army Air Field News*,
Lincoln Army Air Field,
Lincoln, Nebraska

Gal: "I'm all worn out trying to get into this evening gown."

Guy: "You don't look all in."

Gal: "Omigosh!!! Where?"

—*Belvoir Castle*,
Fort Belvoir, Va.

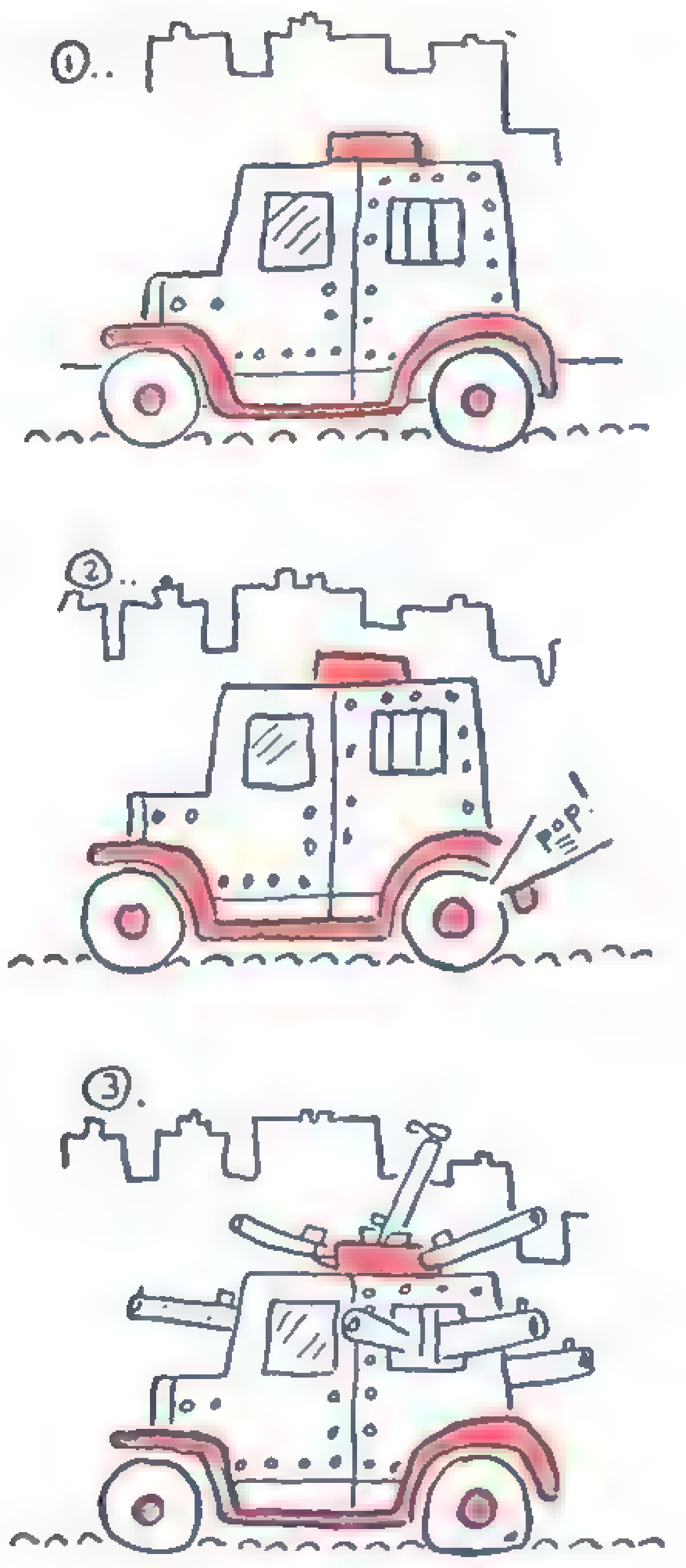
From a private in Italy we get the latest report on how they get rid of cooties over there. The G.I.'s bathe in gravel and then take an alcohol rubdown. The cooties get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.

—*Lee Traveller*,
Camp Lee, Va.

"Look here, soldier, this man beside you on fatigue detail is doing twice the work you are."

"I know it, Sarge. That's what I've been telling him, but the darn fool won't slow down."

—*The Armodier*,
Camp Chaffee, Fort Smith, Ark.



Daughter: "I can't marry him, Mother. He is an atheist and does not believe in hell."

Mother: "Marry him, my dear; between us we will convince him that he is wrong." —*The Clipper*,
Homestead Army Air Field, Fla.

"I can't diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."

"All right, Doctor—I'll come back when you're sober."

—*Western Signal Corps Message*,
Camp Kohler, Sacramento, Calif.

Chief: "I want three volunteers for pick-up detail—you, you and you."

—*The Avenger*,
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Man the Kitchenette

The café Chambord stirs up memories of Free France, where servant and master were truly fraternal, living as equals

by ILES BRODY

•EDIBLES•

I FELT I was in France the other day, in old democratic France. Where the workman said "thou" to the banker, where genius like a Gauguin or a Modigliani drank wine at the zinced bar with the pelerined cop from the corner. Where an old waiter, Césare, bought from me hundreds of my poorly executed sketches for as many hundreds of *café à la crème* and *croissant*. I felt I was once more in the land of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*—for I had the privilege of dining with the kitchen help of a famous French restaurant transplanted to New York.

If you have ever lived in Paris—or even visited there—you must remember a certain picture, not only appetizing but deeply moving: at six o'clock, every evening in every restaurant, the help sat down to dine with the owner at the head of the table. You went into the place at that hour to buy cigarettes or drink a couple of Pernods and you found yourself face to face with a beautiful *gigot*, surrounded by huge casseroles full of kidney beans and bottles of red wine. Around that beautiful leg of lamb, faces were truly radiating freedom, equality and fraternity. The owner pushed the platters before the dishwasher, and his pretty daughter poured a glass for the aged *dame de lavabo*. The master might have been a millionaire (in francs) and the latter's income but a few sous. Yet they all knew by heart Dante's words although they hadn't ever read them: "How sad a road it is to go up and down another's stairs!" The poor didn't fall on their knees before the rich to make Oriental genuflections, and the wealthy esteemed and respected an honest servant.

So I ate in the servants' hall, or rather the kitchen, of the Chambord. The whole brotherhood was there, the only difference being that here the owner didn't preside. It was the executive chef, Monsieur Marcel Gosselin, who sat at the head of the table; he explained that the owner, Monsieur Roger Chauveron, seldom has the time to sit down to a full meal. Père Gosselin has sixteen sons and three daughters—figuratively speaking. With me, we were twenty-one around the long kitchen table when the potage made its appearance in large tureens at exactly six o'clock. It was a St. Germain, a split pea soup, the like of which I have never tasted. Here is its recipe:

Take two pounds of split green peas (for eight people) and wash in cold water. Soak for two hours, drain. Boil for a few minutes in enough water so that the peas will be covered. Drain again and wash peas once more in cold water. Add three quarts of bouillon (or water), a ham bone if you have one and cook under low flame. Skim now and then. Melt some butter in a saucepan, add to this a carrot, an onion, two leeks and six leaves of lettuce, all finely chopped, and fry, taking care that it doesn't burn. Now add this to the split peas and mix; salt and pepper and mix in a tablespoonful of sugar. Cook over low flame for two hours. Take out the ham bone, strain back in another pan and add a half pound of mashed green peas. The latter you make by mashing the shells of fresh peas, cooking in water with salt added (to keep them green), straining and passing through a sieve. Now season the soup, bring to a quick, minute-lasting boil and if the soup is too thick for your taste, add a little more bouillon or water. Finally, mix in another piece of butter. Some add cream or milk at this stage but that is very wrong. Fry very small bread dice in butter and serve on the side.

The salad girl, Mademoiselle Theresa—for naturally I saw to it that I sat next to one of Père Gosselin's daughters—urged me to have another plate of this magnificent soup. It was easy for her to win me over because I hadn't seen the *gigot* yet; there should be a law that the main dish must be shown to diners before the soup so that they'll bridle their appetites. But let me tell you that very few women are tolerated in a great restaurant's kitchen. In a first-rate establishment the chef doesn't allow a woman near the stove. They are only useful in three functions: as salad girls, legumists (preparing the vegetables for cooking) and washing the finer glassware. These are important enough jobs, yet this conveys to you plainly that woman's suffrage is not perfect. They may be allowed to vote at the polls but they cannot penetrate the *grande cuisine!*

The French cook a leg of lamb quite differently. First of all, they debone it, roll and tie it, stuff it with garlic and definitely underdo it. When the *gigot* is finished, they do not carve it under any circumstances before an hour has elapsed; the *gigot* keeps on maturing during this hour, and the juices will remain in it. Such a *gigot* was the next attraction, of course, at the Chambord kitchen dinner, and as I tasted it, I thought of one of the many poems addressed to *gigot* by French poets.

> "Dear and choice morsel,
> Ornament of the butcher,
> I'll eat you my adorable belle
> Till my funeral."
> (d'Assoucy)

The kidney beans were there, too, a modest vegetable that plays such an important role in French gastronomy. For example, Napoleon insisted on eating them in one form or another every day (he liked bean salad best), and the gourmet, Marquis de Cussy, practically lived on them from the time he reached middle age, abandoning his beloved truffled pheasants for beans' sake. But probably the marquis' toothlessness had something to do with this matter.

Salad came next and a marvelous Wisconsin Brie cheese, plenty of vigorous California red wine and French coffee, that is to say, coffee mixed with chicory, one of my many weaknesses. We smoked a cigarette, talked quietly and I realized more and more that these twenty people formed a family, although they had never heard of one another before starting to work together. But they were laboring for the common good, for the honor of a great kitchen, and this fact held them together tighter than any family ties. I suddenly remembered that lately restaurateurs complain bitterly about the help. There'd be no necessity for this if they would treat the help a little after the French pattern which I have just described.

One by one my dinner companions pushed the chairs back. "Oh, my artichokes!" cried Mademoiselle Madeleine. "Zey must be washed!" "My Bordeaux glasses!" echoed Mademoiselle Isabelle. "Zey must be dried!" The chefs went about their duties silently and efficiently and Jean, the Senegalese, who a moment before partook of that marvelous dinner with us at the table, now swept the imaginary dust from under it. I thought my time had come to leave the kitchen and its kind folk who had tried their best, as only simple and noble people can, to make me feel at home. Yet I felt like an outsider; I was ashamed that I did not share in their work. In fact, I made Monsieur Gosselin work some more and asked him to give me a couple of the famous Chambord recipes. Here they are. If you think they are too grandiose for these times, keep them until better ones arrive. Gastronomy, like everything else, has its ups and downs.

Le Homard du Maine à la Façon Bordelaise

Section the live lobster in equal pieces. Save the intestines. Cook the lobster in a saucepan with very hot oil for ten minutes; add two tablespoons of chopped shallots, two chopped peeled tomatoes, one pint of good red wine, salt and red pepper; cook for twenty minutes. Remove the lobster; reduce the sauce one half. Mix with the intestines one tablespoon white flour, two tablespoons sweet butter, one spoon of fresh chopped parsley and one glass brandy. Add this mixture to your sauce and cook seven minutes; put this sauce on top of your lobster and serve.

Chapon Fin Sauté Marengo

After cleaning, cut the capon in regular pieces and sauté in oil; swirl the saucepan with white wine; add two peeled and chopped tomatoes, a bit of crushed garlic, ten small mushrooms, six green pitted olives and ten small white onions. Cook over moderate fire thirty minutes before adding salt and ground pepper. Put it on dish; cover with sauce and garnish; surround it with heart shaped croutons fried in butter and small fried eggs; sprinkle the whole with a pinch of fresh chopped parsley and serve.

As I stepped from the kitchen to the restaurant itself, the clients began to trickle in. Messieurs Dufau and Paris, the two headwaiters, took up their strategic position at the door, as did the waiters at their posts. They, too, had just finished dinner, having eaten the same fare we did at a long table in one corner of the restaurant. Monsieur Chauveron, the owner, was running back and forth, giving last minute instructions, and he whisked me away to the bar in order to have me out of the way. For the dinner hour was beginning in this restaurant where not only the good food and superb cellar are the lure, but also the Frenchiest atmosphere (outside of France) anywhere in the world today. People come here also to remember things past, to retrace their steps, to muse awhile as they eat. It is an old world France one meets at this restaurant.

"You know, Monsieur," said Chauveron to me *en passant*, "my family fed people since the time of François I, the wicked but amusing king. All of them were restaurateurs. Truffles and foie gras were their stock in trade, and so is mine. When I run out of them, I'll close the doors of the Chambord." The voice of this dapper little Frenchman, this culinary savant, sobered. But then he added with a wink: "I have a little time yet, though . . ."

Late in the evening, as life in the restaurant became calm once more and I was ready to leave (for I had stuck to the bar and that wonderful Armagnac), I saw Chauveron alone at a table, munching a cold, unadorned chicken wing and listening to a small portable radio. His beautiful wife was adding up figures in a tall cashier seat, in the true helpmeet tradition of French wives. I was filled with nostalgia for Paris . . .

But as the proverb goes, dry bread at home tastes better than feasts abroad and as I told you, gastronomy has its ups and downs. So the night after the Chambord dinner I cooked a meal for myself. I got hold of a small steak, trimmed it of all the fat, salted and peppered it and—with apologies to the gas company—I put it right smack on the gas flame. First I kept the flame high in order to seal the juices in, and then I lowered it for a few minutes until the steak cooked through, but remained cherry color inside, with a little blood oozing out when I cut it. Well, I tell you, steak or any type of meat grilled this way is every bit as good as on a charcoal fire, the process being nearly the same. Particularly since the ovens in an ordinary kitchen or kitchenette are no good for broiling. I also peeled a few raw potatoes, sliced them thin, thrust the slices into hot butter and cooked them to a nice brown. They cook quickly so you must take care not to burn them and they taste a million times better than French fries. In my enthusiasm I murmured a line from Shakespeare.

"Good sister, let us dine and never fret . . ." Only she wasn't my sister.

E. Simms Campbell

"He comes from a very nice family, I understand"

Time and the Dream Mine

For half a century John Koyle, the prophet, has somehow persuaded sanguine stockholders that the bonanza is just around the corner

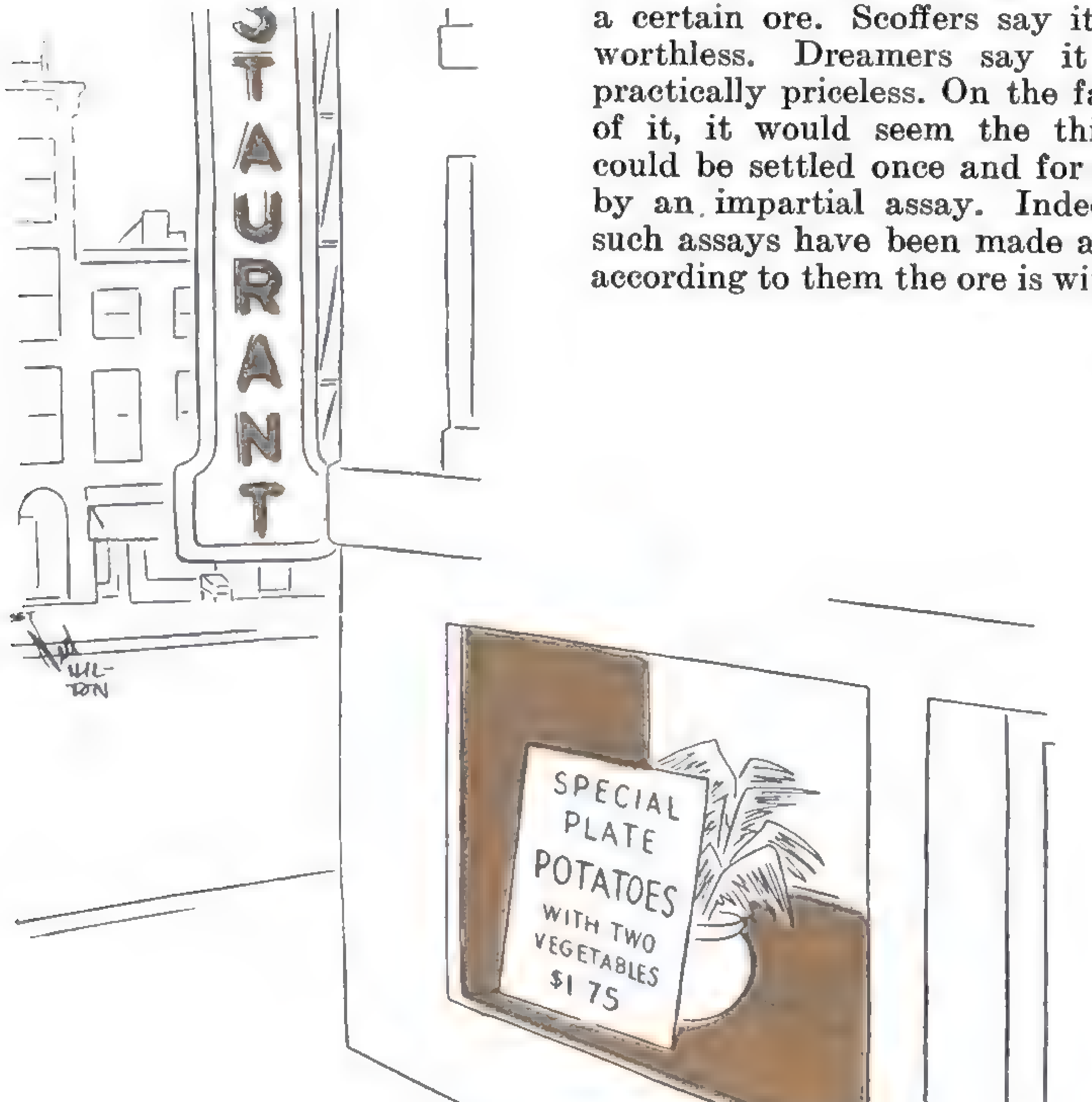
by SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

▪ARTICLE▪

On the 17th of September, 1894, a party of six men climbed the face of a mountain east of Spanish Fork, Utah. The leader, John Koyle, selected a spot he had seen in a dream, and they started to dig. They did not find paying ore.

Today, almost fifty years later, the Dream Mine is still in operation. Koyle has blasted tunnels and shafts totaling almost a mile and a half into the rock of the mountain. A 60,000-dollar flotation mill of gleaming white concrete has been erected. No paying ore has been produced. According to impartial assays, the ore has been practically worthless. But operations continue.

Yet this is no rich man's folly. John Koyle started digging a poor man; he is still a poor man. The mine has been financed entirely by hard-headed stockholders, who number today around five thousand, scattered over the entire United States. The stockholders are not at all perturbed by the lack of the usual incentives for investment. On the contrary, they are filled with an almost rabid enthusiasm. True, an occasional disgruntled Dreamer, as Dream Mine stockholders are termed, may unload his holdings for from two to four bits a share. But the purchaser of such stock will not be a dyed-in-the-wool Dreamer. Such a one wouldn't dream of buying stock except from Koyle himself at the unvarying par value of a dollar and a half per share. Inasmuch as the mine's only source of income is from the sale of new stock, it obviously would not help the cause to buy resold stock at however much of a bargain.



The story of the Dream Mine is a good one, and it's too bad it can't be told, yet. It can be, perhaps, in a few weeks. Big things are supposed to be breaking, but the time apparently hasn't arrived to reveal them. Scoffers say big things have been breaking with clock-like regularity for forty-nine years; but John Koyle avers that this time every problem is licked and every obstacle overcome. Another boom is on.

The Dream Mine does produce a certain ore. Scoffers say it is worthless. Dreamers say it is practically priceless. On the face of it, it would seem the thing could be settled once and for all by an impartial assay. Indeed, such assays have been made and according to them the ore is without value. This does not in the slightest deter Koyle and his Dreamers, nor dampen their enthusiasm. Koyle simply claims, and his Dreamers believe, that this ore is unusual and that all the metals are burned out of it by ordinary methods of assay.

John Koyle is now seventy-nine years old, stooped from a lifetime of hard work. He lives at the base of the mountain in a modest white frame house set amid the scrub oak and sagebrush just below the magnificent mill that is a monument to his life's dream. He wears a faded blue shirt, dungarees supported by wide suspenders and worn farm shoes. His eyes are dimming now, but his hair, except for a scraggly moustache, is just beginning to gray. His face is curiously unlined. He sits in a rocking chair and talks in a low voice of crops, the labor situation, the war, people in the vicinity. He won't talk about the Dream Mine. Not yet. Nor for a few weeks. People have doubted him too long. He's determined to show 'em this time.

Yes, he started it back in '94. And some people still doubt he's got the paying ore. He smiles slightly, and there is a change. His voice remains soft but his eyes are no longer dim. His face is serene, no single line of doubt having formed in forty-nine years. The ore's there. Pure tungsten is making a filagree on the face of the vein, he says. You can pick it off with your fingers. From time to time enthusiasm has reached a fever pitch among Dreamers as new metals were reported as found in the ore. Today, Koyle states, there are thirty-three metals in it, including gold, silver, platinum and lead in breath-taking quantities. Scoffers hint that when Koyle needs money he "discovers" a new metal in the ore. Koyle explains that the big trouble is that his ore is too rich. All thirty-three metals have different melting points. Under ordinary smelting methods, he says, you'd lose most of them—they'd vaporize and go up the chimney. But he's got that licked. Never mind how. Just wait a few weeks. Then he'll have something to tell. He won't talk right now.

But hasn't it been difficult to keep going all this while? Koyle smiles. Yes, he's had a fight of it. But, says he, they'll all come around begging to buy stock too late, when there won't be any to sell. He knows what'll happen. He saw it all from the beginning.

A dream? Well, you can call it that, though in Utah people use another term. In Utah some people call it divine inspiration, and it is a matter of record that some extraordinarily rich mines have been discovered by this method.

Koyle states simply and without elaboration that he went completely through the mine and explored the ore vein before the first pick was laid to the mountainside in 1894.

He had been digging awhile, following the strata in a slope towards the east, when a geologist came for a look.

"You'll never find anything on an east slope," the geologist said.

Koyle just smiled and kept on digging. Presently, just as he had predicted, the slope switched to the west. Here his troubles began. Certain ones of the original party wanted to follow the slope straight back towards the west. Koyle knew he should go diagonally. There was an argument, and he closed down the mine. Two years later, after handsome and humble apologies had been tendered several times, he continued the tunnel, diagonally. Koyle is a patient man. Since that time, there has been no question about who is boss.

Meanwhile, the geologist was pestering again. He was concerned with what he termed the plight of innocent investors. He pointed out that there was no iron, no slate and no igneous rock, all of which should have been present. Koyle roamed the mountainside and found a huge slate bed. He found several acres of outcropping igneous rock. In the mine he pointed out a vein of iron.

"That's the wrong color for iron," the geologist said.

Koyle shrugged and tested a random sample. "It assayed 50 per cent iron. It was the wrong color because it was burned," he explains simply. "That means there was a fire in the earth. And that means there's metals. The iron is the mother and the igneous rock is the father and the offspring is my ore." He doesn't know what part the slate plays. He'll leave that to the geologists.

So they tried to stop him. Koyle was hauled into court. Arrayed as witnesses against him were a dozen and a half stockholders smarting

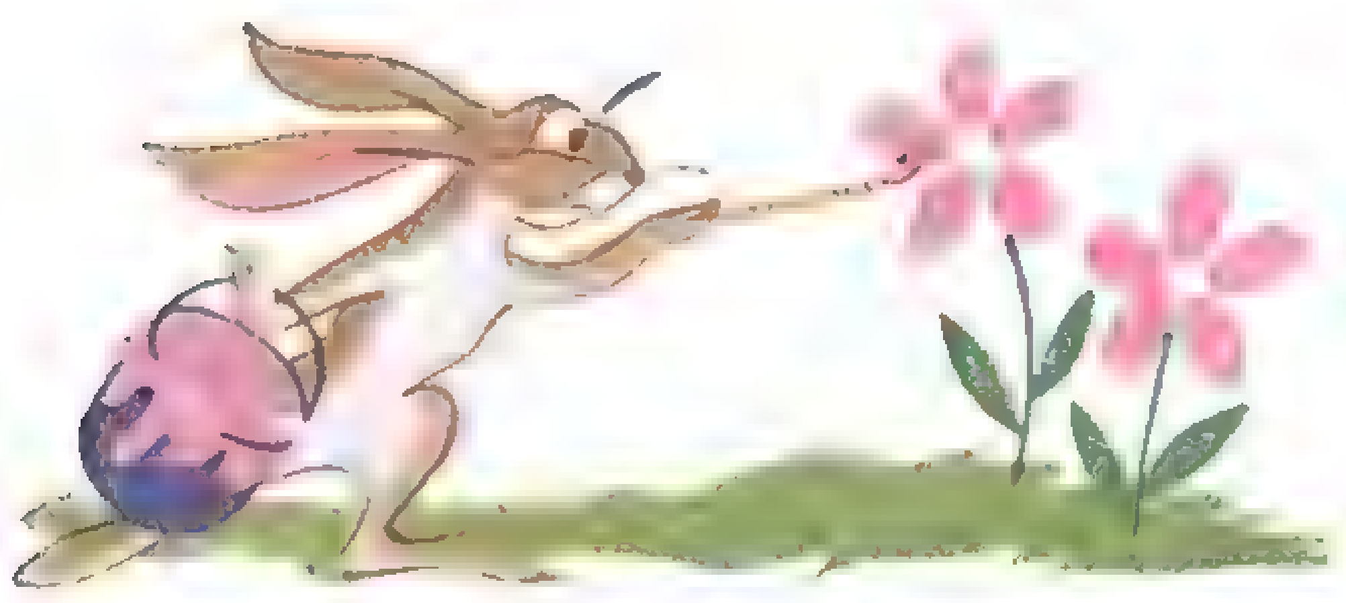
Continued on page 177

"Now that Easter's over, I'm resigning!"

"Every Easter, it's the *same old story!*

"First I've got to see that everybody's present is received. Then I gotta see that the flowers and trees are pretty. Then I gotta see that people look their best.

"Well, now that Easter's over, I'm resigning as an Easter Bunny.



"Here's why. After supervising the presents, (mostly all War Bonds, I am happy to report!) I had to rush over to the Flower and Tree Department. *That* went smoothly enough.

"But then, in the See-That-People-Are-Dressed-Up Division, I turned an unusual shade of green, strictly from envy. *There* was a man dressed in an Arrow ensemble . . . of which I have never seen anything nicer!

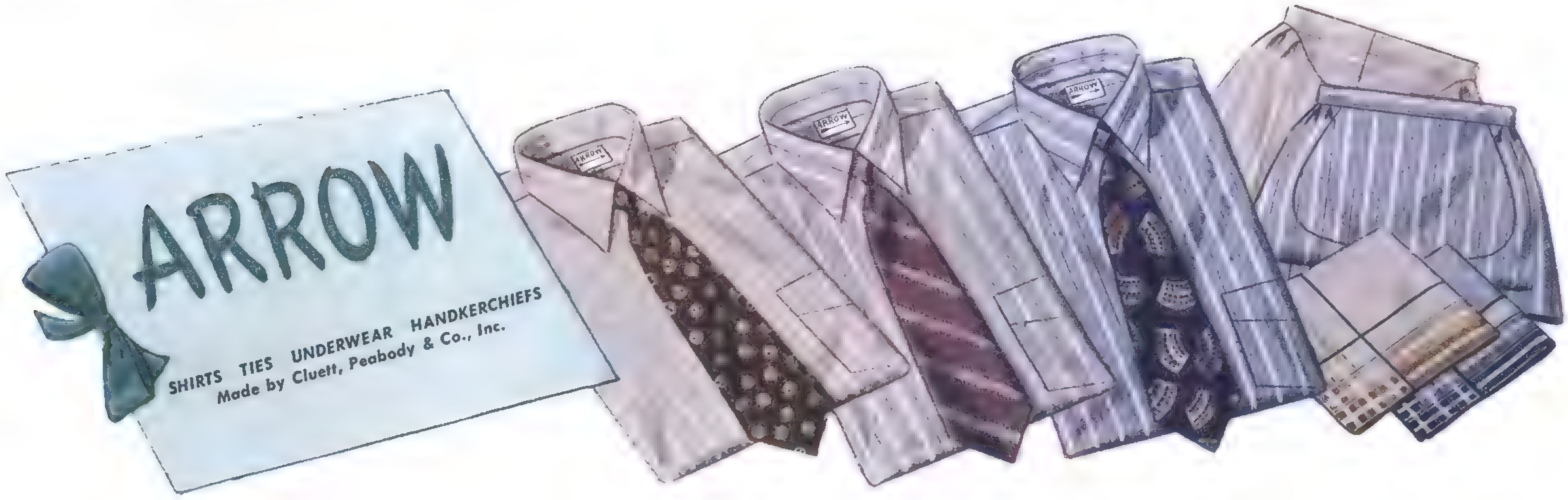
"The shirt was a neatly striped broadcloth—the kind that *looks great* and *lasts long*. The Arrow Collar on it flattered the man's face—like *all* Arrow Collars do. Thanks to Arrow's Mitoga-cut, there was no bunching around the midriff.

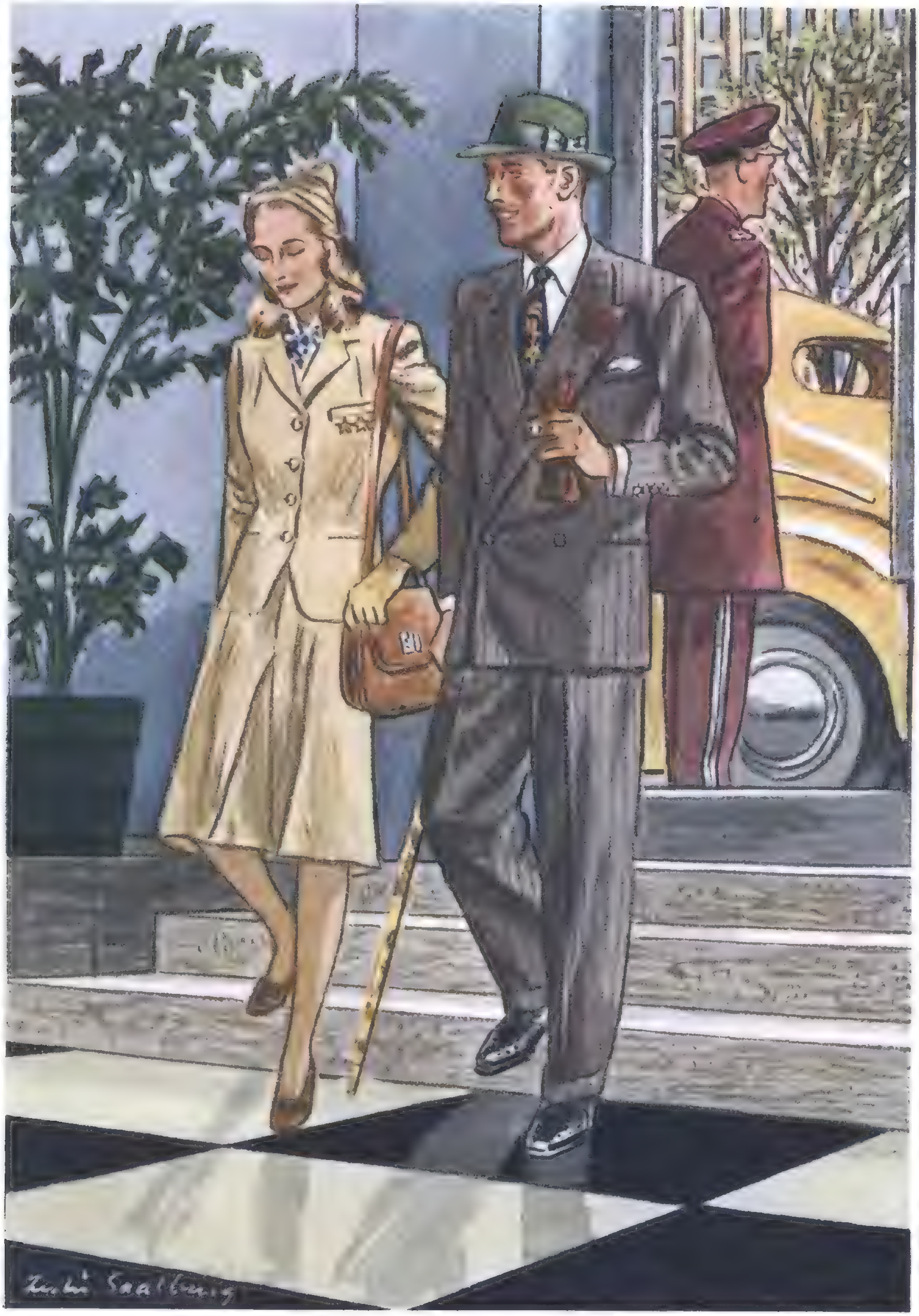
"The Arrow Tie and Handkerchief were Harmony, Inc. The tie contrasted most pleasingly with the shirt (made a *perfect* knot, too!) and the Arrow Handkerchief gave the entire outfit a special brand of *oomph!*

"And although I didn't see them personally, I heard the man mention that the shorts were the most comfortable he ever wore. No center seam to chafe and annoy, and puh-lenty of room in the seat. And they had a Sanforized label—just like the shirt!

"So that's why I'm resigning as an Easter Bunny. *I wanna be a man so that I can wear an Arrow outfit, too!"*

Arrow Shirts . . . $2.24 up. Ties . . . $1.00 up.
Handkerchiefs . . . 35¢ up. Shorts . . . 75¢ up.

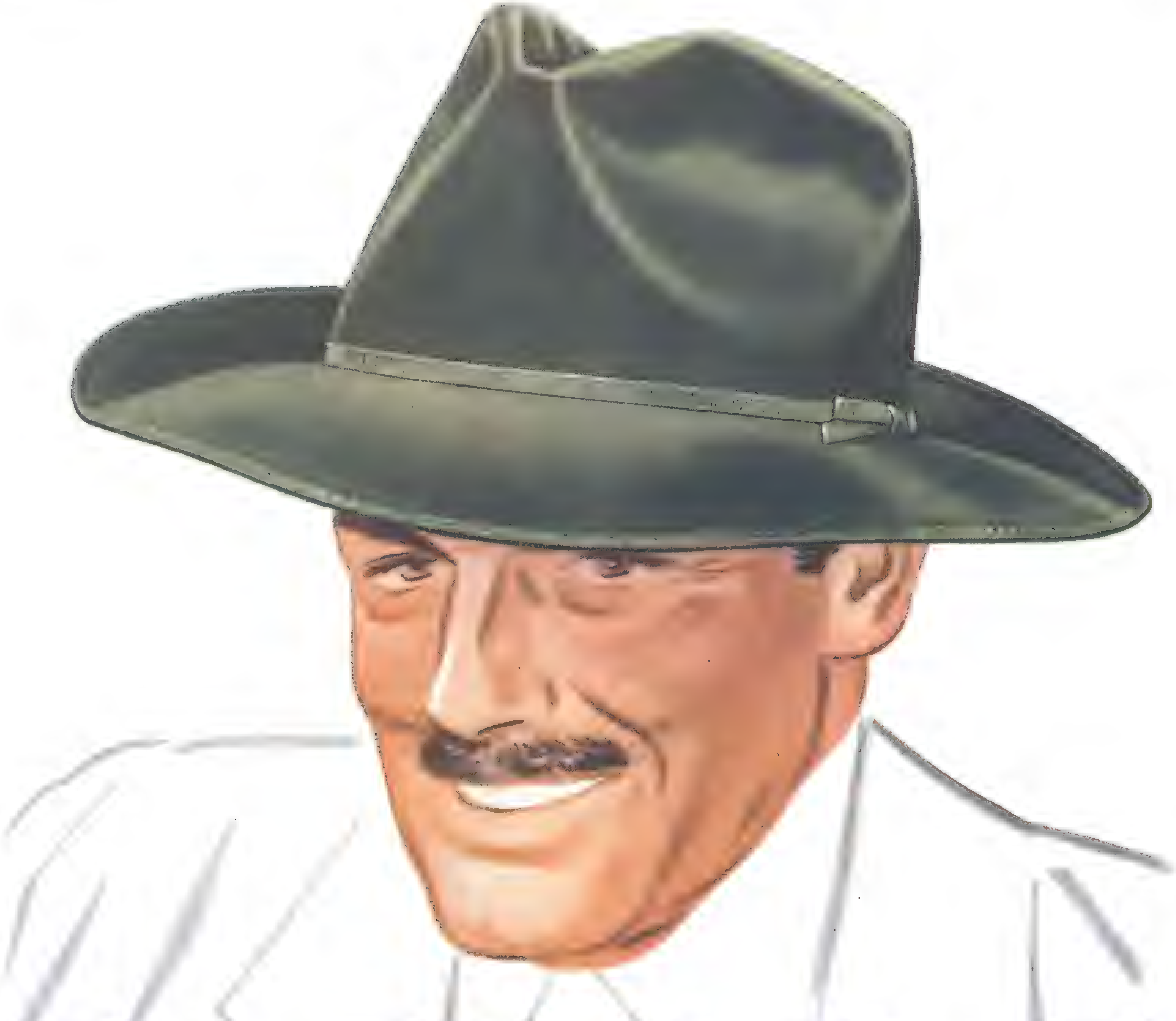

ARROW
SHIRTS TIES UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



arrival of a new departure

This hardly goes under the heading of furor in the foyer, but breezing into the joint comes a rather fresh idea in flannel—wine colored stripes against a plain grey ground. Sprightly but not gaudy. The model also calls for honorable mention, being in the well-favored two-button double breasted style with lapel rolling to the lower button. Another news item is the "focal print" tie with a graduated pattern that widens from top to bottom. The fabric is a blue rayon foulard with red and yellow figures, worn with white broadcloth shirt with widespread collar. The felt hat, with raw edge brim, follows the current trend toward green in headwear. Cuffs are permissible if you're of a height that allows them—in other words, if your legs aren't too damn long. The gal's jacket effectively copycats an idea of her betters, being patterned after a man's drape model with narrow lapels and broad shoulders.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

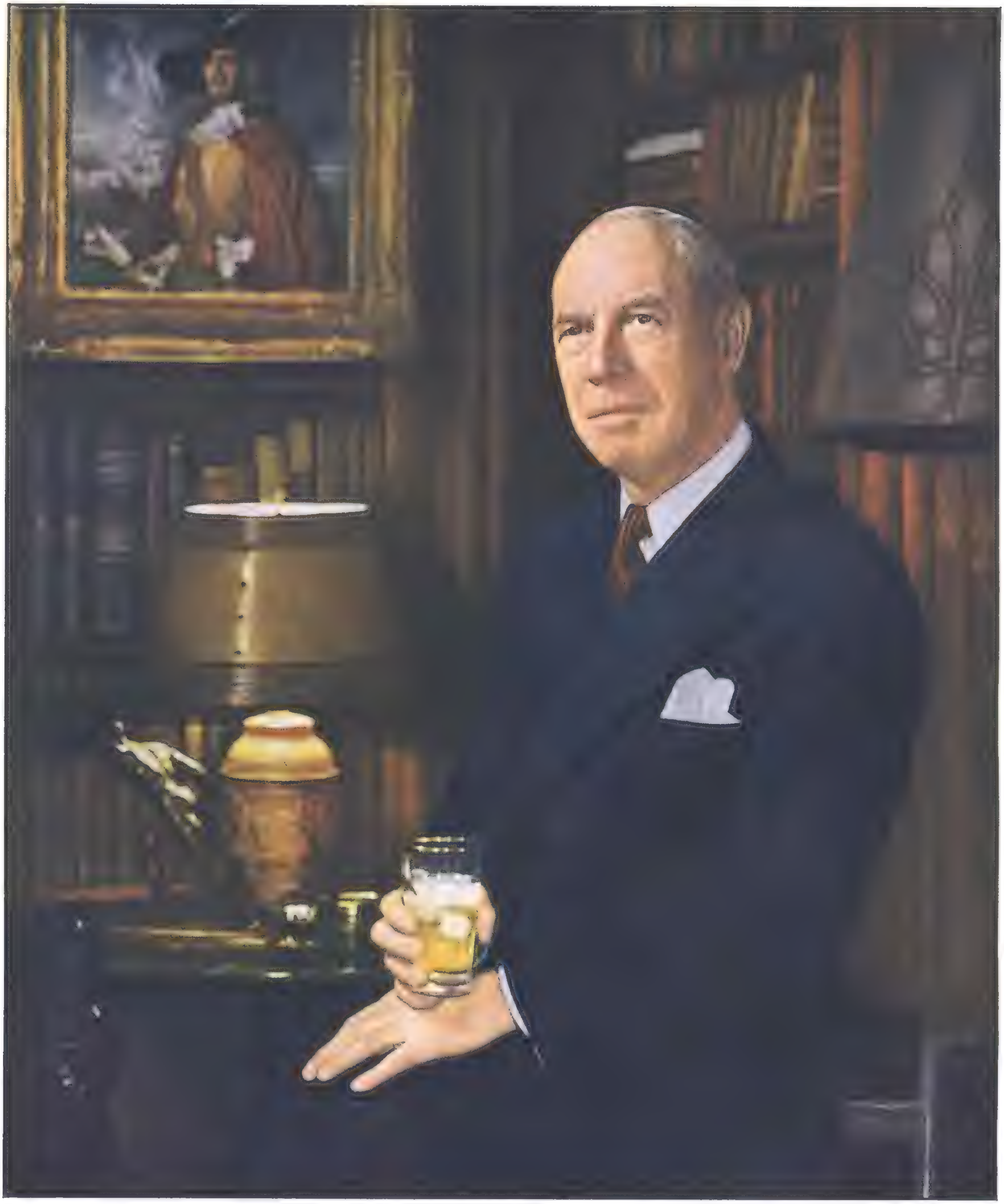


DOBBS

Jolly Roger

In a stiff spring breeze, fly the Jolly Roger. A hat with spirit for men who want to look younger. Wear it brims-up or down or straight. *Cock it*—if that's your mood. It's light but tough . . . flexible yet holds fast to your shaping. In country, in town, at work, it's a great hat for every occasion . . . It's the Dobbs! **$7.50.** Other fine Dobbs—**$6.50** to **$40.**

New York's Leading Hatters • Dobbs Retail Store: Park Avenue at 53rd Street • Available at Fine Stores



For Men of Authority... **LORD CALVERT**

FOR many years Lord Calvert has been America's most expensive blended whiskey. It is "Custom" Blended for those who can afford the finest. So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... it has never been produced except in *limited* quantities. Each bottle is individually numbered and registered at the Calvert distillery.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY.

Harmonics in Color

Elementary lesson in the choice of accessories that harmonize or contrast with suits' basic shades

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
▪WEARABLES▪

A lot of our fan mail lately has consisted of queries from readers who lament that, while not literally color blind, they suffer from a kind of anxiety neurosis concerning the selection of accessories to complement their old faithful blue and grey business suits. The symptoms of the disease, known to haberdashers as Dread Scott Indecision, are headache and dizziness at the necktie counter accompanied by a tendency to take the first thing proffered, to bark out, "Wrap it up," and to hurry home, burying the painful incident deep in the subconscious and the tie somewhere in the top drawer beneath income tax carbons and Get Well cards.

Our advice to such readers is contained on this page which may be torn out and stored in your hip pocket for reference until you feel confident to carry on alone.

Two basic methods of co-ordinating colors involve harmony and contrast. The former or more conservative way might consist, for example, of varying shades of blue for the suit, tie, shirt, handkerchief, etc. Or, if you like contrast, try a grey suit, blue shirt, maroon tie with yellow figures, maroon and blue striped suspenders, maroon socks, black shoes. In the accompanying lists, colors represent predominant tones, whether plain, striped, Glen plaid or overplaid. Simple? #

suit	grey	blue	brown
shirt	ivory blue red & white green yellow white	blue grey red & white ivory yellow white	tan ivory brown white green blue
tie	maroon blue green yellow grey	blue grey gold maroon yellow	maroon green yellow gold copper brown
handkerchief	blue maroon yellow green	blue maroon yellow white	tan maroon green yellow
hat	grey brown blue green black	grey brown blue black	brown olive drab green mixture tan
suspenders	maroon blue green yellow grey	maroon blue grey gold yellow	maroon green brown tan gold
socks	maroon blue green grey black	maroon blue dark grey black brown	brown maroon green
shoes	brown black	black dark brown	dark brown

BUCKLE
DOWN
AMERICA!

We can't let up . . . until the enemy gives up! There's still a *big* job to be done all along the line . . . front line, production line, home line. So, until *they* knuckle down—America, buckle down!

(And buckle up an initialed buckle on your new Hickok belt . . . sets from $2 up.)

HICKOK
WHERE WAR WORK COMES FIRST

BELTS · BRACES · JEWELRY

"I forgot"—
WON'T WIN THE WAR
Jot it down-
Do it-
Tear it out-
Live notes only!
CARDS
RR
Jot it down
Do it
Tear it out
Live notes only

Here's a MEMORY SYSTEM that NEVER FORGETS

It's not easy to keep a sure-fire MEMORY. That's why ROBINSON REMINDERS are standard at Douglas Aircraft where they can't be forgetful.

The original perforated coupon book . . . you jot each note on a separate coupon . . . when attended to, tear it out . . . keep live notes only. Stationery, department and leather stores. $1.00 to $10.00. Fillers are standard and available everywhere.

WRITE - for FREE catalog and dealers' names. Dept. E1

also by the makers of ROBINSON REMINDERS

BILLMINDERS
and
MISS GADABOUT

ROBINSON
REMINDERS
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Imperfect Carrier

Telling the odd five per cent alcohol is not a substitute for friendship or for mother

by LAWTON MACKALL

POTABLES

"I want a book that Hollywood wouldn't dare film"

As an enjoyer of alcoholic beverages, I hate the complacency of saying, "Too bad about Joe Allergic. He just shouldn't drink." Yet pity would be an insult, and scolding gets you nowhere.

Sociological statisticians, getting in their grim work on him, find he's approximately *one* out of every *twenty* drinkers—a mere five per cent. The ninety-five per cent who *can* handle their liquor aren't begging for the job of acting as their bungling brother's keepers, but when he louses up the party, that responsibility is thrust onto them. For there he is—one of civilization's problem cases.

In the uncivilization known as Prohibition he was no problem at all. The waiters in the speak-easy where he spent his days and nights simply hoisted him from his corner at closing time and turned him over to the doorman, who stowed him into a taxi, and that was that, his "esteemed patronage" feeding the protection kitty, which was always hungry. I'm speaking, of course, of the fancier dumps of that era. The forthright ones disposed of him, when duly mulcted, by merely tossing him out onto the sidewalk. If he happened to crack his skull, the police who gathered him up figured he must have tripped or turned his ankle while strolling. He couldn't possibly have come out of a place that didn't exist—any more than such places exist in "dry" sections of America today.

You would have thought that a system so efficient would have liquidated him completely by now. But he is still with us as an unhappy holdover, blinking in the limelight of legal dispensing. Hotelmen and restaurateurs don't want him on their premises and distillers don't want any part of his patronage.

The doctors say he is a sick man. Mentally more than physically. He has the delusion of expecting social beverages to play roles that they were never cut out for, based on his own psychic lacks. A therapeutist has to make it clear to him that:

1. *Alcohol isn't Mama.* In his infancy the drinks were on her, and they were wonderful—warm, satisfying and soothing—turning his wails into coos and making him feel comfortably sleepy. As a well-known doctor expresses it, maternal milk is man's first anesthetic. But comes a time when diet broadens out in the direction of solids such as beefsteak and baked Idaho, and milord is supposed to be on solid ground permanently except for soups and something to drink now and then. Even so, the subconscious mind carries memories of the simple life *chez* Mama which appeal nostalgically when cares and complexities get a man down in middle life. He yearns for consoling warmth that will soften up his troubles and make him feel good. Alcohol will do this comforting job, but it can't solve life for him "like Mama did." It will take the cares off his back for an hour or an evening, but it can't carry them by the day, week or month. Certainly it will never lick them for him. And if he is so infantile, so unweaned as to imagine it will, he is a psychic sissy.

2. *Alcohol isn't business success.* It can be helpful in the form of diplomatic refreshments which build acquaintance and thaw commercial ice. But that's all, brother.

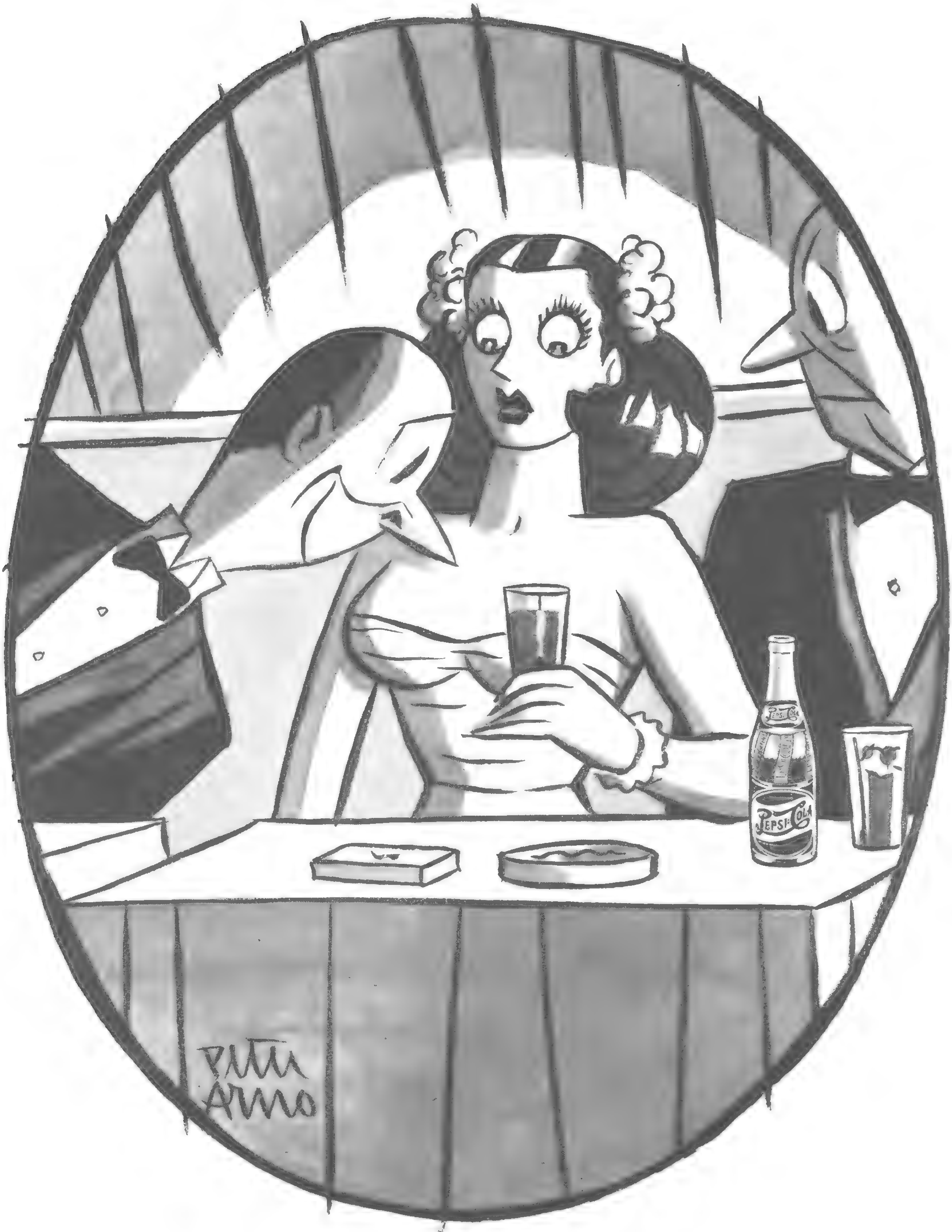
3. *Alcohol isn't a substitute for human society.* The ingrown guy who drinks solitarily because "the bottle understands him better than people do" isn't helping his troubles any. He is only thickening his shell. Doing so, poor hermit, with something convivial which, if normally used instead of misapplied for self-pity purposes, might have eased his shyness and gained him some friends.

4. *Alcohol isn't a solver of emotional problems.* If your gal has turned you down for the other fellow, or your marriage has hit the rocks, don't expect liquor to compensate. The label on the bottle makes no such promise.

5. *Alcohol isn't a cure for boredom.* The futile Mr. Yawn, who seems to have nothing on his mind but his ennui, somehow manages to think of a drink in the hope

Continued on page 112

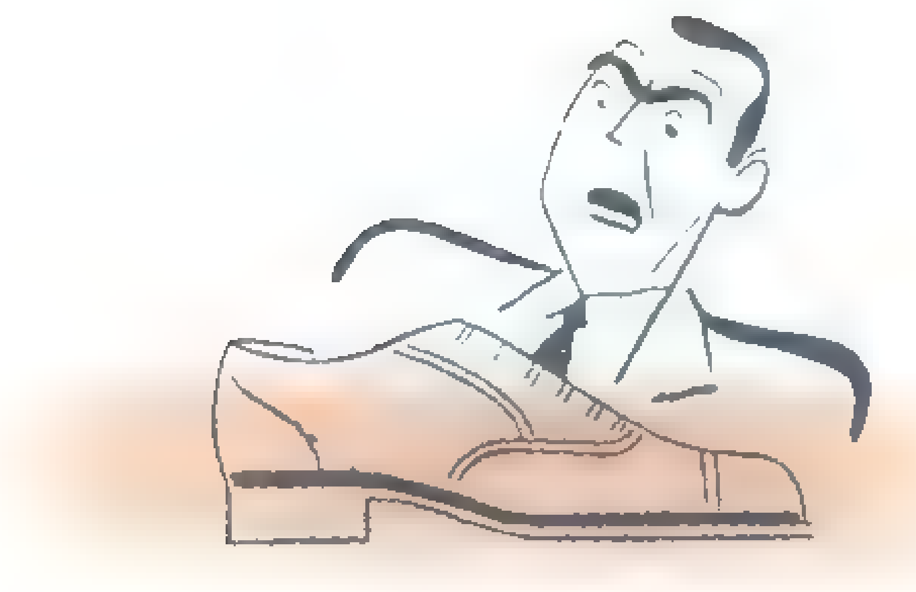
An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company



Pepsi-Cola
Pepsi-Cola
Peter Arno

"Mmm-m—It looks good! What is it?"

1. **WOULD YOU** pick out a kitchen chair to relax on? You would *not!* It tires you quickly, because it's flat where you aren't.



2. **SAME THING** is true of most shoes. They tire you too quickly, simply because their insoles are flat where you aren't. Sounds logical, doesn't it?

3. **BOOTMAKER GUILD** shoes have molded insoles, *cupped* to cradle your rounded heels and give your arches *natural support.* It's as easy as that!

4. **THE RESULT** of this *exclusive feature* is the most sole-satisfying comfort you ever treated your feet to! Styles are the smartest! And the quality of the shoemaking is topnotch. For a better fit in a better shoe, see our dealer. Write Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wis., for his name.

Bootmaker Guild Shoes
T M REG

ASK FOR A Bootmaker Guild $11^50 (MOST STYLES)

it's a FREEMAN shoe

Imperfect Carrier

Continued from page 110

that it may make existence interesting for him, even momentarily. It doesn't.

6. *Alcohol isn't an automobile driver's aid.* Statistics of highway accidents amply prove that gasoline and "a few drinks" don't blend. Alertness isn't up to par, muscular responses to nerve messages are slower, normal caution is lulled. Fifty miles an hour in the dark seems as comfy as beddy-bye. And so does sixty.

7. *Alcohol isn't a protector against chill winds.* That feeling of warmth that you get from a shot of whiskey, brandy or rum is caused by the liquor's trick of dilating the blood vessels and thus spreading a glow to outlying parts of the body. Perspiration portholes in the skin act as though aspirin were on the job. Hence the great outdoors is to be avoided unless the sallier-forth is well woolened up. But *after* exposure—ah, how welcome a shot of fragrant deshiverer! Old Man Winter can go jump in the river when there's hearthside steam of hot toddy or hot buttered rum, and then the hay.

8. *Alcohol isn't a stimulant.* On the contrary, it's a sedative, a relaxer. Upper story gets the biggest and quickest share, thereby shushing the Department of Don'ts and Restraints. Overdoses can unleash a whole pack of sleeping dogs, ranging from the frisky to the ornery. Moderate doses can set the conversational ball rolling and coax introverts to come out from behind their false whiskers.

9. *Alcohol isn't a diet.* It is a food, however, of a very special kind, an ounce of 100 proof whiskey contributing about 100 calories, which the body uses as fuel. In an emergency, this prompt-acting boost of energy is invaluable. But alcohol can't repair body tissues; only protein does that. And it can't chip into the fuel reserve as do carbohydrates and fats, being strictly a short-time proposition. Appetite is sharpened by moderate amounts of alcohol. Immoderate amounts dull it and cause undernourishment by taking the place of the staples of sustenance which carry the vitamins that man needs. Wines, fortunately, do have vitamins, and so have the citrus juices of mixology. Beer's cereal cargo (carbohydrates) also contains some of these health items.

10. *Alcohol isn't a career.* Nor even a part-time job. It's a recreation. Tension relief.

Whether you approve of mankind or not, that critter has been making and partaking of alcoholic beverages ever since his Stone Age debut as a grain and grape cultivator. Nature tipped him the wink by putting minute organisms of yeast on the surface of every grape so that when he crushed it, up started a whispery bubble-bubble of fermentation into wine, grape sugar becoming alcohol.

How beer came into being one can only guess. It must have been born in toil and travail, because fermentation calls for sugar, and grains in their natural state can offer only starch. The answer—easy if you know it—is to malt some barley or wheat by soaking till the kernels sprout and then kiln-drying, and use same to convert the starch into sweetish brew-porridge called wort, which, "pitched" with yeast, ferments into the suds that slake. Stone Age beer, though popular, couldn't have been very good; it had no hops as bitter-tang givers. *They* didn't find their way in until the ninth century A.D.

Distilled spirits hail from, of all places, the abracadabra laboratories of the alchemists who, puttering with retorts, noticed that the kick element in wine or beer had a tendency to walk out the spout when heat was applied, and that this escapist could be captured by cooling. It was colorless, mysterious, sensational—the Water of Life. Straight, it just about knocked your beard off and went down your throat like a carillon crashing down through a steeple. But it was readily sol-

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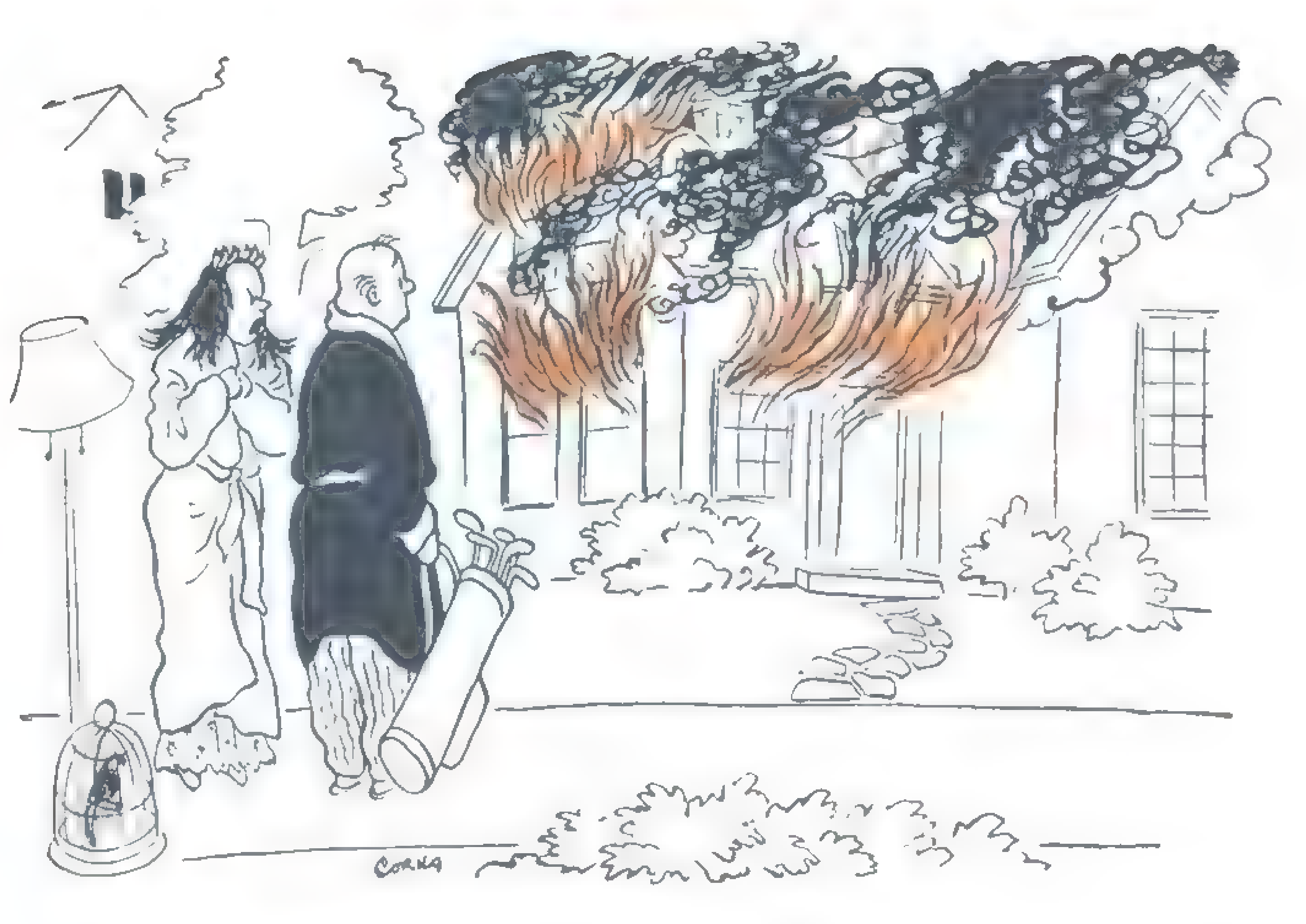


"Won't they look silly when they finally get here!"

Private Perkins has some private plans

He wanted to share his dream with Joe . . . but he was afraid Joe would think him soft.

Joe would laugh if he told him how he loved music . . . how some day he was going to sit for a week, just listening to music . . .

Joe wouldn't get it . . . so he kept it to himself. And when Joe asked him what he was thinking about, he said . . . "A blonde in Peoria" . . . and Joe nodded approvingly.

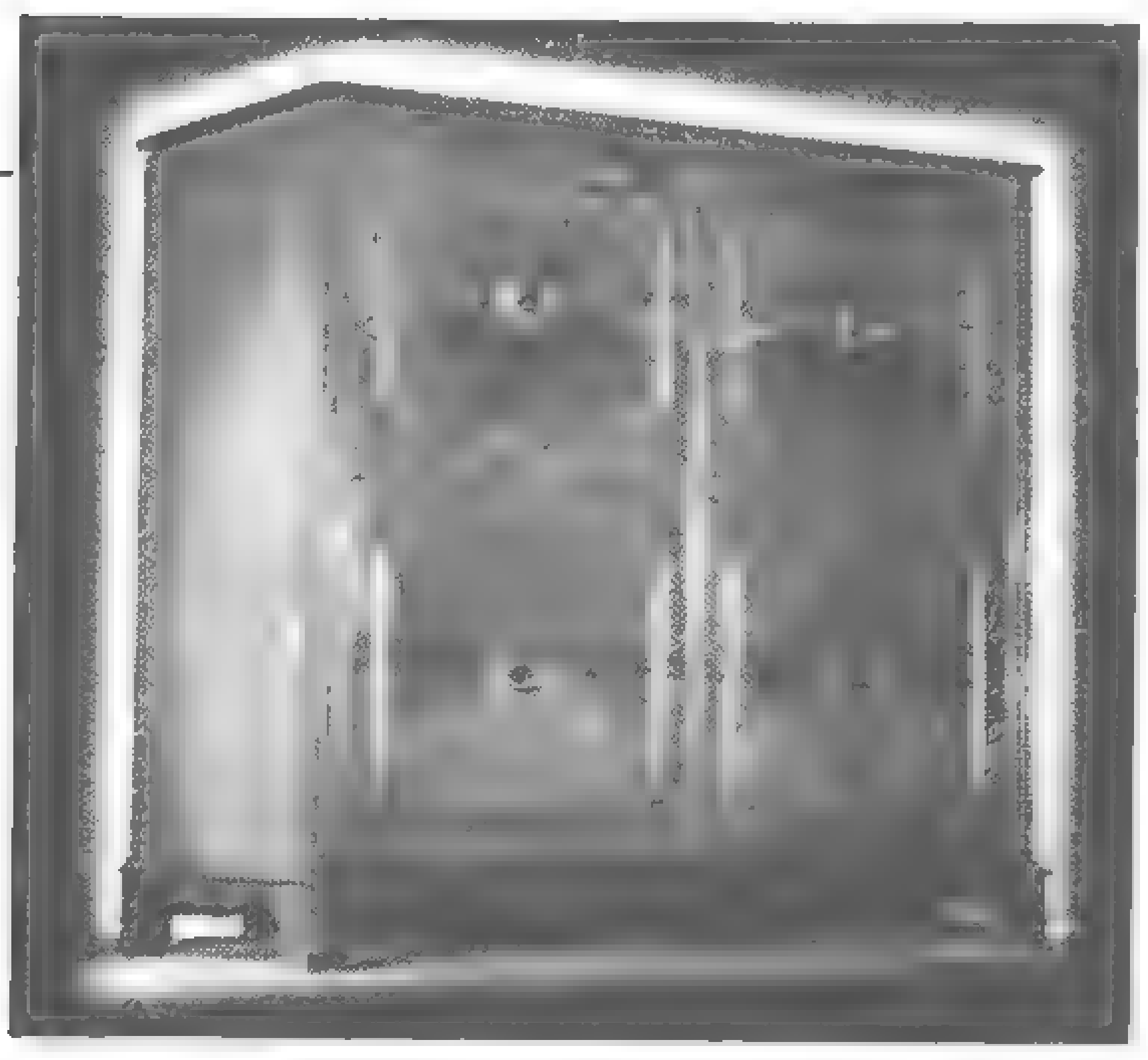
To people who love it . . . fine music is one of life's richest experiences.

It is to those people we wish to speak . . . for tomorrow when our war job is done, we will bring them a Stromberg-Carlson radio that will rival the concert hall itself in purity and perfection of tone.

Into this instrument will go fifty years of craftsmanship . . . the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson the leader in FM radio . . . plus many new wartime developments.

When you hear what this means in truly fine music . . . we believe you'll agree it was worth waiting for . . . worth saving for in War Bonds and Stamps.

IT WAS PEOPLE, working for Victory, that won Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E" . . . To these men and women, and to our men in the Armed Forces, we have a responsibility. We must assure them good jobs when peace comes . . . We must plan ahead today. That is the important reason for planning fine radios for you . . . It's the important reason for all post-war planning.



IN RADIOS, TELEPHONES, SOUND EQUIPMENT . . . THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

STROMBERG-CARLSON

© 1944. STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

THOSE IN THE KNOW

ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

•

Bottled-in-Bond

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye
This whiskey is 4 years old • 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corp., New York

Imperfect Carrier

Continued from pages 110-112

uble in water, so doses could be regulated to fit any ailment, large or small.

A special version called whiskey cropped up in England and Ireland, attaining industry status about 800 years ago. Wallop it had plenty of, but flavor was a patch job of attempting to cover up crudeness with spices and other distractors. True mercy was to be met with only on the mainland where the monks of certain religious establishments, sagacious in herb garden and orchard matters, were producing elixirs that blissed instead of burned. Out of these inspired originations grew the whole aromatic art of liqueurs and vermouths.

Seemingly man has been able to devise drinks any place you find him in, savage or sophisticated. All continents. Virtually all peoples.

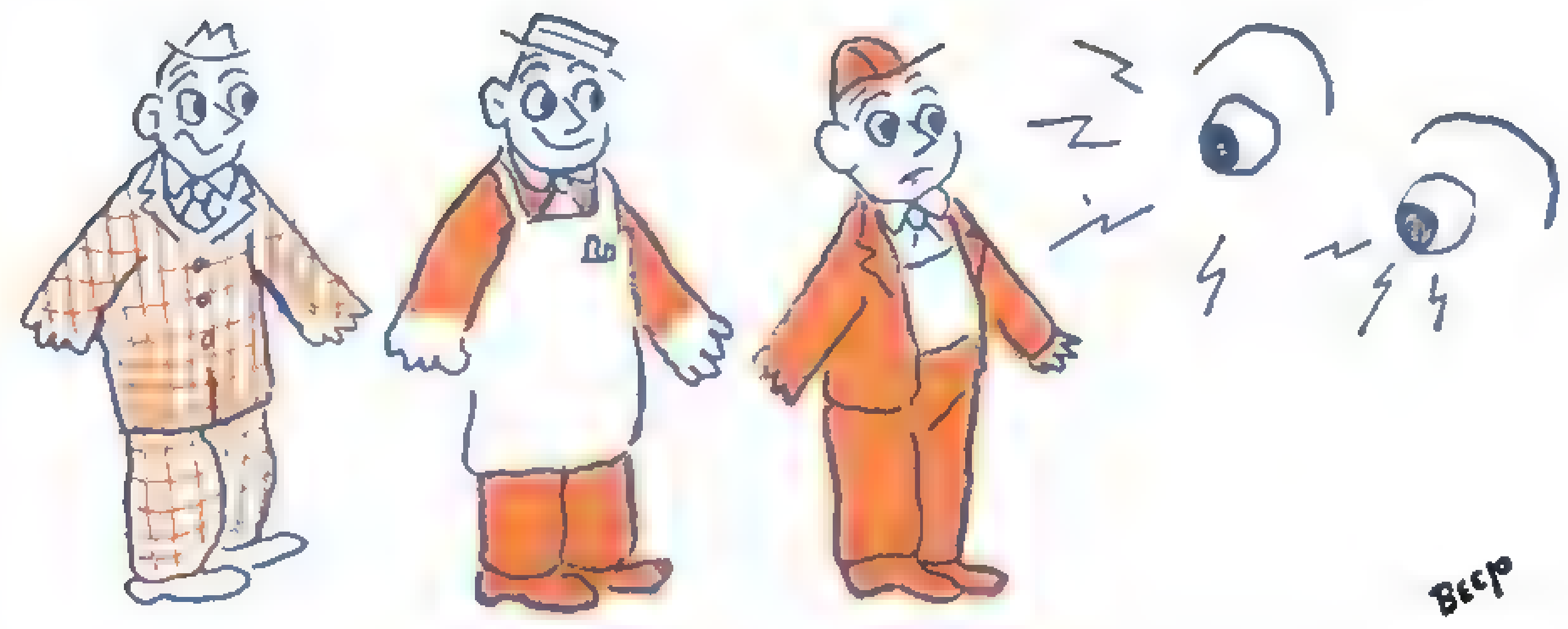
War-tautened America, its drinkways disrupted by the scarcity of favorite brands, has been doing some reappraising of alcohol's place in the Machine Age of today and tomorrow. What types of tipple are best fitted to the new tempo? Is getting plastered compatible with world progress? And what about our friend with the allergy?

He is being treated not as the pest of the party and a pain in the neck to his family but as the sick man he is. No lecturing, just intelligent understanding which pulls him out of any inferiority he may have.

But shouldn't we nineteen out of twenty forego alcohol in order that he be spared temptation? Hardly. As preposterous as shunning sugar out of consideration for our diabetic brethren.

Notable medical mullings and findings in regard to such matters are being gathered and emitted by the non-ax-grinding Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, which is linked with the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the New York Academy of Medicine, the Yale Laboratory of Applied Physiology, etc., etc. Being a not infrequent bill-dipper into beverages for your sake, Sweet Prince of Readers, and suspecting that Crosby Gaige might have been over-optimistic in stating in his *Cocktail Guide* that I was "equipped with a complete set of innards made by the Revere Copper and Brass Works," I applied at the Research Council office and steeped myself for weeks in their library, reading myself blind. Was I playing safe, I wondered, in doing my own tasting, or should I ask Esky to engage a stand-in?

Science's assurances were specific. Reasonably intelligent use of alcohol injures no organ that's hale. So the stand-in is out. ⧣



Discovered: 10,000,000 New Alibis

(Scientists reveal that it is now possible to hypnotize persons against their will and without their even being aware of the attempt.)

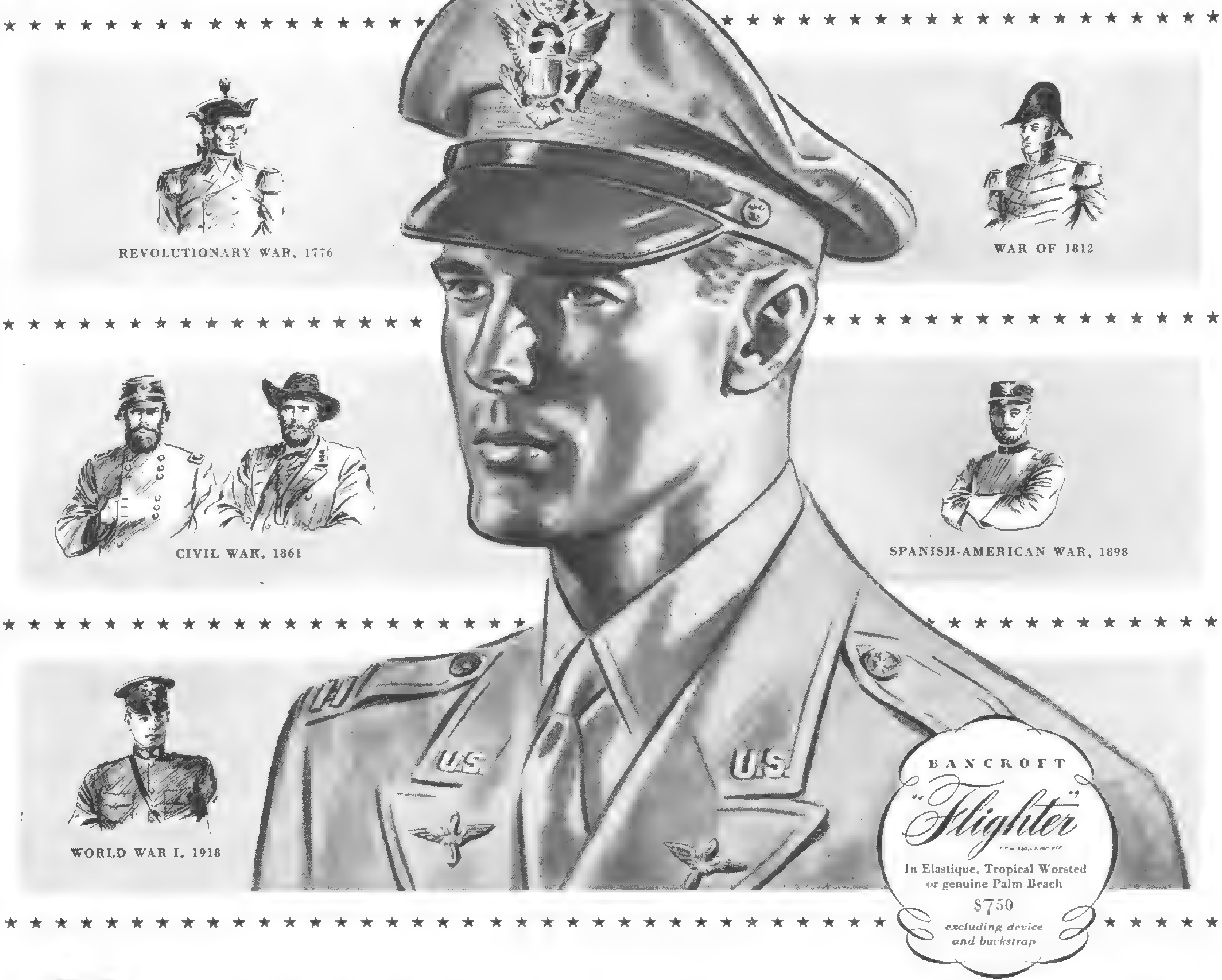
"Hello, dearie! Wup! What time's it? . . . Huh, half past three in the morning, eh? Listen, sweetie, I just found out something! My pal, Harry Trasker, is a hypnotist! We were sitting together in my office talking and then the next thing I knew we were drinking whiskey sours at Mack's Bar. Isn't that a terrible thing Harry did to me? Wup!"

"What? . . . Steak? . . . Don't be ridiculous, Mrs. Fuller. We haven't got a piece of beef in the place. Not a single piece. Not even—hey, Mrs. Fuller, why are you looking at me like that? Why are you . . . what? . . . What did you say, Mrs. Fuller? . . . Hey, Tim! Get out that piece of beef I was saving for my family tonight, and cut her a three-inch steak . . . What's that, Mrs. Fuller? . . . Three pounds of butter and a dozen lamb chops? Why sure! . . . What? . . . Don't collect any points for them? Why certainly not, Mrs. Fuller, certainly not! Goodness, what a soothing voice and interesting eyes you have!"

"S-T-R-I-K-E THREE! YOU'RE OUT! . . . Huh? . . . Wazzat? Pipe down, McMorrity, that ball was right over the middle. Any more of your lip, and you go out of the game . . . And quit staring at me like that. I said quit . . . huh? . . . Wazzat? . . . That ball was down around your ankles and two feet outside? It *was?* I must have been crazy calling that a strike! BALL FOUR! Take your base! . . . What? . . . Now what's troubling *you*, Grauman? . . . How come *you're* staring at me, too? That ball came just where you signaled for it, right into your mitt, eh? . . . What? And McMorrity struck at it? Well, then of course he's out . . . Wazzat, McMorrity? Didn't I see Grauman drop it . . . You say you *didn't* drop it, Grauman? Oh dear, I just don't know *what* to think when you guys keep staring at me like that. You'll just have to settle it for yourself. I'm going to have a nap. I feel terribly sleepy."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

The **BANCROFT** *is taking its place in American War History*


REVOLUTIONARY WAR, 1776
WAR OF 1812
CIVIL WAR, 1861
SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, 1898
WORLD WAR I, 1918
U.S.
U.S.
BANCROFT
"Flighter"
In Elastique, Tropical Worsted or genuine Palm Beach
$7.50
excluding device and backstrap

BEGINNING with the black, cocked hat of Revolutionary days, American war history can be traced by means of the military hats worn by gallant officers in decisive battles. In World War II, as in World War I, the cap most symbolic of and most accepted by America's fighting leaders is the BANCROFT. Backed by knowledge and experience gained over a period of almost half a century, BANCROFT has consistently pioneered the major style and construction improvements to the point where it is almost second nature for the officer of today to say "BANCROFT" when selecting his cap.

BANCROFT
Military Caps

Write for free booklet: "How to Care for Your Bancroft Cap" BANCROFT CAP COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

IN SUSPENDERS—
THE BIG THING IS THE

"Free-Swing" Back

and today's big value is PARIS

The patented Paris "Free-Swing" leather-link rotary action back

Only Paris has the patented "Free-Swing" Back—"Can't skid off your shoulders." No bind, no strain, no pull. Paris has generously ample, *all-elastic* back straps—get Paris and you get your money's worth!

Most styles, $1. Others $1.50 and up.

See the smart Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders your dealer is showing—NOW! Save money—get a pair for each suit—alternating prolongs their wear—a great convenience, too. Get the genuine Paris. Extra value—extra comfort at no extra cost.

By the makers of Paris Garters and Belts • A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

PARIS

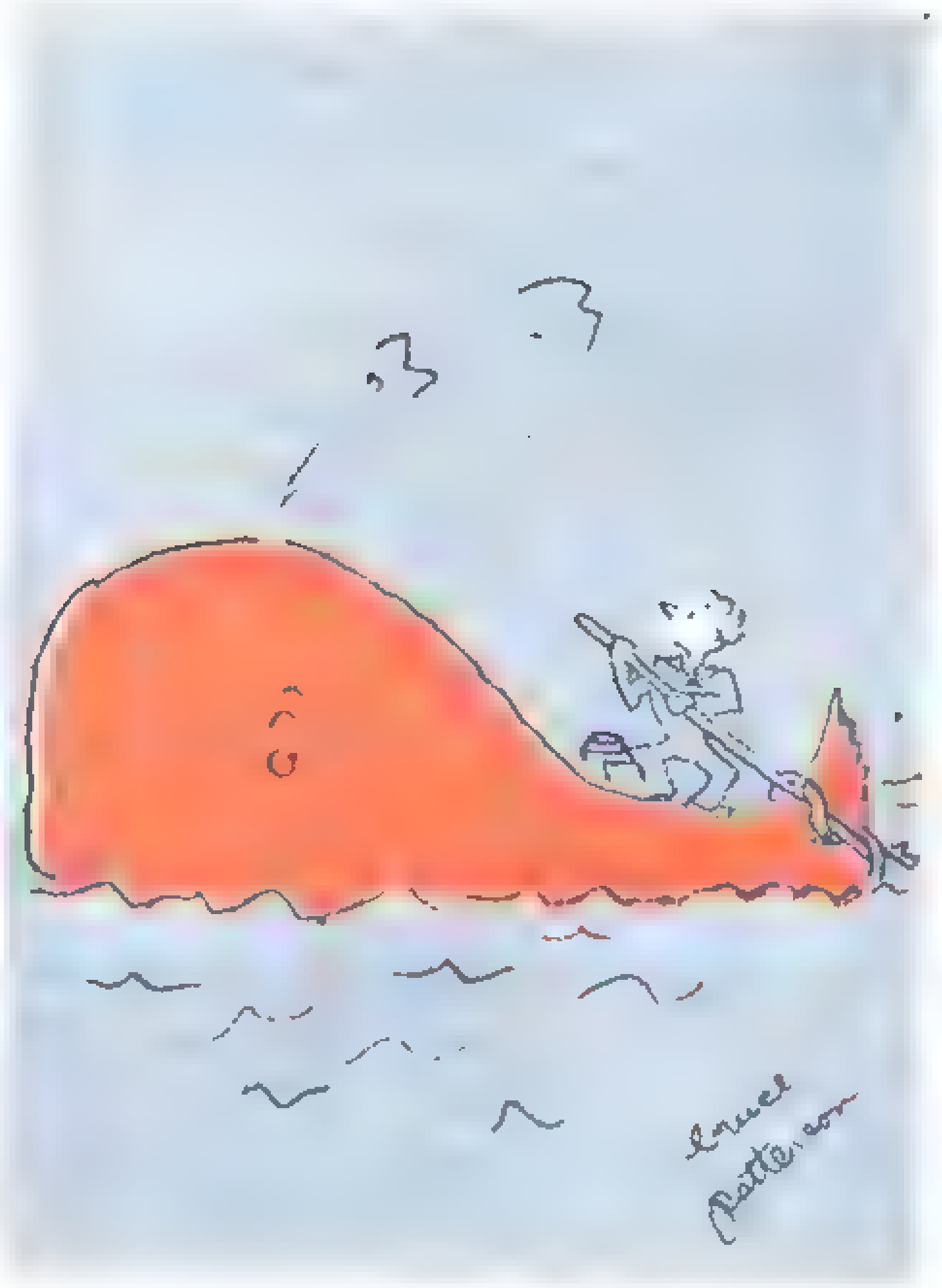
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

Can't skid off your shoulders

Coté Runs to Relax

Sgt. Gerard Coté, one-time boxer, liked his road work so much he kept on running

by VINCENT D. LUNNY



GERARD COTÉ, North American marathon champion by virtue of his victories in the 1943 Boston and Yonkers races, is an athletic paradox. He started out to be a boxer but his love for road work prompted him to abandon his original intention. He trains on fat cigars and succulent steaks. And if he sets a new record for the Boston marathon before he retires, he'll join the small but select group of athletes who have made good every boast.

Coté has jogged between 50,000 and 60,000 miles in the last ten years in races and practices, averaging about 20 miles a day. A sergeant in the Canadian Army, the little French-Canadian runner often comes in from a 20-mile route march with full kit, changes from battle dress to running togs and reels off another 15 miles before retiring to the Sergeants' Mess to hoist a fast beer.

After four futile attempts to capture fame in the Boston marathon—a 26-mile grind over the punishing Newton hills from Hopkinton to Boston—Coté triumphed in 1940, setting a new record.

Before leaving his native province of Quebec to compete in the race, the wiry, well-proportioned little runner with the indestructible muscles, had told friends: "I'm gonna win this time because all I've got in the past was hot dogs, the kind you can't eat."

He failed to repeat in 1941, finishing fourth. He slipped to sixth in 1942 when Joe Smith, now in the United States Coast Guard, broke Coté's record, establishing a mark of two hours, 36 minutes and 6 8/10 seconds. But the little Quebecker persevered and in 1943 he again won the race despite a pulled tendon in his right ankle.

With the exception of the late Pat Benis, who won the national championship in the years 1935, 1938 and 1939, Coté has been the most consistent of the large field which has raced annually in the Yonkers since its revival by the Chippewa Club in 1935. Starting with twelfth position in 1935, he has added four seconds, one third and a fourth to his two victories, scored last year and in 1940.

An all-round athlete, Coté might have brought his brashness to the ring instead of to the road. Although he weighs only 135 pounds, he is built like a boxer and his avoirdupois is well distributed over a sturdy frame.

While doing road work about nine years ago, he suddenly realized he liked running much better than he did boxing. He lengthened his stride and, as he reeled off mile after mile, he marvelled at the tremendous reserve of stamina he had.

His muscles seemed to co-ordinate without any particular effort on his part and his legs responded instantly to his will. So Coté forgot about the gloves and concentrated on becoming a marathon runner.

Two years ago he met a petite French-Canadian girl with the bloom of youth on her cheeks and a song of love in her heart, and she became his wife. She was the first to greet him when he surged over the finish line of the 1943 Boston marathon and she planted a big kiss on his lips.

He has given his cups to his wife—65 of them representing firsts in different races and one of them being emblematic of the world's snowshoe record for ten miles. He covered the distance in an hour and three minutes.

Gerard says that a marathon runner must have as many tricks as a big league pitcher and he cites the story of his victory over John A. Kelley, U. S. Army runner, in the last Boston race as evidence. Kelley finished second.

"I knew I had him beaten after the first fifteen miles," he declared. "My trick was to make him think that I was getting tired on the upgrades. I allowed him to gain every time we came to a hill. Then I moved up right behind him on the flat stretches. He gradually weakened in extending himself to gain those temporary leads and when I figured he was ripe for picking I moved out in front." ##

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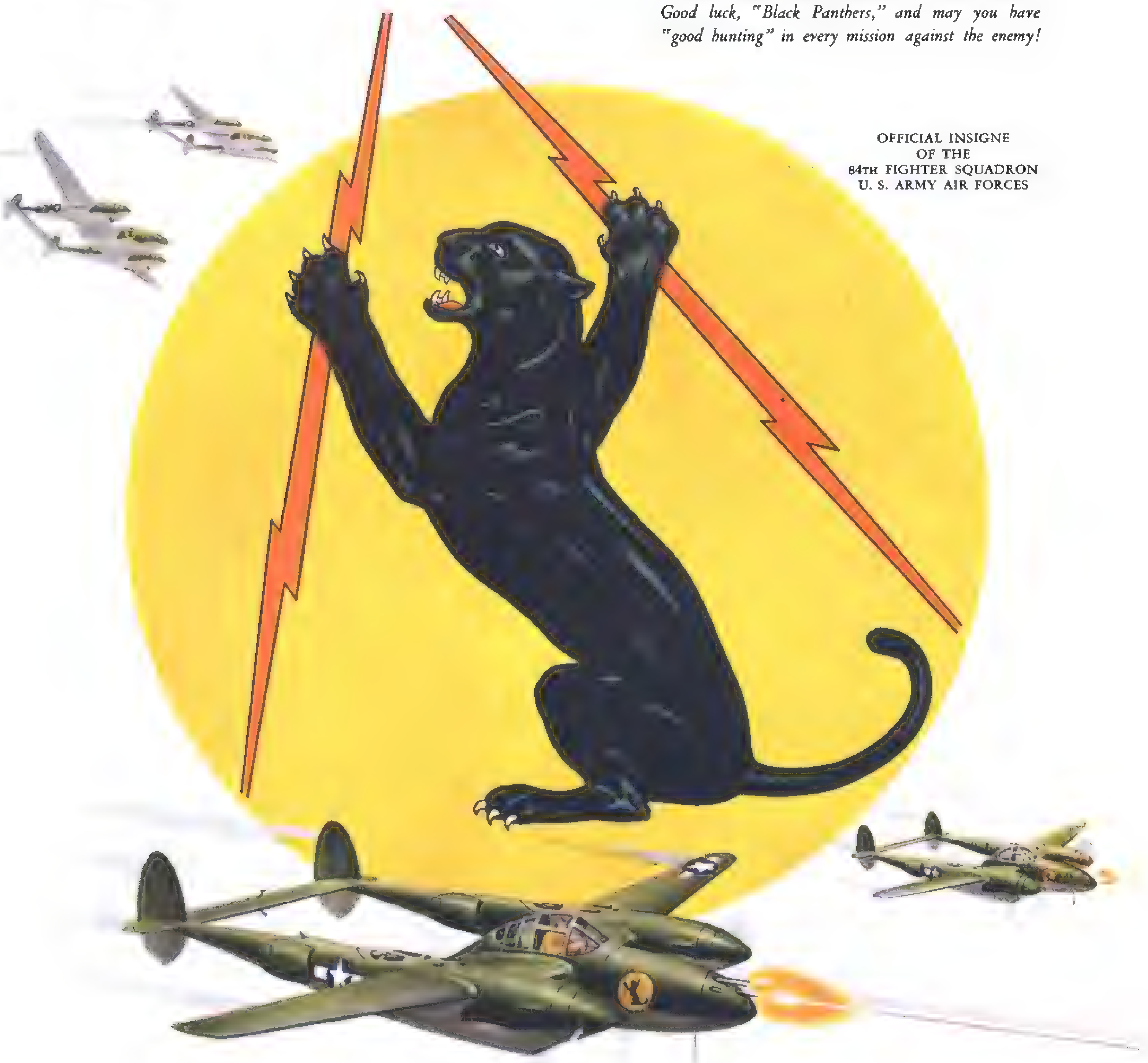
WITH FISTS FULL O' FIRE!

Here's a salute to the 84th Fighter Squadron, whose fighting insigne is the snarling panther with fists full of fire. True to their battle emblem, the men of the 84th are daring and skillful fighters. Their Lightning fighter planes are among the fastest and highest fliers of all. And at their command is the Fire-Power of long-range, fast-firing, heavy-hitting cannon! Good luck, "Black Panthers," and may you have "good hunting" in every mission against the enemy!



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U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

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Some of the heroic performances of America's fighter pilots in this war have been almost unbelievable. There's the group of fliers, for example, who attacked and sank an enemy destroyer with nothing but the Fire-Power of their cannon-firing Lightnings . . . the officer who shot down two enemy fighters with only three cannon shell . . . the pilot who exploded enemy locomotives, knocked out enemy tanks, smashed enemy installations—all with cannon Fire-Power. . . . Such deeds stand as a fine tribute to the courage, the skill, the all-round fighting ability of the Army Air Forces personnel. We, at Oldsmobile, feel it has been a privilege to build thousands of the cannon these men are using. In addition to *aerial* Fire-Power, we also produce cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, shell for tanks, artillery and naval guns. *All* to "Keep 'em Firing!"

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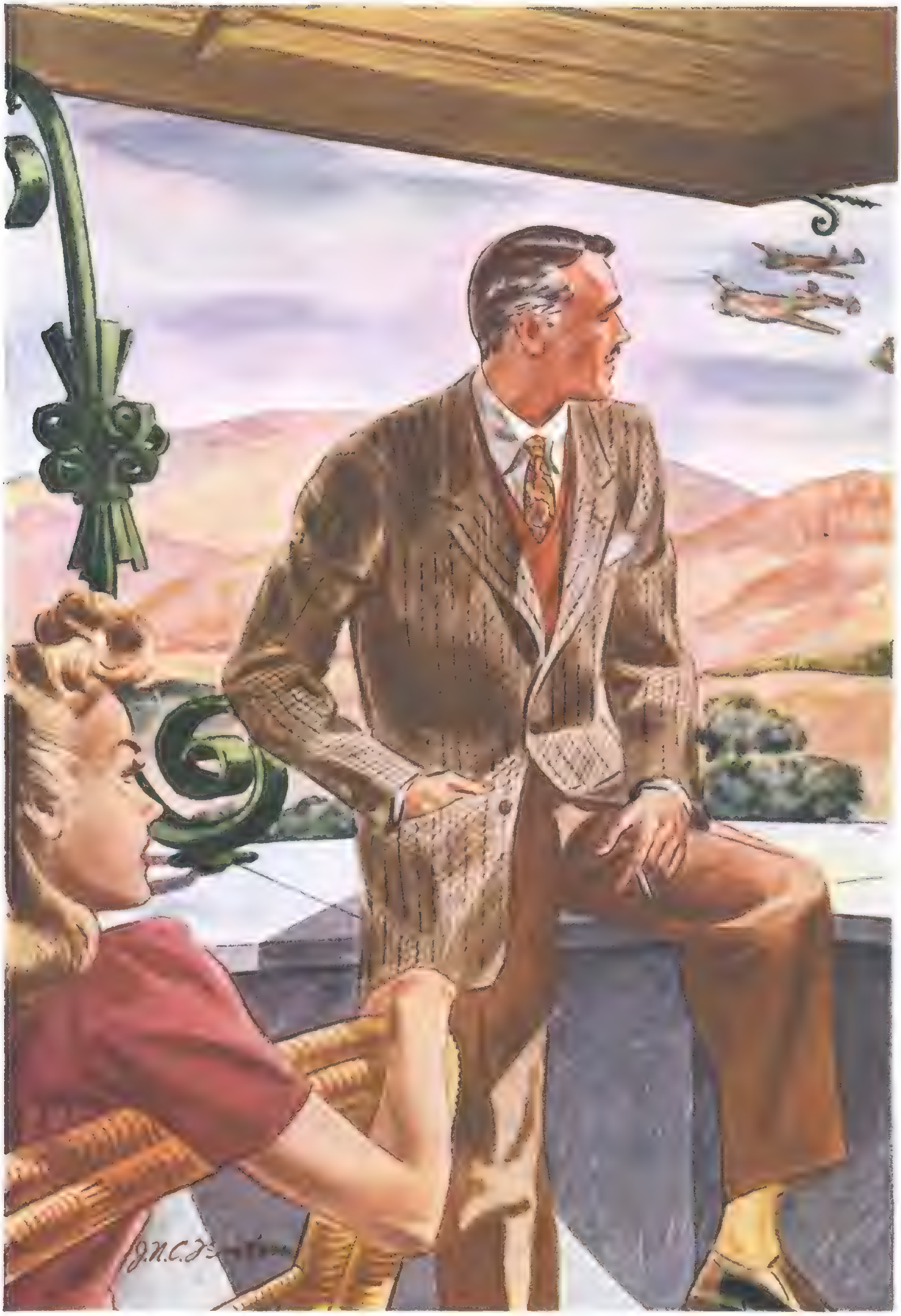
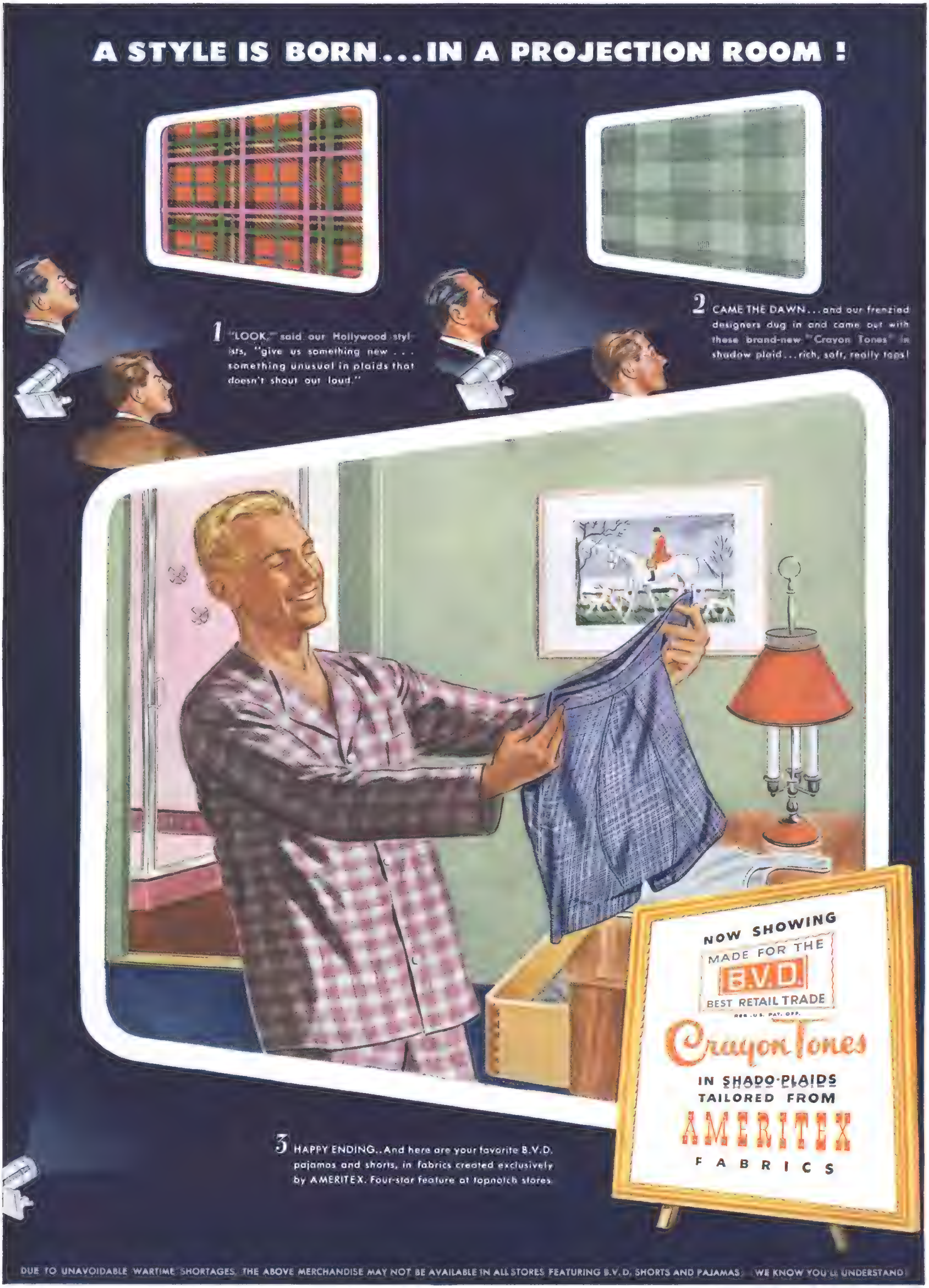


go vestless, young man

Having presented his last vest to the Smithsonian Institution, this tired lieutenant of industry is refueling at a Western resort in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. It won't be long now before every male has his vest removed along with his tonsils, since they're equally useless. Park your pencil behind your ear, clip your fountain pen to your beard, throw away your vest—and you'll wonder how you ever got along *with* one. Pinch-hitting for a vest here, although in most cases no substitute is necessary, is a low V-neck rust colored sweater. The brown tweed jacket with blue stripes is in a broad-shouldered model. The white broadcloth shirt combines well with the yellow ground foulard tie with red, black and white figures. Brown flannel slacks, ribbed wool half hose and brown shoes complete the outfit. A touch more sun and he'll be primed for another fifty weeks of doing.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



A STYLE IS BORN...IN A PROJECTION ROOM!

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2 CAME THE DAWN . . . and our frenzied designers dug in and came out with these brand-new "Crayon Tones" in shadow plaid . . . rich, soft, really tops!

3 HAPPY ENDING..And here are your favorite B.V.D. pajamas and shorts, in fabrics created exclusively by AMERITEX. Four-star feature at topnotch stores.

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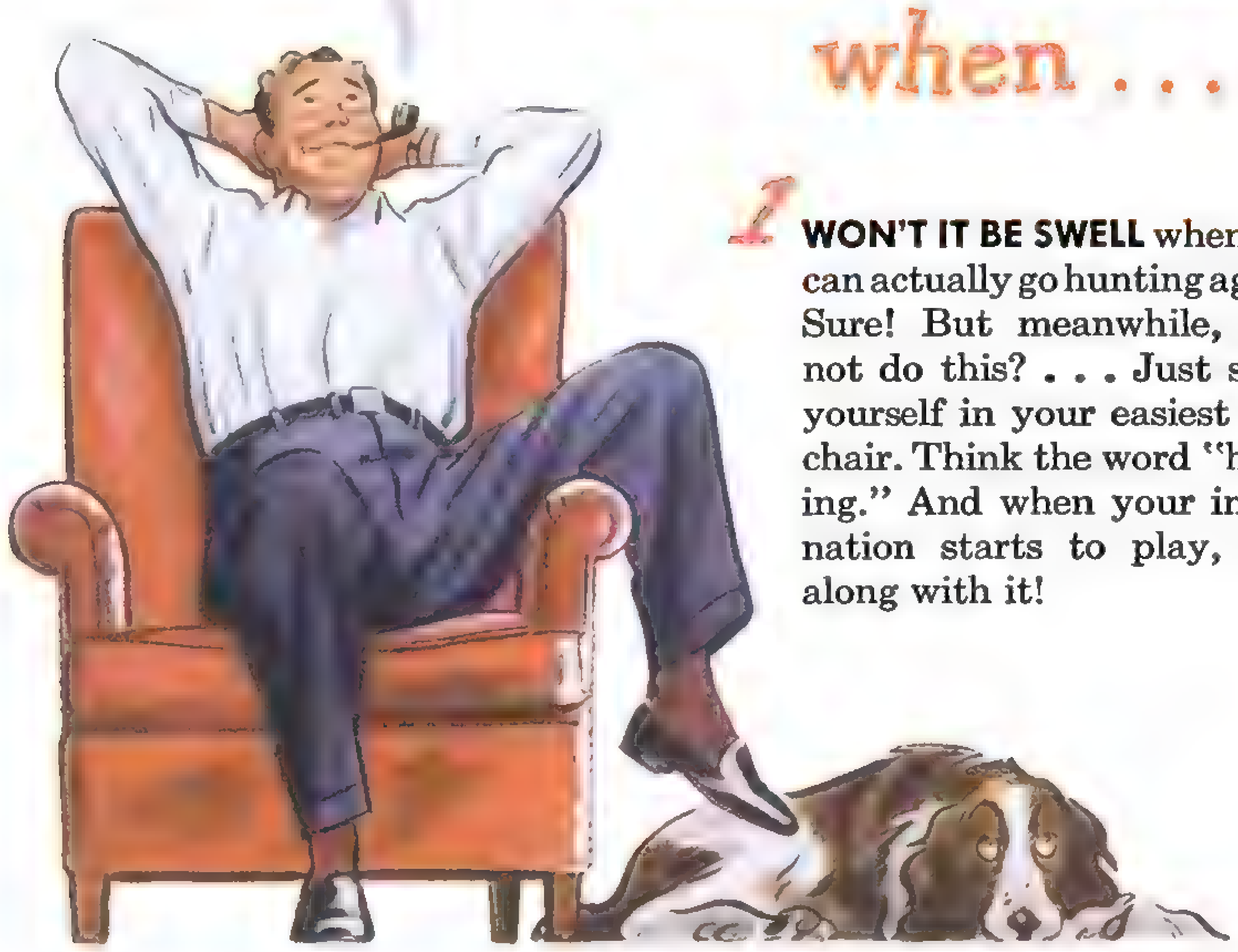
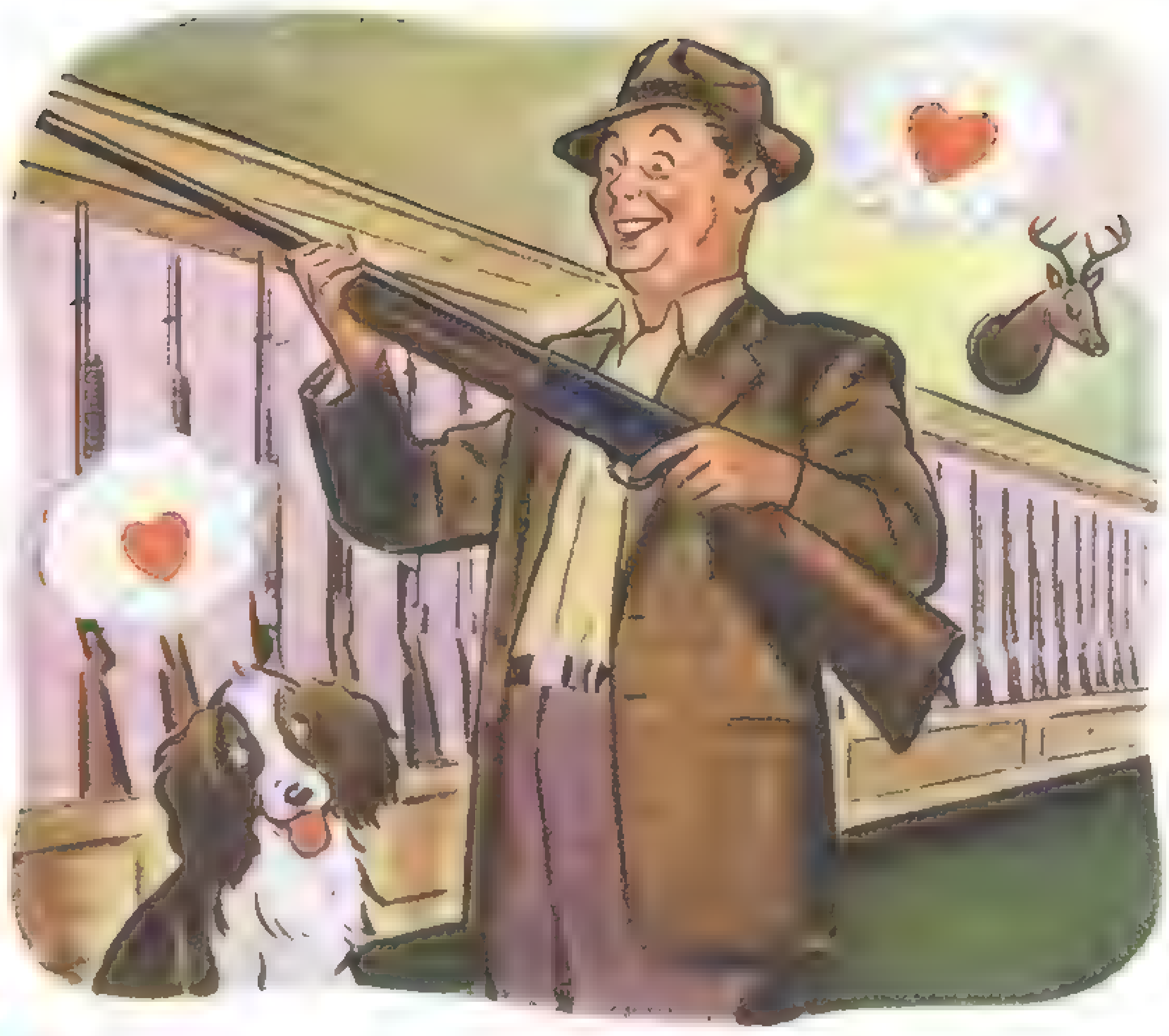
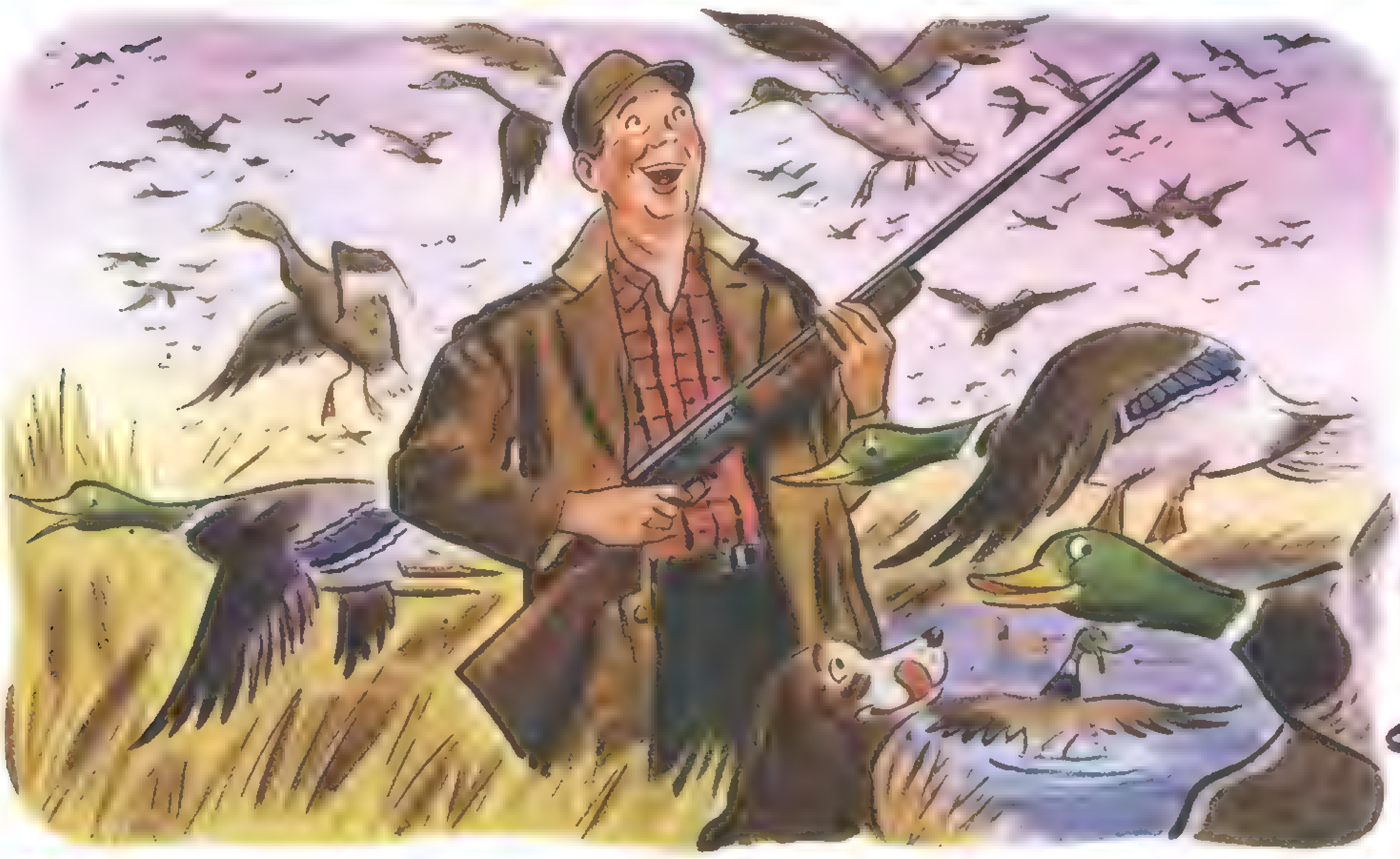


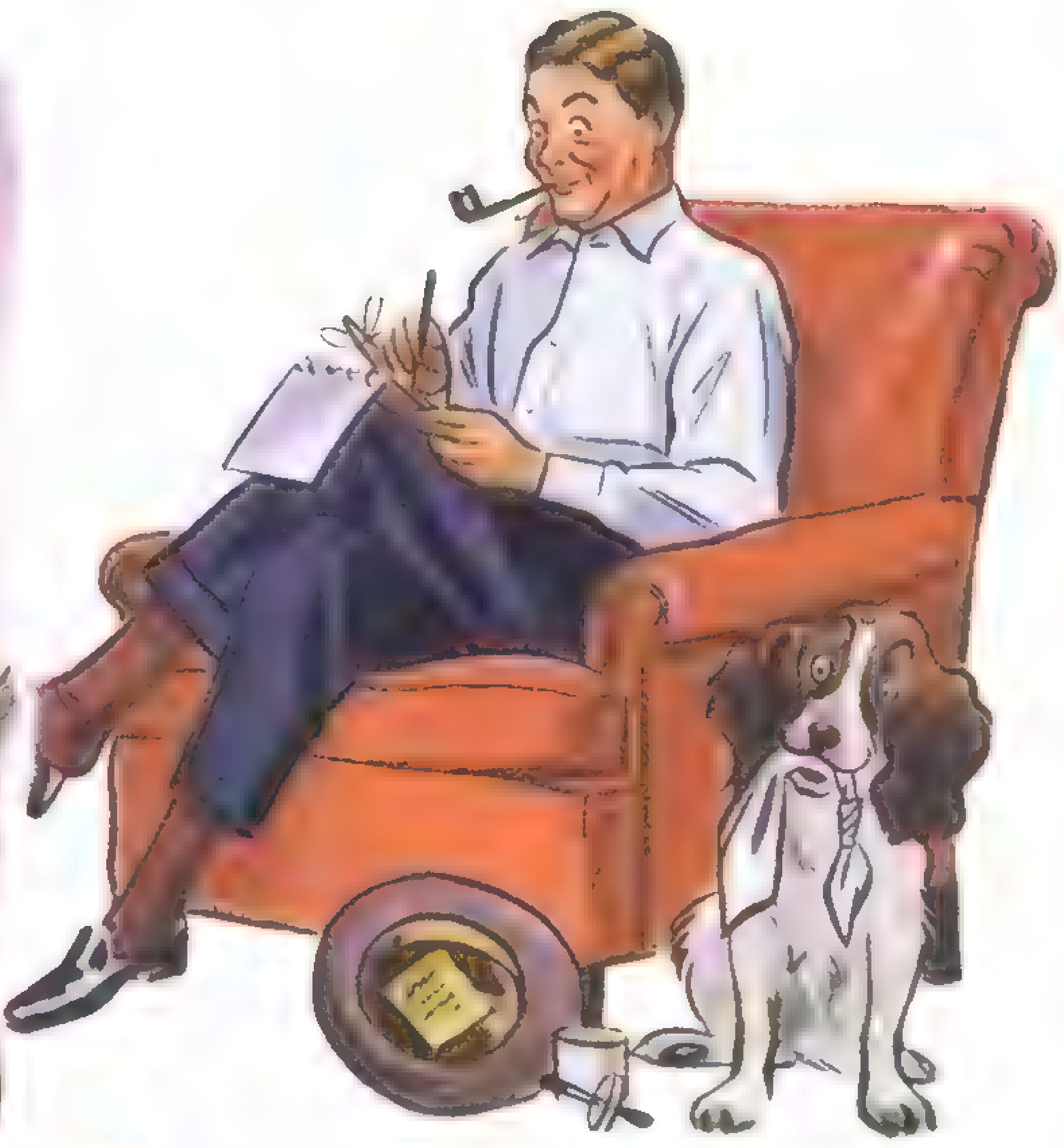
1 **WON'T IT BE SWELL** when you can actually go hunting again? Sure! But meanwhile, why not do this? . . . Just settle yourself in your easiest easy chair. Think the word "hunting." And when your imagination starts to play, play along with it!



2 **PRESTO!** No more war shortages, and you're in a store chock-full of fine guns. Look at that Remington Sportsman. Snap it to your shoulder. Fits like part of you, doesn't it? Points as easily as your finger—fires three shots as fast as you pull the trigger! Want it? It's yours!

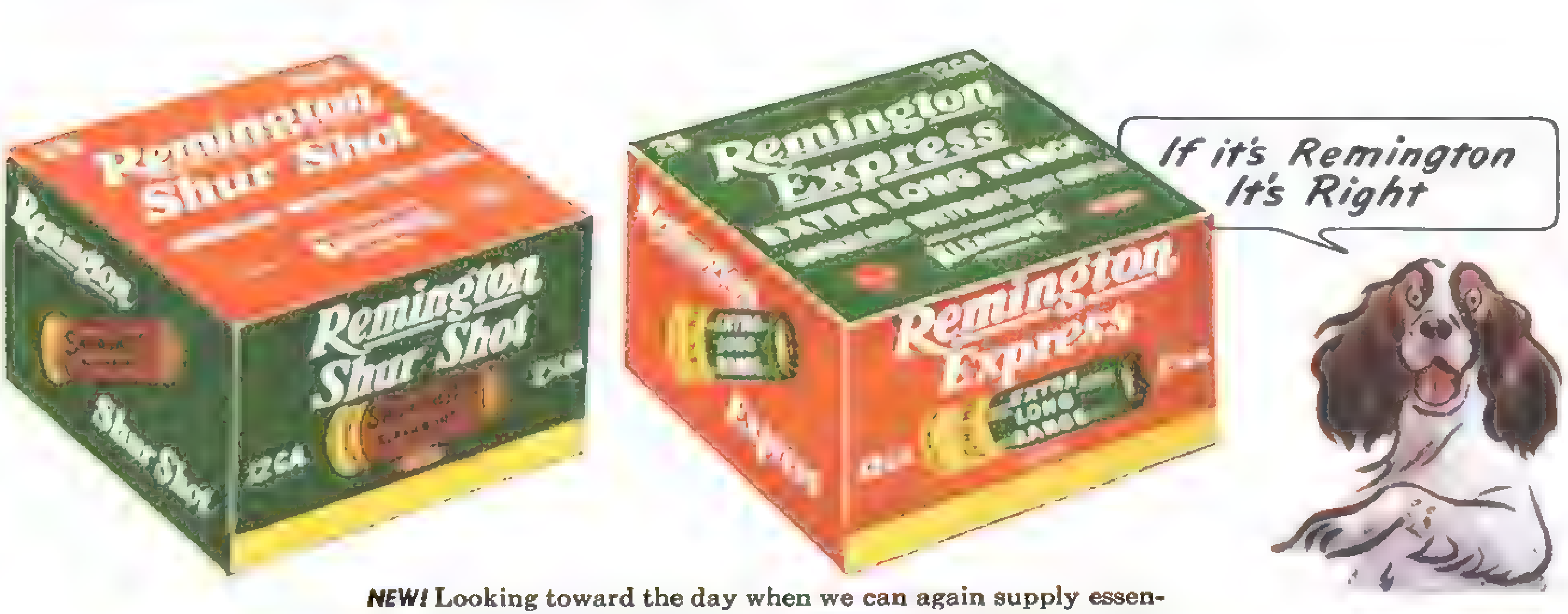


3 **NOW FOR SOME DUCKS**—on a marsh that's alive with 'em. Your pockets are full of Remington Express shells—powerful, long-range loads. And you're making the toughest shots look easy. (Wait till you tell the boys about that double you got at 60 yards!) What? You've bagged your limit already? Never mind, mister. You can come out some other day! Good sport, isn't it? Even only imagining. Maybe before long you'll be doing the real thing!



4 **SO**—right now—make a note. Tie a knot in your handkerchief—tie a string around your finger—write on your calendar pad—paste in your hat: *Remington means America's finest sporting arms and ammunition.*

* * *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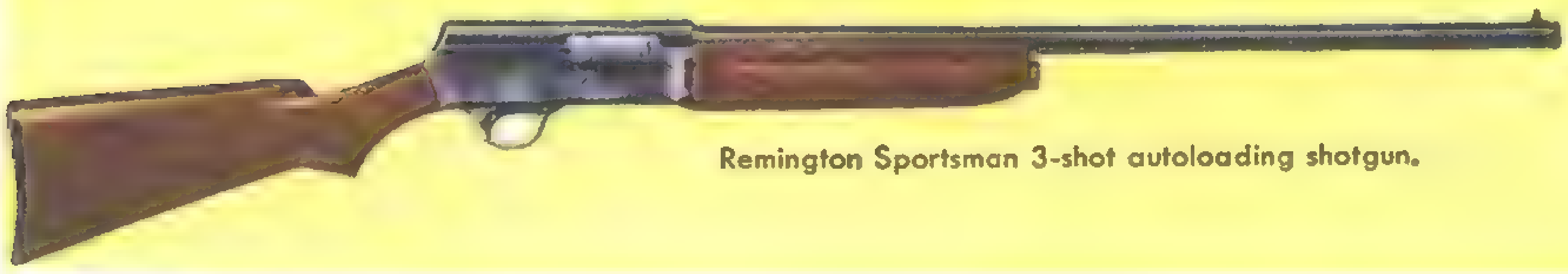

Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun.

Remington

DU PONT

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Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by **GILBERT SELDES**

Selling Well

Poinciana (Decca—Bing Crosby) *Poinciana* (Victor—David Rose)	Exclusively for those who like *Poinciana.* The David Rose orchestral version has Artie Shaw's *Dancing in the Dark* as an added attraction—or is it the feature?
Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me (Victor—Ellington) *I'll Be Around* (Okeh—Calloway)	Put these together for contrast in styles. Calloway's emphatic half-staccato singing comes out well here—and on the other side is *Virginia, Georgia and Caroline*—a conventional piece. Ellington is as usual, which doesn't mean he is any less extraordinary than usual. Also just out are his *Main Stem* and *Johnny Come Lately.*
No Love, No Nothin' (Decca—Johnny Long Orch.) (Decca—Judy Garland)	A fine dramatic song, losing something in any non-vocal orchestral treatment. The Garland record has her *Journey to a Star* on the reverse.

Notes on Popular Recording

1. Sinatra is a popular singer and is recording songs from his own movie, a not unusual occurrence. *I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night* and *A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening* are the present leaders. (Columbia).

2. Decca now makes songs with full orchestral accompaniment and straight band pieces. This may not be unique by the time these notes appear in print—but it may be even forever. The melodies chosen by Decca for early recording were *Shoo-Shoo Baby* (by the Andrews Sisters); *My Shining Hour* and *My Heart Tells Me* by Glen Gray, and Hildegarde singing *Suddenly It's Spring* and *Leave Us Face It.* Also others. Their *Oklahoma!* records are still a fantastic success—no other album has yet been made, but you can try to find a loose copy of Sinatra's single of *People Will Say We're in Love.* (Columbia).

Special Events

Classics in Swing Six Records by Eddie Condon and his band. Commodore. The personnel includes Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Benny Morton, trombone; Joe Bushkin, piano; Bob Casey, bass; "Big Sid" Catlett, drums; Brad Gowans, trombone; Tony Spargo, drums; Lou McGarity, trombone; Gene Schroeder, piano; George Wettling, drums; Eddie Condon, guitar.	The specialists in swing will get two of these recordings a month. The titles are: *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* and *Rose Room; Basin Street Blues* and *Oh! Katharina; Singin' the Blues* and *Pray for the Lights to Go Out; Mandy (Make Up Your Mind)* and *Tell 'Em 'Bout Me; Back in Your Own Back Yard* and *All the Wrongs You've Done to Me; You Can't Cheat a Cheater* and *Save Your Sorrow;* and they will presumably be issued in that order. These varying combinations are like the parts of an interlocking puzzle—they fit beautifully. The style is Condon's easy flow from one solo to another, each working too briefly for my taste, but with great virtuosity—followed by tremendous ensembles—as near to true jam sessions as a recording can be.

Also Good Music

Cinderella—Eric Coates (Columbia—Coates)	The English composer conducts his own fantasy and his "concert waltz," *Footlights.*
Requiem—Fauré (Columbia—Choir at Lyon)	A magnificent recording of the work.
Two Arabesques—Debussy (Victor—José Iturbi)	Pure enchantment, caught without technical flaw in the recording.
Burlesk—Buk (Columbia—Nathan Milstein)	One of our best violinists, in an attractive stunt. On the other side, equally brilliant, Wieniawski's *Scherzo Tarantelle.*

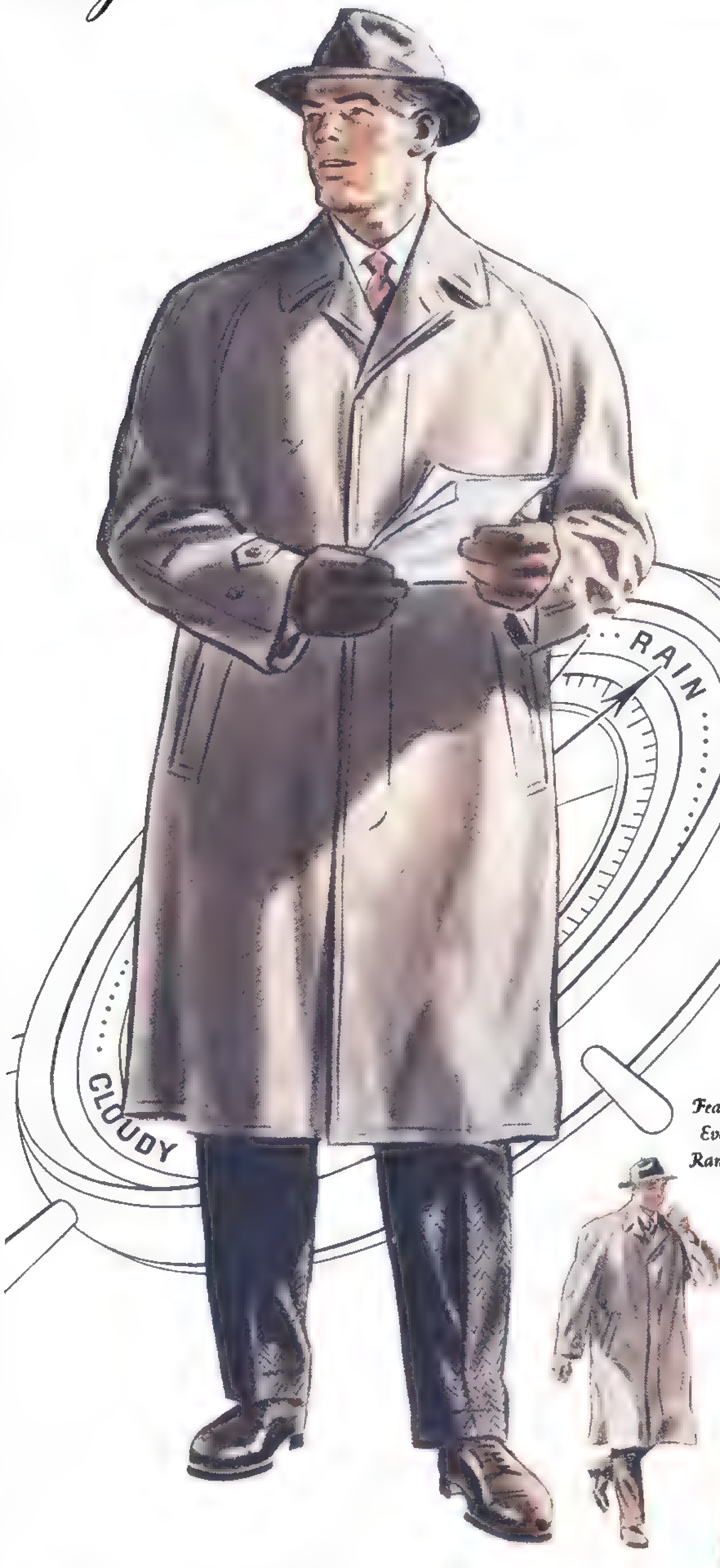
No Music at All

Leaves of Grass—Whitman (Victor—Ralph Bellamy)	The reading, at times, is like a sermon by a good preacher. At others, Whitman comes through in grand sonorous periods. This is probably the way to renew acquaintance with a poet you think you have read.

Coming Soon

Symphony—E. Chausson (Victor—Stock)	Victor is issuing this as a memorial to Conductor Frederick Stock. Fond memory declares it is a lovely work, in the great style of César Franck.

Hint to Collectors: Phonograph Record Research, Box 160, Wall Street Station, New York 5, will hunt out any record you think you have ever heard and now can't find. For a trifling fee. This goes for classics and jazz. A good address to file away.



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The Sporting Scene

Will the post-war sports boom produce stars as colorful as Tilden, Hagen, Ruth, Dempsey?

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

PRESENTING reasons, the majority of which seem logical, sports authorities forecast a gigantic boom in post-war muscular amusements.

The one definitely uncertain factor in the forecasts concerns the supply of colorful personalities essential to a sports boom. Without an array of luminous headliners no sport has been able to make marked progress with the American public.

After this war, sport's best chance of enjoying a boom isn't through the athletic training given by the Army and Navy or the millions who'll want to sit down and relax worry-free and watch. It will be a boom based on having fun—one of the freedoms for which Americans are fighting.

Early in the war, sports authorities generally were scared shivery at the prospect of the lid being clamped down. But as public sport continued despite the class of the talent being in the armed services, fright and gloom vanished. Long before business leaders began to express cautious beliefs that readjustment to peace might be accomplished without dire agonies, sports promoters were beating their drums with big talk about a boom to come.

Notwithstanding a considerable per cent of sport's star talent being at war, the crowds at sub-standard sports performances were astonishingly large during 1943. Major league baseball was off only 13 per cent in attendance from 1942.

Considering the inequitable nature of much of the year's football, crowds were larger than justified by pre-war standards of competition. Scores that would have drawn apologies from the victors, had such results been hung up on pre-war schedules, were unavoidable in a season when varsity teams of high school caliber played against clubs of semi-pro status.

The one field of sports in which fairly even, although not outstanding, competition was displayed during 1943, drew many of the biggest crowds of its history. That field is horse racing. The horses didn't go to war. Neither did the horse bettors. More people saw the ponies run at Belmont, Aqueduct and Jamaica last year than saw the home games of the Yankees, Dodgers and Giants during the 1941 season, which was their record year for attendance.

The horse track officials attribute the year's amazing patronage in person and at the mutuels to the patriots' eagerness to fight the good fight against inflation. According to the works of the celebrated modern economist Damon Runyon, horse bets and dolls are a sure-fire cure for inflation. As the night clubs also had a record business in 1943, the horse-doll parlay obviously was doing its level best to thwart the inflation threat.

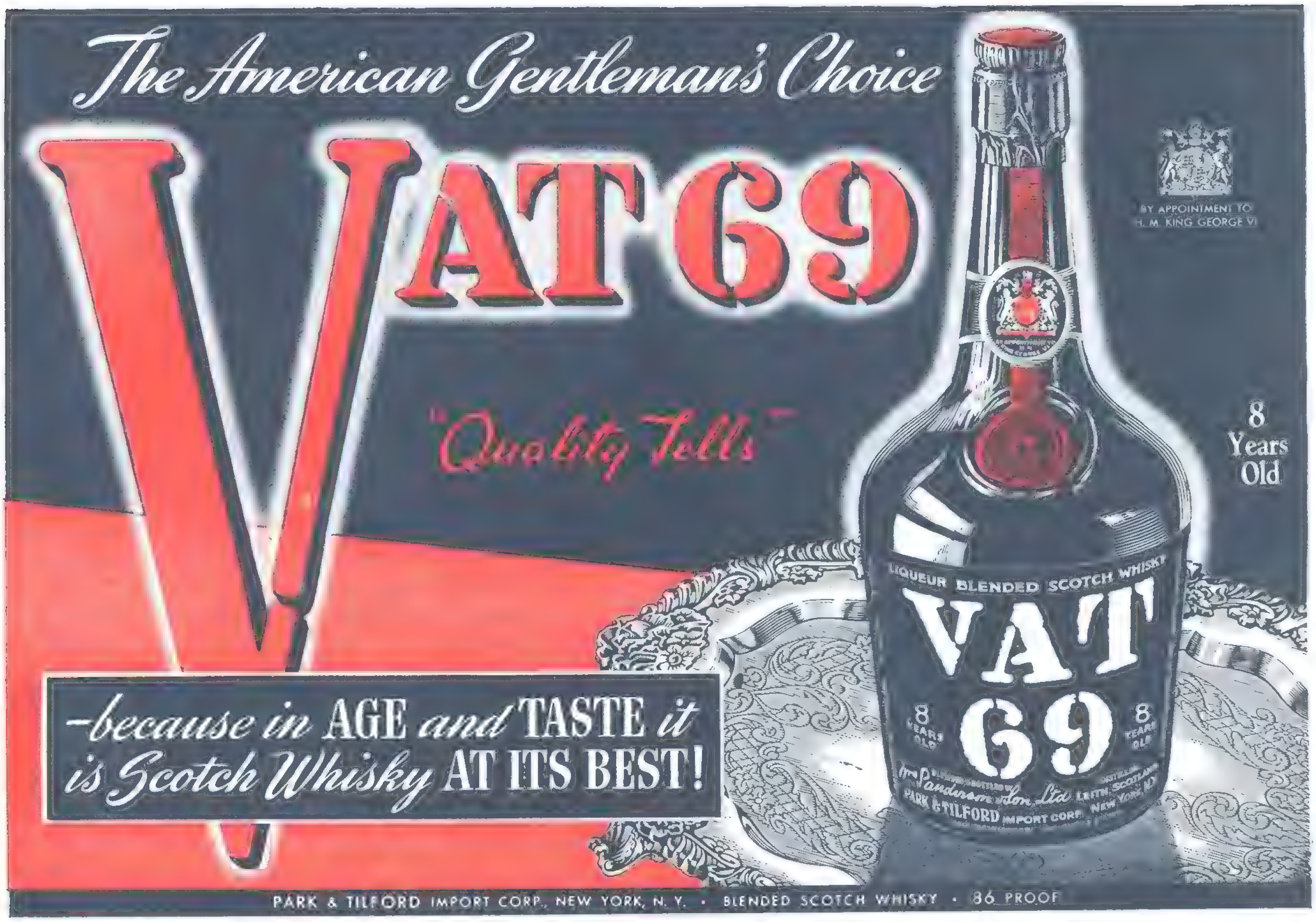
However, in these two departments of sports, the otherwise prevailing optimism for a post-war boom does not exist. When war income has ceased and it again is possible to sharpen one's wits by making up alibis to tell the automobile and household goods installment collectors, race track officials expect that the crowds and mutuel handle will slump. Then again the improver of the breed will get three of his chums in with him to make up the dollar bet he places with the man in the cigar store.

The veteran conductors of night clubs who have seen big-money times before and the aftermath of such periods, prophesy that comes the dawn of peace the fair coquette now seen around their swank dives and known as Yvette will go back to her peacetime name of Liz and tub No. 4 at the Elite hand laundry. But do not shed your tears for Yvette. She is, in the manner of speaking, making hay while the moon shines.

Other than an inevitable recession of the night club and horse track business, which the sporting gentry will accept philosophically, there is really only one cause of concern about post-war sports, according to men who concentrate their abilities on the sports field. That worry is about color.

Who will supply the color? Who will produce the colorful performers so necessary to a sports boom?

Whence will come the successors to the electrifying glamor of Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Helen Wills Moody, Rogers Hornsby, George Sisler, Mickey Walker, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Red Grange, the Four Horsemen, Ernie Nevers, Gene Tunney, Bronko Nagurski, Georgia Coleman, Vinnie Richards, Walter Hagen, Molla Mallory, Suzanne Lenglen, Tommy Armour, Gene Sarazen, Jesse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Owens, Paavo Nurmi, Harry Greb, Jim Londos, Helene Madison, Sir Malcolm Campbell, Gar Wood, Eleanor Holm, Strangler Lewis, Albie Booth, Johnnie Weissmuller, Tris Speaker and others of that galaxy that gave to sport the ten golden years from New Year's Day, 1920, through the Great Dive of the stock market at the decade's end?

Will the decade immediately following this war produce such an excellent cast of characters?

Could it be possible to have another year in sports like 1923, for instance?

That was the year of the Dempsey-Firpo fight, when Bobby Jones won his first national golf championship, when Red Grange made his debut in the Big Ten as the Illini's sensational sophomore. It was in that spectacular sports year that Babe Ruth drew 170 bases on balls. Receipts of the World Series for the first time exceeded a million dollars. Horses of Henry F. Sinclair's Rancocas stable won 438,849 dollars. Henry Sullivan became the first American to swim the English channel. William T. Tilden, 2nd, was men's singles tennis champion. Helen Wills was the women's champion. George M. Lott, Jr. was the junior champion and Wm. T. Tilden III and B. I. C. Norton were the men's doubles champions of tennis. The United States team defeated the Australians 4-1 for the Davis cup and the Yankee girls defeated the British lassies 7-0 for the Wightman cup. Gene Sarazen beat Walter Hagen 1 up in 38 holes for the Professional Golfers' title, and Max Marston had to go the same distance in defeating Jess Sweetser for the U. S. amateur golf championship.

What made the Golden Decade's sports performers colorful was the simple fact that they liked to play. And after this war the fighting men and general public will require the genius of play to attract and entertain them. It's spirit they'll be looking for—the spirit that comes with a natural genius for playing the game.

How the desire for spirited performance has survived through a rather colorless fourteen years since the Golden Decade ended is reflected in general public attitude toward Negro baseball. Attempts have been made to plumb public opinion on employing Negroes in major league commerce. The public reaction has been that the whole affair is nothing to arouse torrid interest among intelligent people, white, black, brown or yellow. However, the public has added, the case for the Negro could be good on the basis of livening up a show that was beginning to slump in entertaining zip.

The enduring value of appeal built on the public- and private-life entertainment supplied by sports idols is being exhibited by Babe Ruth who retired from baseball in 1935 after having drawn 880,000 dollars in regular salary and 45,577 dollars in World Series money during his twenty-two years in the game. During the winter the Babe was on a national radio program receiving astonishingly extensive response from youngsters, most of whom were from three to six years old at the time Ruth quit his last job with the Braves.

Another exhibit is Bill Tilden, who at the age of 50 years played in the professional tennis championship tournament held at Fort Knox, Kentucky, last year. Although Tilden won his last U. S. amateur championship in 1929, almost fifteen years ago, and didn't get past the second round in the 1943 pro matches, it was the venerable Bill who got the boys whistling, cheering and in advanced stages of fan fever. The uniformed lads recognized and responded to the brilliantly colorful performance which is always characteristic of Tilden.

Such personalities as Ruth, Tilden, Hagen and Dempsey made markets for their successors from whom color had been drained by the policing of sports organizations, the yapping of bluenoses and the persistent emphasis on the gate and the gravy rather than on the game.

Despite all the cold "religion" that lowered the colorful fire in sports after the thrilling Twenties, who are the men and women still glorified by oldsters and youngsters alike? Generally it is those personalities who "played ball" every waking hour; very virile, mischievous persons blessed with keenness and energy that gave rare individuality to their performances in the sports to which destiny directed them.

The Thirties developed a different breed. Many a determined young person went into sports for economic reasons. As a consequence of this there were few sports heroes elevated to grandeur and glory. Not many can compare with the great sports names of the Twenties.

Without heroes, spectator sport is dull and participant sport is weakened. The war is showing that the nation has an ample supply of truly heroic stock-men and women who are doing a championship job without worrying about salaries or gate percentages.

If post-war sport is dominated by the temperament of the fighting men, gala years are ahead for the American sports public. ♯

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The Good Governor of Papua

Continued from page 47

ans," they snorted. "All this mollycoddling will end up in a massacre of the white population."

Just the opposite transpired. Murray's bloodless patrols were a great success. As they penetrated to the interior, Murray's men built kindergartens and schools for the natives, sent some older men to Australian universities, trained others as government clerks and medical assistants, a training which paid great dividends when war came to Papua.

The white men who thought Murray soft found him very firm when they tried to exploit the natives who worked in New Guinea gold fields or in other profitable Papuan enterprises. Judge Murray put into effect a labor ordinance that horrified greedy whites who wanted to fill their pockets with Papuan wealth and spend it elsewhere. This labor ordinance provided for proper housing, food and medical attention for native workers; it provided for a nine-hour day and a fifty-hour week—unheard of conditions for the black savages of Papua. It forbade forced labor and put an end to cruel beatings of inefficient native workers. Naturally Murray's labor ordinance stirred up a storm among the more rapacious white traders, who sent a deputation to Australia demanding the removal of the benevolent judge. But the Australian government backed up its administrator, and gradually the traders came to realize the wisdom of Murray's policies; healthy natives did better work. Further, they were more dependable. The hard-boiled white traders began to see that Judge Murray was right; these black savages were really human beings; given encouragement and understanding they became civilized in the finer sense of the word.

"Savages," wrote Murray in one of his reports, "are snobs like the rest of us. If you can get it into their heads that cannibalism is not good form and is rather looked down on by the 'nicest' people of Papua and that a cannibal can hardly be received in the best villages, they will give it up quickly enough."

This was probably the first time that snobbery had ever been put to such good use. But Judge Murray's simple summation modestly concealed a great deal of hard work; savages don't abandon head-hunting and cannibalism overnight. It took Murray long decades of patient, sweaty work to abolish those time-honored customs of Papua.

Murray also used clever psychology to prevent a smallpox epidemic that once threatened the territory he governed. Setting out in a government launch, Murray and his medical men toured the New Guinea coast. Putting in at a coastal town, Murray would lead his medical entourage to the center of the village and make his speech before the wild-looking people who timidly poked their black heads out of primitive homes. Murray knew that the natives would flee in terror before any such mysterious rite as vaccination. So the tall judge told the wide-eyed natives a frightful story about a powerful sorcerer who was on his way from the West with a stock of evil that would bring agonizing death to all who crossed his path. The natives moaned, their eyes swelled with fear. The natives were terrified of sorcerers and this villain that their great white friend was describing seemed the very incarnation of evil.

Judge Murray pulled out all the stops and then, just at the right moment, dramatically set forth his plan: a mark would be placed on the arms of all those who trusted the government; this government mark would radiate such strength that the sorcerer's evil rays would be neutralized. Coming on the heels of ominous news, this proposition sounded fine to the natives and they placidly formed in long lines and let Judge Murray's medical men vaccinate them against smallpox.

Judge Murray had no wish to use these tactics, for he had been trying to erase the native's belief in sorcery, but he believed that a small epidemic was much the worse of the two evils. Defending his own sensitive conscience later, he wrote, "I still think we were right because we were really doing nothing more than translating the theory of vaccination into language the Stone Age savage would understand. Anyway, the government mark became hugely popular not only medically but socially, and to be without it was to confess oneself the veriest outsider."

Judge Murray permitted himself many a gentle chuckle in his reports to his government on such affairs but he never laughed at the natives, never indulged in the rather shabby humor that makes fun of a primitive man's ignorance.

The sorcerer, a mythical figment of the black savage's imagination, had been a constant cause of trouble to Judge Murray, for most Papuans believed that sorcery was the root of all sickness and when someone died in a native tribe someone else had to pay the penalty no matter how innocent the latter might be. Once a native was branded a sorcerer, his days were numbered though his cries of innocence were loud and completely justified.

Under such a weird judicial system the most intelligent man in a tribe might be the bloodiest of murderers as the appointed executioner of sorcerers. This paradox did not affect the average white colonizer, whose prompt and unfailing prescription for such a case was a public hanging. Murray knew that such punishments were not only as savage as the original murder but very shortsighted, for they were wiping out some of the most intelligent and promising men among the natives, men whom Murray could use as foundation blocks in the bridge he was painstakingly building over the great gap between Stone Age and civilization. Therefore, instead of hanging the native executioner, Judge Murray arrested him and sent him to prison and saw to it that he was thoroughly inculcated with the white man's system of justice. When the prison term and education were finished, Judge Murray would send the native back to his tribe, usually as a loyal supporter of the new regime and often as a village constable.

The natives of New Guinea were used to pythons twenty feet long, giant lizards and ugly, slimy crocodiles, but the white man's domesticated animals terrified them. Carriers waiting to conduct one of Murray's patrols into the dark interior were terrified when they caught sight of a gentle black mare. And Murray's reports described another encounter with an even gentler creature: "Some years ago," wrote Murray, "a party of mountaineers who had cheerfully followed a white man on a really dangerous expedition ran screaming when, on approaching Port Moresby, they saw a cow on the road. 'We cannot understand,' they said, 'how you white men can keep such terrible creatures—think what a bite that cow could give you.' "

Murray liked to report humorous incidents or salt more serious ones with his own wit. "Natives are not infrequently done to death by a maddened listener because they talk too much," wrote Murray. "I have always regarded this line of defense with much sympathy."

For thirty-three lively and interesting years Judge Murray governed Papua. His fame spread. Traders, missionaries and magistrates passing through Port Moresby, where Murray made his headquarters, formed a steady procession before his friendly and informal office. No one called him "Sir Hubert;" he was Judge Murray to black and white alike. His white suit and black boots and the battered old felt hat on his tall, slightly stooped figure became a symbol that brought a warm feeling of friendliness to all who saw it in New Guinea. It was not only the big things that Murray did but the little things that won the love of those who lived under his rule. His native cook, for instance, often served rather long, heavy meals which sometimes gave the judge indigestion. But Murray did not allow this to affect his appetite and always ate everything the cook served him because the cook cried when food was returned. "I do not like to see him cry," wrote Murray, "for he is a very old friend of twenty years' standing."

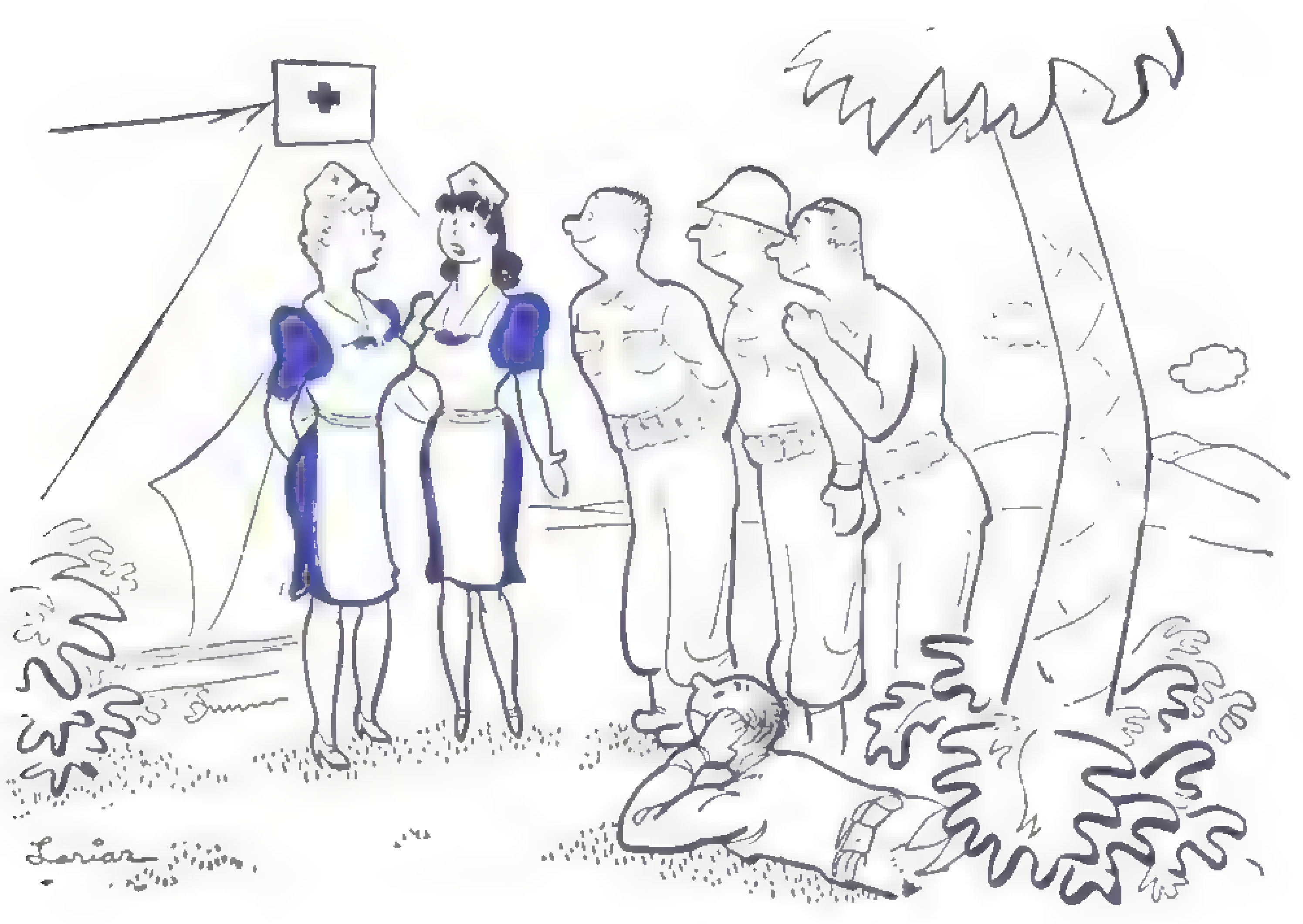
In 1937 Judge Murray had governed Papua for thirty years. There was talk of retirement. But both white and black men insisted the judge remain, and the black men composed this petition:

"Our Governor,

"We people of Papua all know that in July, 1937, you completed thirty years as Governor of Papua. During all those years we have seen your good works and all the helpful things you have done. When we have come to speak to you, you have not closed your ears nor have you frowned on us, but have received us and listened to us and acted for us. We have seen all the good things you have done and our happiness is great because of you.

"Therefore we all beg of you not to leave us, but stay here as our governor for years to come. For we know you and how you have led us into the ways of your laws, treating white people and ourselves just the same. We know that you love us well and we are full of love for you, our Governor."

Judge Murray left New Guinea three years later; he was seventy-eight years old when he died on an inspection trip. The death fires burned for forty days and nights as the Papuans mourned the loss of their great white friend. But Judge Murray's spirit did not die. It lives on today in his son who is now administrator of Papua. And it lives on in the minds of the "black savages" who have befriended Australian and American fighting men. #



"I hate to think of going home and being just another woman again!"

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 89

turns loose, everybody goes wild, and we might add, goes home happy!

"As an old-time wrestling fan of the days of Gotch, Stecher, Caddock and other masters," wrote Pete Lightner, Wichita *Eagle*, "I would like to see the game restored. However, it looks dark. In the first place, modern fans accustomed to the blood and thunder movie style matches would go to sleep in a real shooting match. I actually saw them snoring at one in St. Louis fifteen years ago—Stecher vs. Ed Lewis."

Albert [illegible], *Le Nouvelliste*, Trois Riviers, Canada, contributed the view:

If wrestling has not today full consideration in United States in certain countries, it depends on "fake established." I am persuaded if wrestling was judged by judges and referee, it would be better. However, that's my opinion as long as wrestling and boxing will not govern by a high commissair like Landis for baseball, public will be all time a "poire" and a good fish. Myself, I prefer wrestling to boxing shows. Spectacle is better.

QUESTION IV

Is the present system of a referee and two judges working out better than the old system of only the referee deciding the winner in boxing bouts?

The Public	**Yes 90.03%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 82.01%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 83.76%**

Here's a vote that may enlighten you on a question that may have come up in your mind after you've listened to a broadcast of a fight and then read a newspaper story of the same affair. There may be such difference in the accounts that you wonder if the reporters weren't attending different fights. The answer simply is that the two observers probably were on different sides of the ring and how a fight looks may depend on where you sit. What would scientifically decide this question would be an analysis of the judges' and referees' voting.

Abe J. Greene, president of the National Boxing Association, was among those voting "no" on this one. "The old referee decision was an abortion," declared James [illegible] Henderson, Muskegon, Michigan, *Chronicle*. "I've known referees who also promoted shows, and when one of his boxers, later to appear on his own show, was in the ring, as Jack Benny exclaims . . . WELL!" John O'Donnell, Davenport *Democrat & Leader*, reported:

At the University of Wisconsin, Coach John Walsh, who has produced many national college champs and national championship teams, uses a referee, no judges, the referee giving all decisions (and Wisconsin has attracted 15,200 many times to college boxing programs). His argument is that if the referee doesn't know what is going on in the ring, who does? "If a referee is qualified, why saddle judges on him?" asks Walsh.

Camp Roberts voted 83.87% on the "yes" side on this one.

QUESTION V

Do you think a four-minute mile is possible?

The Public	**Yes 86.30%**
Sportscasters	**Yes 83.32%**
Sports Writers	**Yes 71.25%**

Who do you think has the best chance to make it?

The Public	
Arne Andersson	**29.03%**
Sportscasters	
Gunder Haegg	**28.77%**
Sports Writers	
Arne Andersson	**25.30%**

Note that sports writers, although they expressed a majority belief in the four-minute mile as eventual, were not as certain as other groups were that this mile is coming. Arne Andersson, the 27-year-old school teacher in Sweden, cut the mile record down to 4:02.6 in a solo trip at Göteborg last summer. In forty-nine years the record was lowered from 4:24.5 to 4:10.4, and in the last twenty years it came down to Andersson's low.

Andersson, Haegg, Gil Dodds, Greg Rice, Bill Hulse, Frank Dixon and others were frequently mentioned in the ballots, with a heavy vote going also for some unknown yet to be developed, either from the Armed Forces or civilian life. It was the idea of J. R. Boyd, Wyola, Montana, that the first four-minute mile would be turned in by some "cowboy afoot in front of a mad cow buffalo!"

Dean Cromwell, University of Southern California coach, said: "Either Gunder Haegg, as I saw him in Los Angeles last year, or Arne Andersson, based on his reputation, can run a mile in four minutes with all favorable circumstances—weather, incentive, competition and physical well-being." Frank Castleman, Ohio State track coach, also thought it could be done. Frank Hill, Northwestern track coach, said it was only a question of time before it would be done.

Gil Dodds, who was the choice of a great many to do the job, voted that it couldn't be done. Harry Hillman, Dartmouth track coach, commented:

For a four-minute mile the track must be an exceptional one, and the best outdoor track in the world is undoubtedly the Coliseum at Los Angeles. The weather for an outdoor record must be without any wind; the competition must be the best and the runner at his best condition. Personally I think an indoor track, a large one like the one at Dartmouth, would offer the best possibilities. The record can never be made at any of the indoor meets in

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New York, Boston, etc., as the tracks are too small.

Gunder Haegg trained at Dartmouth last summer before his campaign throughout the country and he greatly impressed me as he had lots of stamina, plenty of speed and although he says that at 24 years of age he is too old, that's a mistaken idea of his. Should he continue to compete, and if they could get him over in this country where he would run about four to six tough miles, then try for a record, his chances would be good. I also think that Glenn Cunningham could have beaten 4 minutes if he had made several attempts similar to the one he made at Dartmouth when he was at his peak. When he ran his 4:04.4 at Dartmouth in 1938 he made a mistake in his second 440; otherwise at that time he could have done 4:02.4.

C. G. Simpson, University of Missouri track coach, also felt that the four-minute mile was possible, but would come from "none of the present milers."

Archie Hahn, University of Virginia track coach, figured Haegg the best bet "even though Andersson did beat his time."

"I believe the only need for a four-minute mile," stated **Hermon Phillips,** Purdue track coach, "is incentive. There just hasn't been enough. Enough incentive would produce a four-minute mile. Any number could do it." Another Purdue man, **Lieutenant (j.g.) John R. Wooden,** the famous Boilermaker basketball wizard of other years, who is now with Navy V-12 at four-minute mile was near.

"The four-minute mile," wrote **Jerry Nason,** Boston *Globe*, "was a myth until the time of Nurmi, a possibility through the era of Glenn Cunningham, and a probability since the appearance of Gunder Haegg. Twenty years separate Nurmi and Haegg, and in those 20 years the mile record has dropped only six seconds. Between 1955 and 1960 the four-minute mile should, on this rating, become an actuality. Haegg's fastest mile of 4:04.6 is still about 30 yards away from four minutes.

"Right now Bill Hulse seemingly is the person to do it," declared **Bob Byrne,** Anderson, Indiana, *Herald*, "although another boy not to be overlooked is a high school lad named Jack Corridan from Wiley High of Terre Haute who broke the state high school mile record last year with a 4:24."

Others who thought the four-minute mile likely were **John F. Moakley,** Cornell track coach; **Ensign Jewell Young,** former Purdue basketball star, and **Louis C. Schroeder,** coach of the 1920 French Olympic team.

QUESTION VI

Who would be your choice as the greatest player of all time in each of the nine positions on a baseball team?

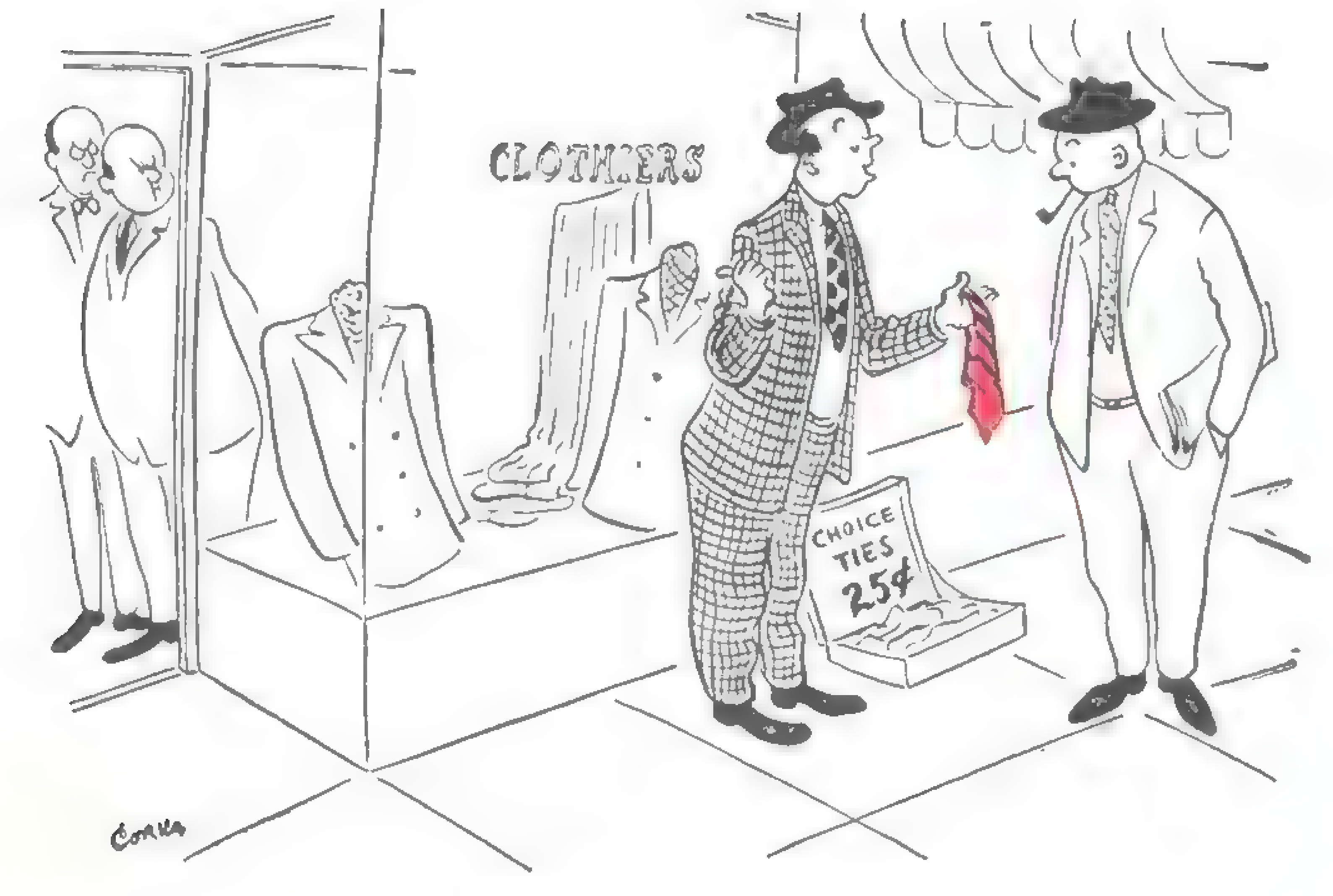
All the players selected on the first team, excepting Bill Dickey and Pie Traynor, appear by courtesy of baseball's Hall of Fame. The only catcher in the Hall of Fame is the historic Buck Ewing, one of the first of the game's long range hitters. The Hall still has third base open.

Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, named two pitchers, Grove and Johnson, and two catchers, Dickey and Cochrane. **Jack Coombs,** former Athletics pitcher and now Duke's baseball coach, named Johnson, Cochrane, Chase, Lajoie, Wagner, J. Collins, Ruth, Speaker and Cobb.

Ben B. Gross, Columbia, Pennsylvania, *News*, put Jimmy Sheckard of the old Cubs in left field because he was a Columbia native son. Sheckard was one of the great throwers.

Mel Schwarz of the Atlanta *Journal* broke out into rhythm on the subject of the all-time greats.

Jones was the master golfer,
  Vardon the golfers' peer—
Nelson and Hagen and Hogan,
  Each of them tops for a year.
Tilden's the symbol of tennis;
  Johnston, McLaughlin, Cochet,
Vines and Budge and Borotra—
  Every one King for a Day.
Thorpe was the gridiron wizard;
  Harmon, Nagurski and Coy,
Hutson and Heston and Nevers,
  Each his alumni's joy.
The "All-Time Best" is a matter
  Of the years in which you live,
For statistics are less important
  Than the thrills that the senses give.
Personal opinions may vary
  In every conceivable sport,
But no one can overlook ONE fact:
  HANS WAGNER HAS GOT TO PLAY SHORT! ###



"Would you care to take it inside and see how it looks under artificial light?"

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Still par for the 19th hole, or whenever the occasion calls for a distinctively smooth and mellow scotch whisky. That's Johnnie Walker.

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The Story of Maitland's Reply

Continued from page 57

thanks." He spoke slowly, calmly as he waited with an air of quiet assurance.

"Pardon me for asking, Sir, but how are the chances?"

"Depends on how many Jerries and how long to knock them down."

"I'll have my fingers crossed, Sir."

The sergeant passed Lowry on the deck. Lowry was still holding his cigarette, but it had gone out and he tossed it to the wind. Then he climbed to the runway and steadied himself with one hand on the fuselage of the plane.

"Hello, Maitland," he said, almost shyly.

The pilot, with his back to Lowry, turned in surprise. He tried to pat down his flowing hair. "Oh, hello!" he said.

"Tuning up the bus?"

"Just a last minute check."

"I hope you get a couple."

"Thanks. I'll try."

Maitland looked along the body of his plane, and Lowry said hesitantly: "I—I understand you're from Railey near Dover?"

Again Maitland turned in surprise.

"Why, yes—how did you know?"

"Someone must have mentioned it. Been home lately?"

"Just before this voyage."

"I've been trying to get home for a long time," Lowry said, smiling. "I'm from London."

Maitland's expression was interested, almost anxious.

"Do you know Railey?" he asked.

"A bit, before the war. I imagine, like Dover, it's taken quite a beating."

"Not really," Maitland said. "Just on the surface." And then, abruptly, he added: "Let's sit here and have a fag."

The two men squatted on the steel runway beside the plane and lit cigarettes. And suddenly Maitland was talking about his town and his mother and sister Janie, and how they would never move out, no matter how many shells landed or bombs fell.

Lowry listened. He watched the long lines of the convoy ships and he thought: I know a little about you now, Maitland—more than you think—and I'm glad.

Suddenly he said out loud: "I imagine you've found us pretty stuffy in this ship. I mean, not having much to say."

"Well," said Maitland, "if I had your job, I wouldn't feel much like entertaining."

"Chaps at sea get pretty lonely," Lowry murmured. "And then they just crawl up in their shells and make it worse."

"Well, you've got things on your mind, I imagine."

Lowry looked at the pilot. He grinned. "Let's go below and get a piece of toast. We've got time."

"Thanks for the bull session," Maitland said.

They got to their feet and tossed their cigarettes to the sea. For an instant they looked at each other as though they had suddenly met for the first time and found a liking and understanding. Then the deck shook under their feet and they turned abruptly and looked to starboard. They saw geysers of water erupting out of the sea to the stern of a fast-moving corvette. Again the underwater "rrhump" of exploding depth charges came to them.

"I'm afraid we'll have to skip the toast," Lowry said calmly.

They heard the alarm bell ringing through their ship. And then another sound—a low, distant sound—and their eyes turned upwards and outwards over the sea.

It was Maitland who spoke now. "Jerries," he said. "Three of them."

Sergeant MacDonald came running onto the deck.

"All right, Sergeant," Maitland called to him. "Enemy planes in sight. I'm ready to go."

He climbed into the cockpit of his plane. Lowry glanced hurriedly to port. The ships of the convoy were wheeling, and suddenly he heard an explosion and he saw one of them hit—saw the smoke start to curl—and his lips tightened. (Cunningham had been right; U-boats and planes at the same time.) He turned back to the plane and looked up at Maitland.

"Good hunting," he said.

"Thanks," Maitland replied. "Look—there's a writing pad I left in the saloon. Will you send it to the address on the cover?"

Lowry nodded. He looked skywards. He saw the trio of German bombers coming closer, growing larger. He heard their engines.

Maitland was extending his hand out of the cockpit. Lowry grasped it.

"Cheerio, Lowry," the pilot said.

"Get one for me!" Lowry shouted, for the propeller was turning over now, and the engine roared. He hugged the fuselage. "Good luck to you!" he yelled. "Good luck—Maitland's Reply!"

Maitland stared down at him in surprise. And suddenly Maitland nodded and smiled and waved his hand.

"Jump clear, Sir," Lowry heard Sergeant MacDonald shout.

Lowry jumped to the deck and ran to the rail. Then, in a burst of flame from the rockets and the thunder of explosions, the plane was catapulted down the runway, shot clear of the ship and quickly started to climb.

Lowry watched it go—to meet the Germans, to fight it out in the skies, to win, Lowry prayed.

And as he watched, he cried to himself: "God, if I only had wings!"

For another moment he stood there. Then he turned. The attack was on, and there was his own job to do. He started for the bridge. ⌗

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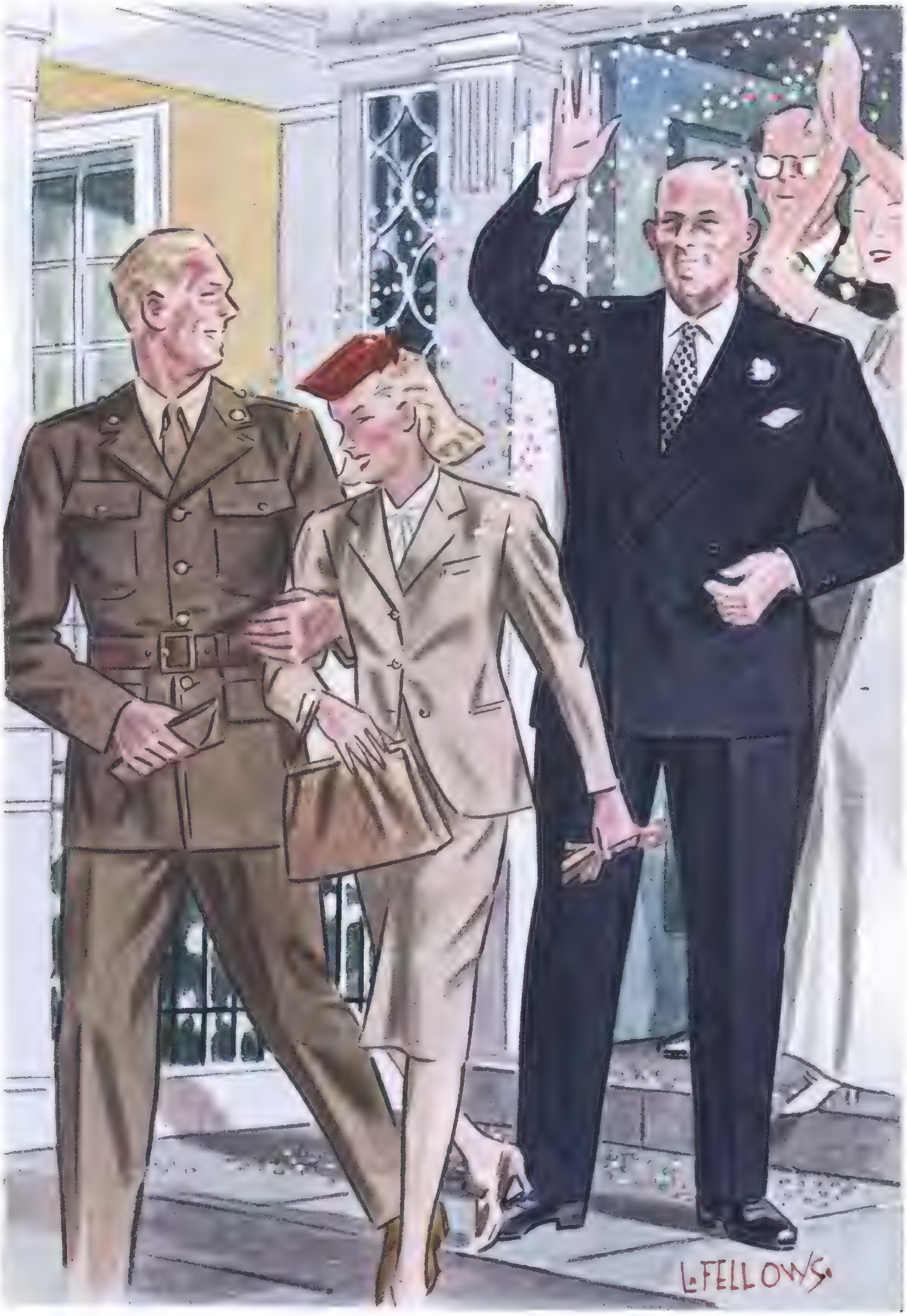
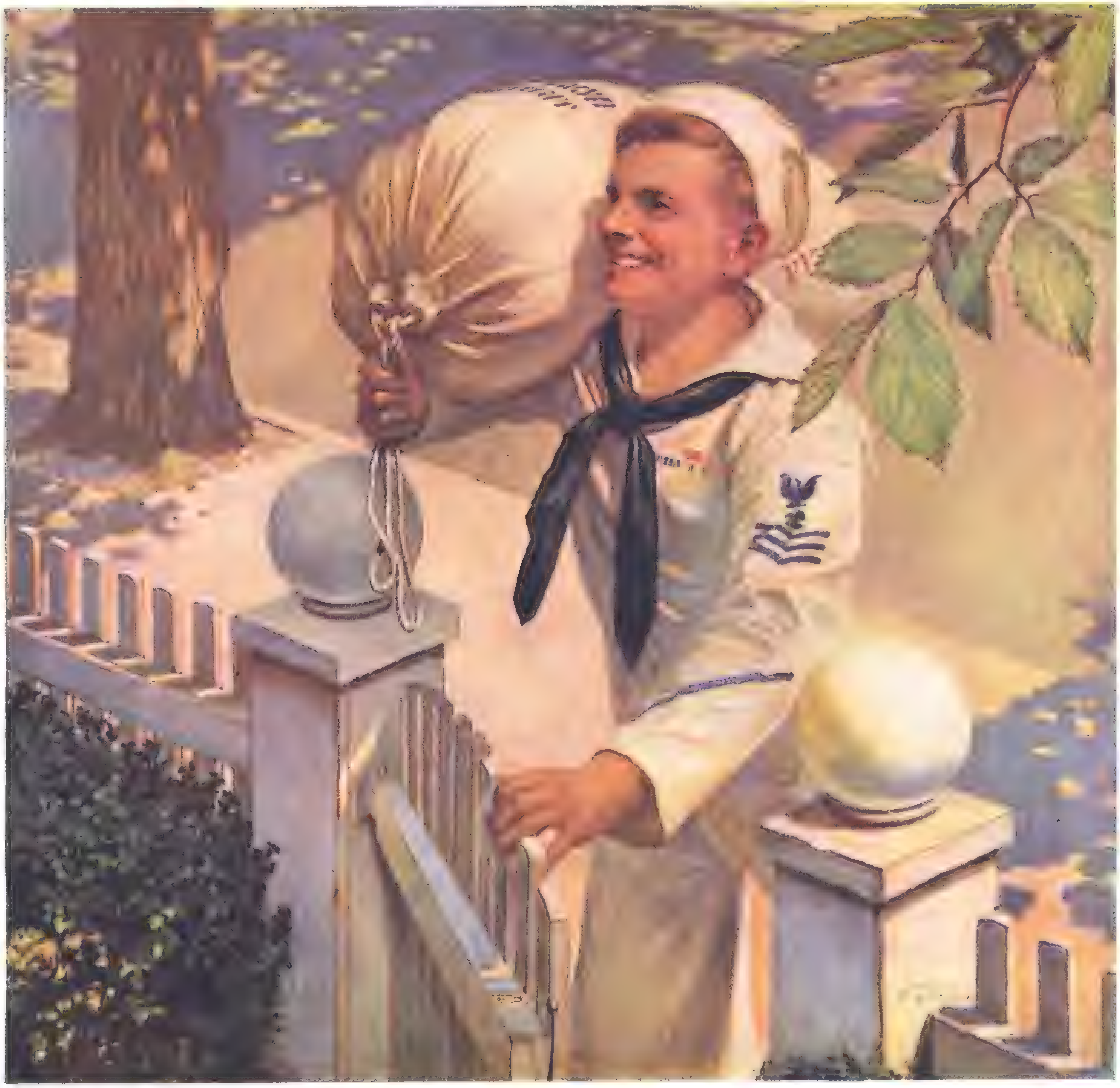


the bride wore tan

As has been said before, there's something about a soldier, something that gives him the center of the stage at all times—even at his wedding! Sensibly reconciled to the fact that attention will inevitably be drawn to her husband in uniform, this adaptable bride has chosen for her honeymoon a tailored gabardine suit which plays a nice obbligato to olive drab. The guy who gave the bride away is also sensibly attired for a wartime wedding. WPB no longer recognizes the existence of cutaway coats and striped trousers. So her Old Man can wish her well wearing a dark blue unfinished worsted suit and feel righteously patriotic while being spared all the bother of peacetime formality. He wears a white broadcloth shirt, white collar and a black and white Shepherd check tie. The shoes are black, of course. And a white boutonnière suggests restrained joy.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Let's bring him home quicker!

In this war of speed and movement, secrecy is vital to victory. Keeping the enemy in the dark helps speed the dawn of peace. So—don't relax your vigilance because of United Nations successes. Never forget that every hour by which the war is shortened can save thousands of lives.

Don't let the enemy learn one thing that might be of use to them. Whatever you hear, whatever you know, whatever you learn—be wise: *Keep it under your Stetson.*

Keep it under a Stetson Premier, rich felt made springier and long-lasting by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt Process ...$8.50. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada, hats for men and women.*

Keep it under your Stetson

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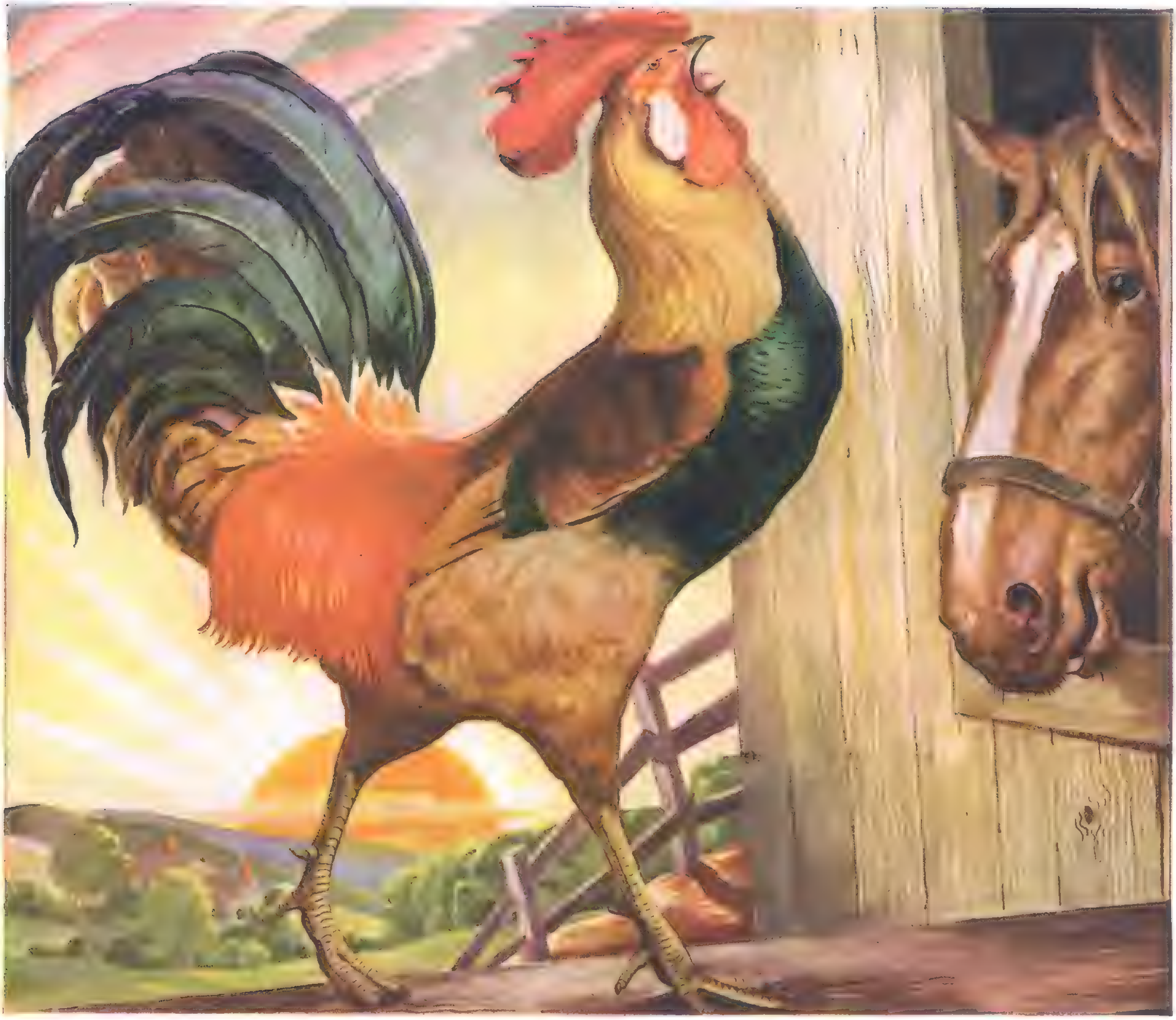

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THINK back to the most perfect, sparkling-bright morning you ever saw . . . and you'll have some idea how fresh and sunny, how mellow and light is the taste of SCHENLEY Reserve! That pleasant freshness of flavor didn't just *happen* . . . it's the result of *genius*—no less—in *blending!* It's America's *first-choice whiskey*—because we made it America's *finest*.

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The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since Oct. 1942.

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!

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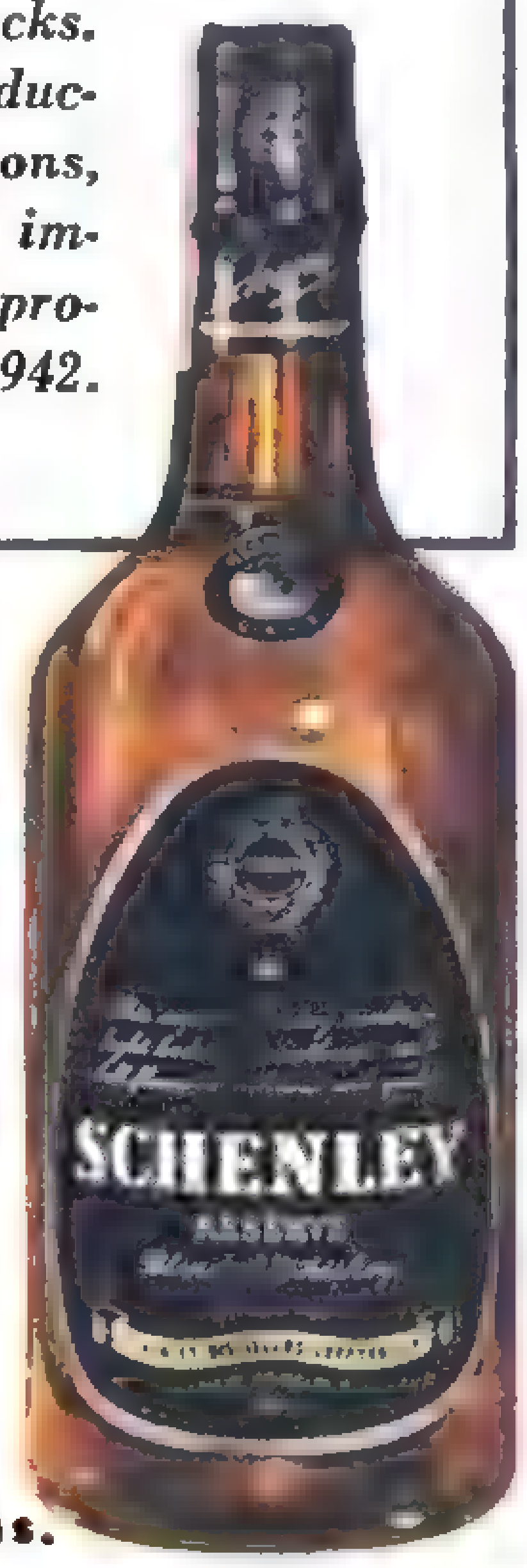

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Nahum Tschacbasov's Success Story

Continued from page 85

rest and treatment to a charitable institution, where, for the first time in his life, he encountered kindness, nourished his body with good food and heard symphonic music.

The picnic was soon over. It was print shop by day, school at night. His educational foundation was recognized as treacherous and his father was genuinely concerned and ambitious for his eldest son. He passed his school course by the skin of his teeth and continued to move from employer to employer. Another tack was tried. Young Tschacbasov was enrolled in the night course of the Armour College of Engineering. In something over a year he learned enough to help a master electrician in the wiring of a house, which skill he still possesses. The U. S. Navy employed his limited abilities as an electrician during the first world war, when he saw the Northern lights at Scapa Flow and survived a bout of influenza. Demobilized in 1919, he returned to Chicago in his sailor uniform which he muddied in print shops until he had saved enough to buy himself a suit. At night he attended business school and at the end of three years he was graduated as a qualified bookkeeper and accountant. There was still no suggestion in his relations with the universe to lead him to suspect that one day he would achieve the marvelous adjustment of becoming a round peg in a round hole.

From bookkeeping to accountancy, he was led gradually to working upon systems toward organizing and simplifying bookkeeping methods, which led, in turn, to efficiency expertizing. A leading opportunity came when he was invited east to reorganize a large company in all its departments. This firm employed something like ninety stenographers and forty bookkeepers. He hates to recall how many of them had to go to work elsewhere, to the increased efficiency of this enterprise, when he checked out. He discovered in himself an amazing intuitive ability to analyze, diagnose and prescribe for business houses. This wholly unexpected success started a new bee buzzing in his bonnet.

Returning to Chicago, he resumed his business efficiency trouble shooting. He was not happy in his home life. He was earning excellent pay—something like 200 dollars a week—but felt insecure. Among his many relatives there was none who was sympathetic. He knew something was wrong but he could not put his finger on it. In the middle or late twenties he entered upon a relationship which has been the innocent cause of several yet unresolved difficulties and the reason for certain clouded details in the artist's biography.

He did not know that he wanted to become an artist. He had shown no inclination toward drawing. His family did not foster in him the slightest cultural or civilizing influence. Even today his father rails and sneers at his son's paintings, forgetting in the violence of his animus the venerableness of his seventy-five years. In connection with his work, Nahum Tschacbasov felt the need to draw faces and heads, so that he might be better able to analyze the skills and capacities of employees in connection with personnel problems. He was applying physiognomy and the now outdated "science" of phrenology to his business. He studied with a Buckeye artist whose chief quality lay in the fact that all his pupils drew exactly as he did. He sought other teachers, one of whom he rejected because *his* students painted in different styles from the master.

Eventually he found his way into the Chicago Art Institute, and easily found the way out again. He began to paint by himself—wild, undisciplined things, probably terrible, and had the satisfaction of hearing the experts condemn him. He overheard one of them say of his things: "He's going to be a Bolshevik in art." But he was finding a sort of happiness at last. He heard that in one of the more elegant galleries there was an exhibition of modern French masters. He looked for the first time on Cézanne, Van Gogh, Roualt, and then felt sick to his stomach. That was the particular effect of Van Gogh. That is why he has never forgotten.

In 1923, in Albany, during an argument with one of the executives whose business he was putting on an efficient basis, Tschacbasov suffered the whiplash of being told: "You're no good; you've never put anything over yourself." He had been brooding upon this reproach and planning to disprove it. In 1928 he founded his own business, as efficiency consultant, and he prospered greatly. During the ten years in which I have known this unhappy man, it has appeared incredible to me that he ever could have managed any business more complex than a peanut stand, or perhaps a small chain of peanut stands. So that I am obliged to report, with the full weight of my personal incredulity, that between 1928 and 1931 Nahum Tschacbasov is alleged to have built up a business involving a pay roll of several hundred men and women, in a complicated hierarchy of functions and skills, in seven branch offices from New York to Birmingham and as far west as Chicago and St. Louis. His exercises in painting provided him with some degree of consolation for his success in business even though he was not particularly pleased with his canvases, most of which he destroyed.

Around 1931 or 1932 he went abroad to Paris to study art, leaving the direction of his business in the hands of a sales manager. He

Continued on page 134

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Nahum Tschacbasov's Success Story

Continued from pages 85-133

moved from atelier to atelier, studying first with Leopold Gottlieb, then with Léger and Gromaire and being affected slightly by the work of Mondrian. Returning for a brief period to the United States, he discovered that his business had been run into the ground in his absence, but he was strangely unmoved by the catastrophe, returning to Paris and to his art. Gradually he perceived his direction, which was to organize and simplify the world of representational forms into their abstract elements—a form of aesthetic efficiency. The Gallerie Zak gave him his first one-man show, and he was off to his start. He learned to work in various media: drawing, lithography, gouache, oil on paper, oil on canvas; and his masters were Rouault, Gromaire and Van Gogh.

Sometime around 1933-1934 he returned to America in the depths of its depression. He returned stripped. The years in Paris had exhausted his meager savings and there was not even the possibility of salvage in the bankrupt wreckage of his company. But come hell and high water he was going to paint even if, lacking canvas and good paints and brushes, he had to paint on the coarse walls of his cold water flat on the East Side, where first I became acquainted with him. To an angry landlord, Tschacbasov pointed out that his aesthetic enrichment of the flat justified a rent reduction. There was a search for bread and butter patronage but many of the people who now say, "I knew him when," then said, "Take him away, he's breaking my heart." Mrs. Tschacbasov found a job and the first of the art projects came along.

In a small, amateurishly conducted Greenwich Village gallery were exhibited sixteen canvases Tschacbasov had painted in New York, his first American one-man show, which was marred by misunderstanding, antagonism and threat of legal action, altogether a typical Tschacbasov setup. It is curious that at the termination of his latest and much more successful one-man show last winter, a marshal called with an official document and collected sixteen of Tschacbasov's paintings in an attachment later proved invalid; they say that character is fate, although the repetition of the pattern finds a Tschacbasov today who is healthier, more successful emotionally and in the esteem of fellow artists, critics and collectors. There are circles among whom Tschacbasov is hailed as a master, although his paintings make some people no more comfortable than was Tschacbasov himself at his first view of Van Gogh.

He struck a masterly stride in his 1938 exhibition, in which he integrated his intellectual sense of form and the emotion which he had poured into certain reflections on the social scene. In Tunisia, during a diversionary trip from Paris enroute to the United States, he had come upon a horde of beggars camped upon the muddy ground without any kind of shelter; aboard the steamer he had closely remarked a huddle of steerage passengers stolidly suffering continuous drenching in a storm off the coast of Corsica; and on a Brooklyn street he had watched policemen slugging strike pickets; all that he thought and felt about the phenomena of cosmic and social injustice went into these paintings, and there were enough people to see what the artist was saying, to give him the satisfaction of knowing that his expression was communicating his emotion. Tschacbasov was becoming more nearly the master of himself and of the tools of his art.

Outside of his art, however, he was disorganized. He felt that he was isolated in a hostile environment, lacking the key with which to open the door. He was the victim of illogical fears, but his mental recognition of their illogicality did not help him to break them down. For instance, he was afraid to walk north of a certain street, because that street was the boundary of the commercial district. He tried to be friendly but people became vigilant against his overtures.

A psychoanalyst provided the answer in a lengthy series of treatments, beginning in 1939. He discovered and broke down in the artist the basic pattern of frustration which was hampering his adjustment to society. He sent the mind of the artist scurrying toward avenues of participation in and identification with other people. The scientist gave social context to the artist's life in this way: Tschacbasov huddled in his studio and painted pictures. But he did not make a living by painting pictures. "Nonsense," said the analyst, "get out and make a living," meaning that his patient should thus fortify in himself the sense of self-reliance and self-sufficiency. The doctor's unarty approach to art was the major item in the patient's therapy.

For this led to the artist's organization of the American Library of Color Slides, temporarily under blankets for the duration as the American Color Slide Co. Feeling the justice of his doctor's admonition, Tschacbasov ruminated on the alternatives of activity. He would not become a printer again; he could not resume the work of an electrician, nor of an accountant. He began playing with a camera.

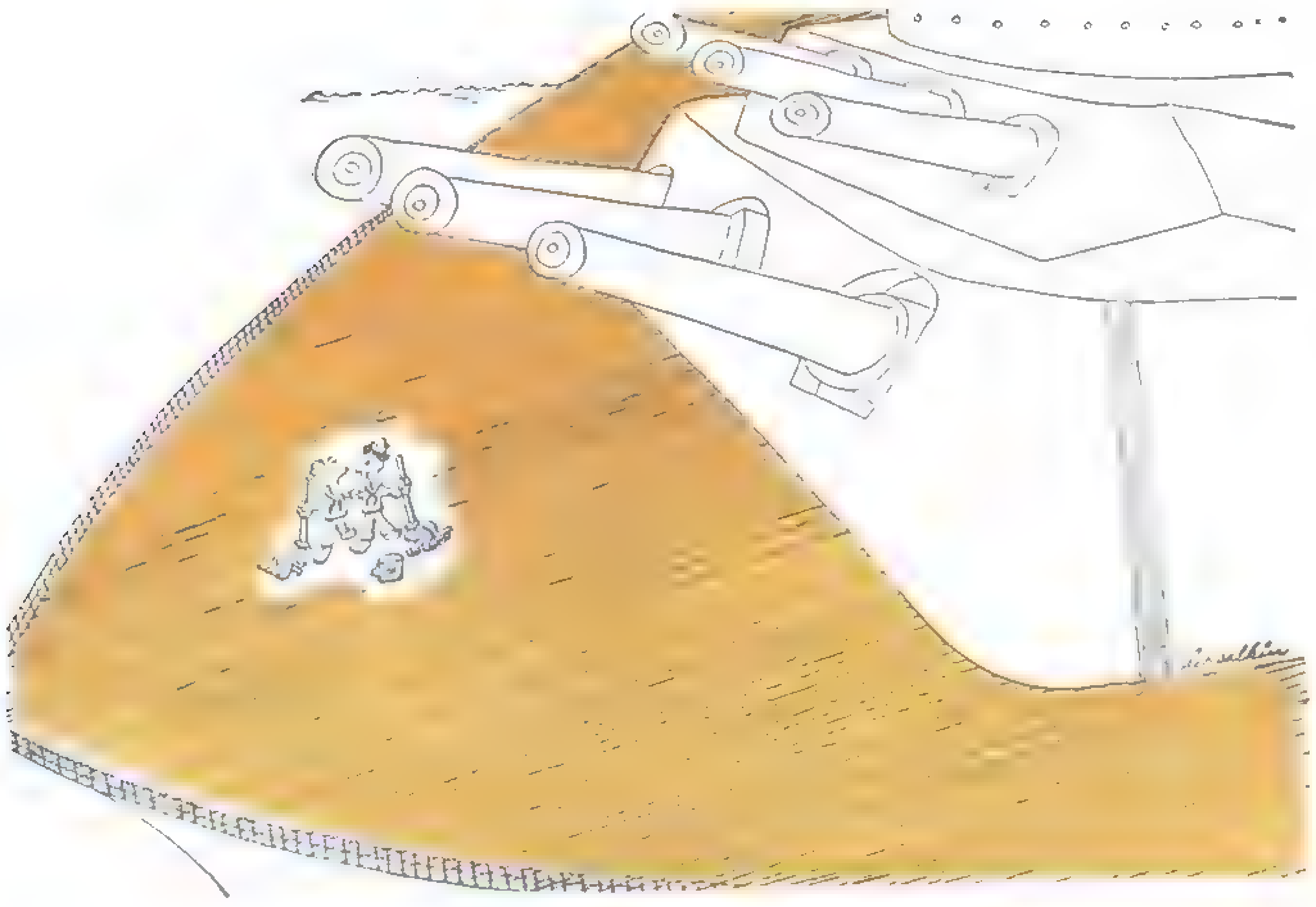
He took photographs of his own paintings. They looked pretty good. He took color photographs; they still looked good. He visited the studios of fellow artists and "shot" their paintings. Gradually he built up a file of color slides of contemporary American artists. At a meeting at the A. C. A. Gallery he threw upon a screen, wit only artists and critics for audience, the slides he had accumulated. The enthusiasm with which the "show" was received persuaded him that he had something. Subsequently he founded the American Library of Color Slides, whose brief career, although checkered for reasons beyond the artist's control, must persuade one that he has a talent for efficient organization much more complex than that which would be required by the management of a peanut stand, or even a chain of them.

Tschacbasov has made 30,000 color slides of something like 2,000 contemporary American paintings, in artists' studios, galleries and museums. He has photographed the gems in the Phillips Memorial Gallery, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Museum of Non-Objective Art. To the Metropolitan Museum of Art he contributed, as a personal gift, one thousand color slides. The Carnegie Corporation of New York purchased one thousand color slides for presentation to twenty-five educational institutions throughout the United States, an action which conforms to Tschacbasov's ambition to create an all-embracing Album of American Art from which large repository slides are to be made available, through sale and rental, to museums, schools, colleges, universities and lecturers throughout the United States. He has himself supplied duplicates to something like 200 schools, colleges and universities, including the Library of Congress, Johns Hopkins, the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Tschacbasov has perfected the allied skills of making duplicates of slides and color prints from them, as well as movies in color of artists at work in their studios.

While he was working by day on his color slides, he was painting at night, for unlike most artists, he does not feel at the mercy of the north light. Late in 1943 he unveiled the paintings of his post-psychoanalytic period which achieved the double prestige of critical acclaim and collectors' desire. The paintings were light and free and spacious, still subjective, and imaginative in the expressionist vein, the "material" for them drawn up from the depths of his private universe of thought and feeling.

But what a difference in the universe! Instead of Chinese refugees, flood victims, chain gang Negroes, deportees, school children in gas masks, instead of lacerations of Board of Directors, John D. Rockefeller and the Supreme Court, instead of trenchant social satire, the present liberated artist has given us paintings from which have been lifted the weights or pessimism, misanthropy and moroseness. The sneer has yielded to the smile. Air and light, sunlight and fertile untroubled landscape, human hope, aspiration and happiness have now commandeered canvases which used to be dour with dark, heavy pigment and almost despairing social significance. His present painting is no longer earth-bound, or manacled to sociology. Consider merely the titles of the latest paintings, *Xanadu*, *Early Morning*, *Hope Chest*, *Fruits of the Earth*, *Garden of Eden*, *Hope of Youth*, *Sondra and the Solar System*. *Hope Chest*, for example, is as imaginatively beautiful as anything by Chagall, if not more so. *Sondra and the Solar System* is a canvas bursting with hope and joy in which there are many suns in the sky, but in which all the light and the glory is upon the earth. The poetic and tender *Portrait of My Wife* is something the earlier Tschacbasov could not have done. He has become free in his painting, positive and optimistic in his feeling, but in his hopefulness there has been no loss of simple vigor, as is proved by his *Portrait of a Man*, a first-rate expression in the terms of modern art. Tschacbasov has stated the clue to his new vision, in his catalogue foreword: "Our basic struggles as human beings need not blind our sensibility to the strangeness of reality, which has become prosaic to the weary, but a vital source of creation to the artist."

Nahum Tschacbasov has found himself. #



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Continued from page 69

redfish, for in that shallow water his actions were easily visible as he made short side casts like a bird dog, then hit the blood-scent again and came steadily on. We scrambled for the automatic pistol, only to remember that we had not bothered to bring it. On he came and we faced the helpless prospect of seeing our fine fish taken from us just as we had begun to get the upper hand. In desperation I pulled the starter cord of the motor. The propeller shot a column of bubbles, mud and vibration at the shark, and to our satisfaction he turned and ran. Five minutes later Joe carefully caught the tail of the exhausted twenty-one pound redfish and brought him into the boat.

As game fish, sharks aren't so hot, but one September my cousin, Tommy Vereen, and I were at St. Mary's, Georgia, and for lack of other fishing decided to go out with the shrimp fleet and tangle with the sharks that habitually trail the trawlers in hungry packs. We rode out on the shrimp boat, towing our sixteen-foot speedboat, which was a necessity. These fishermen were taking us out of friendliness; their business was to catch shrimp, which meant that the boat would be trawling constantly. Neither Tommy nor I cared to be on the deck of a boat going in one direction while a shark on the hook tried to go in the other direction. Hence the speedboat.

As we moved unhurriedly toward the shrimp grounds we could see the stacks of Fernandina, fragrant with fishery and wood-pulp mill.

The net was lowered and the trawling began. A couple of hours later the winch was thrown into gear and the net was hauled in and lifted above the stern deck, where it hung suspended like a great hempen teardrop. One of the boys pulled the drawcord and several hundred pounds of squirming, crawling, flopping sea life spilled down upon the deck. There were many shrimp and recognizable fish, but also eel-like things and centipedish crustaceans and misshapen little spotted crabs crawling over the mass and other creatures not readily describable.

After the shrimp were separated, beheaded and packed in bushel baskets, the remaining "trash" fish were scooped overboard. Immediately fins appeared, and the wake of our boat became a suds of activity. Anything thrown into the water disappeared immediately in a lather of foam.

Tommy pitched a horseshoe crab overboard and something struck it violently, knocking the shell completely out of the water. Not believing a shark capable of such explosive fury, I leaned over the stern and watched the activity. A big fish flashed directly under me, and I saw a familiar flag-like fin upon his back.

"Some of these fish are tarpon!" I said, grabbing my rod.

While I fumbled with leader and hook, Tommy loosened the bowline that held the smaller boat. Finally I was in the speedboat with my hastily rigged outfit and a sand mullet on a 6/0 hook. I made a cast. There was a quick chromium flash and I leaned hard against the rod. A fine tarpon erupted clear, the red of his gill rakers flaring.

The tarpon didn't jump again. After fifteen minutes the pull on the rod was as strong as ever. Finally my suspicions were aroused for whenever we tried to turn away from the vicinity of the shrimp boat, the line went out.

"I've lost him," I said. "He fouled the line and got away, and what I'm trying to land is that trawl net."

We cut the line and went back to the shrimp boat. Now all we could see were sharks. But when Tommy cast into the wake, two tarpon rushed the bait and the winner took it and ran. I opened the throttle to get clear of the net lines—and the motor choked dead. Seeing the approaching net lines, which would have capsized the speedboat like a bathtub toy and spilled us in with the feeding sharks, Tommy forgot about tarpon and so did I.

You can't worry about being shark bait and fight a tarpon at the same time. So Tommy's tarpon was gone.

But there were more where he came from so we went back to our mother ship and hung another one and some fifteen minutes later landed him. We had others on, as well as catching a black-fin shark that made a few gamey jumps. During this last encounter, the fishermen on the shrimp boat had again hauled the net in, and we could see them engaged in some spirited activity on deck.

When we got close one of them said, "We got your fish!"

And there on the deck lay the first tarpon I had hooked. In the struggle against my rod he evidently swam around the net line. When the winch pulled in the net it also pulled in thirty feet of fishing line at the end of which was a live and active tarpon that had to be killed with an engine tool.

All in all, a novel but not recommended method of catching a tarpon. ⧺

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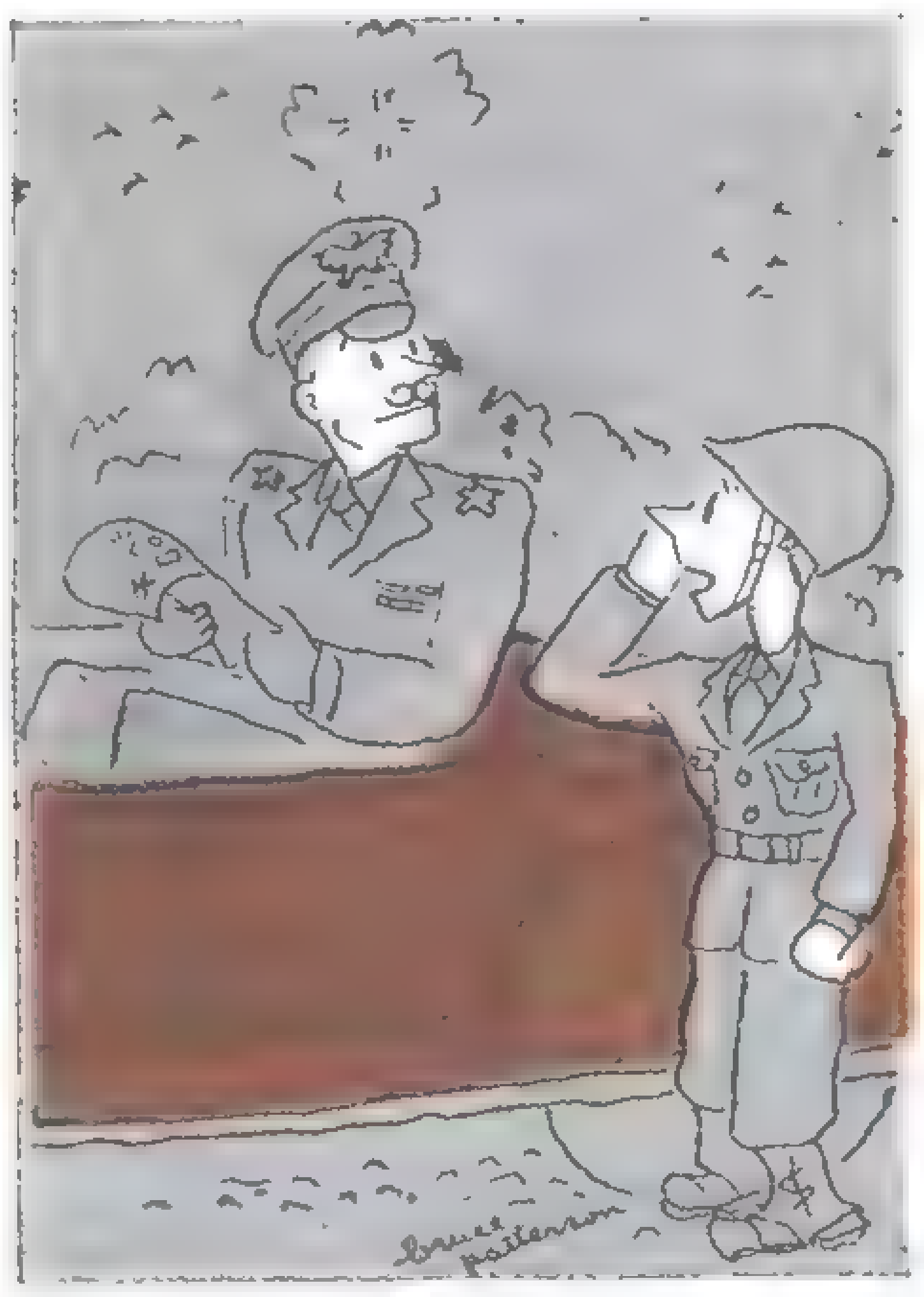
Eppy and the White Death

Continued from page 41

he want to know what name you use."

Eppy could feel himself tightening up inside. He certainly hadn't bargained for anything like this. He heard loud laughter coming from the bullfighter's table and felt the amused glances of Lagartijo and his entourage upon him from time to time. Having fun at his expense, no doubt. The lousy Gachupín! For two pesetas he'd take that platter of tacos and push them in that too pretty face of his. But caution took the place of valor. Better not start anything now and have the lie come out. He was on thin enough ice as it was. He would simply ignore Señor Lagartijo—that was the safest way.

"You tell that Mr. Lizard," Eppy said, "it iss not his business." He got up with what dignity he could muster and slammed the screen door as he went out. But Soledad or no Soledad, when Eppy was hungry he ate. He walked up the street half a block and entered the restaurante El Progreso.



"Pardon me, Sir, but this isn't the way we do it in Hollywood"

* * *

The Plaza de Toros was less than half filled. The locals stayed away for the reason that Lagartijo was an unknown to the Tijuana afición. For this reason the empresario had billed an added attraction to the regular corrida, the White Death, hoping to attract the Americanos who were apathetic toward the usual bullfights.

Soledad and Eppy had seats near the barrera. Sole had borrowed a white mantilla and comb for the occasion and looked around importantly, hoping she'd see some of her friends, which she didn't. They were all in the sun section.

There were four bulls on the program. Lagartijo fought two, the first and last, as befitting his stellar rating and position as a torero. The other two were taken by a secondary member of his cuadrilla. Soledad squealed with delight as Lagartijo executed verónicas and passes with cape and muleta, which Eppy did his best to explain professionally. In truth, Eppy had only seen three corridas before in his life.

After the last bull, the mozos cleared the ring of paper and bottles and other refuse thrown by overenthusiastics, and then a man ran out carrying a small wooden platform, the kind the elephants perform on in the circus. It was painted a fresh white. He placed it in the center of the ring and scurried back to the barrera.

The crowd quieted down as the empresario's voice came over the loud-speakers. They were about to witness the famous spectacle originated by the incomparable Juan Belmonte (cheers), known as the Muerte Blanca. In this the man showed his complete mastery over the bull by his so great courage and bravery . . . There was a lot more, but the crowd was impatient and noisy again and it was lost.

A bugle blew, and Lagartijo was coming out of his barrier, walking toward the platform. The crowd cheered lustily.

"Ay, qué hombre," Soledad said admiringly, her eyes following Lagartijo.

In truth, Eppy reluctantly admitted to himself, Lagartijo was indeed a heroic figure. He was dressed all in white from head to foot. He mounted the platform, testing his footing to see that it rested solidly on the ground, then after a dramatic pause waved grandiosely at Don Vicente Pérez, the empresario, indicating he was ready. The bugle blew—ta-da-ta-daaa . . .

Lagartijo, rigid as a statue, arms at sides, looked straight ahead as the toril gate to his left opened wide. When the bull came out, a man, leaning far over the railing above the gate, stuck a pair of firecracker banderillas into the bull's shoulders, and as they began to explode the bull bellowed and bucked and shook his head, trying to dislodge the stinging darts, but finally gave it up and stood there puzzled. Lagartijo never moved a muscle.

Then the bull, noticing the strange, white object, broke into a trot and circled, his head held high. Then he turned toward the motionless Lagartijo, running now, and the crowd caught its breath and held it. Lagartijo never batted an eye. The bull lowered his head and charged, but swerved just as he reached the man on the stool and went on by, sand spattering the platform like shrapnel. The crowd gasped. The bull circled again, pawed the ground and watched the white thing for some sign of life.

Lagartijo never once moved. He stood there, spectacularly proving the theory that a bull would not attack an inanimate object. Five times the bull charged, swerving away at the last moment, and then Lagartijo jumped down, smiling at the crowd, and nonchalantly walked toward the barrier, while the cape men rushed in and engaged the

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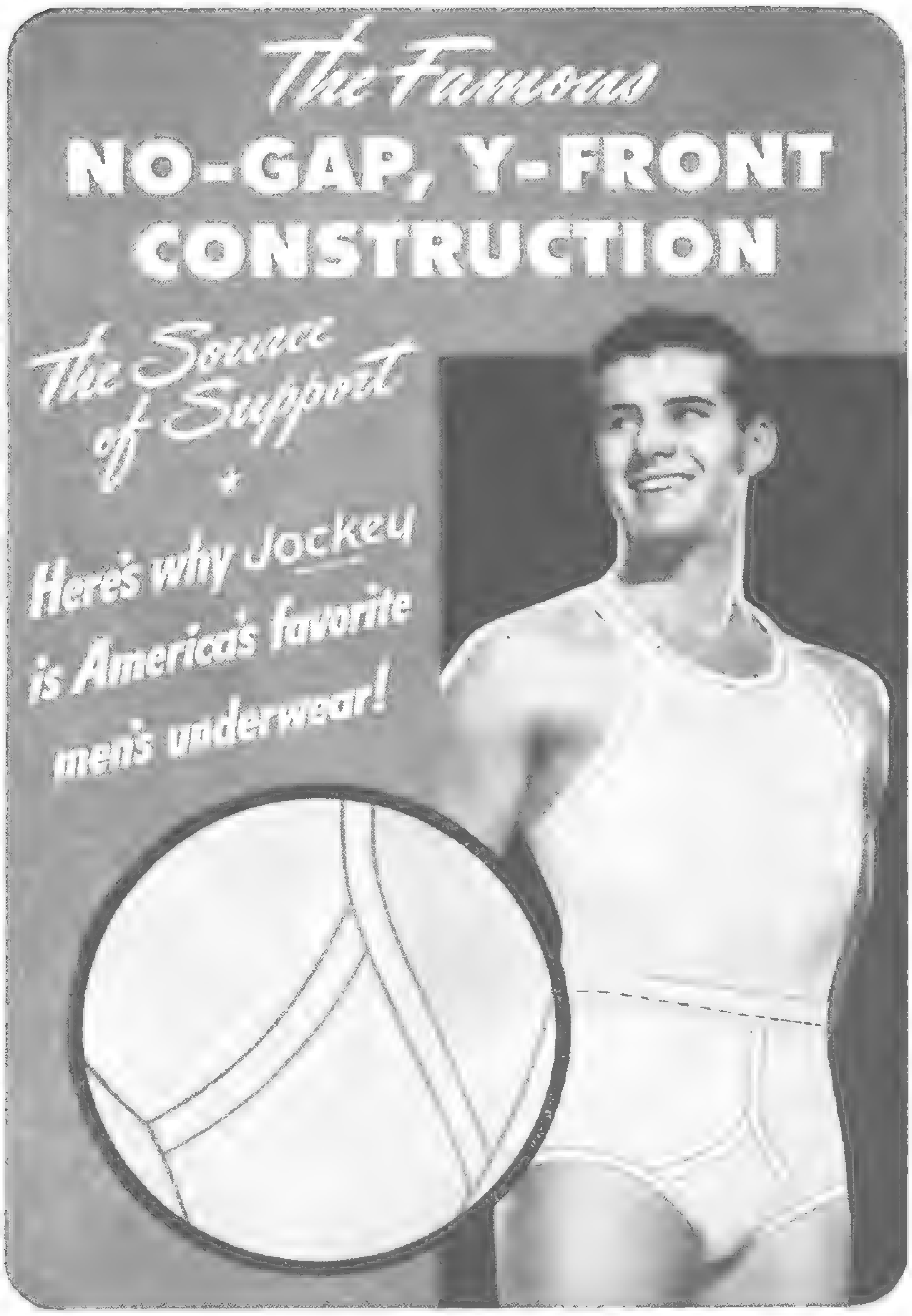

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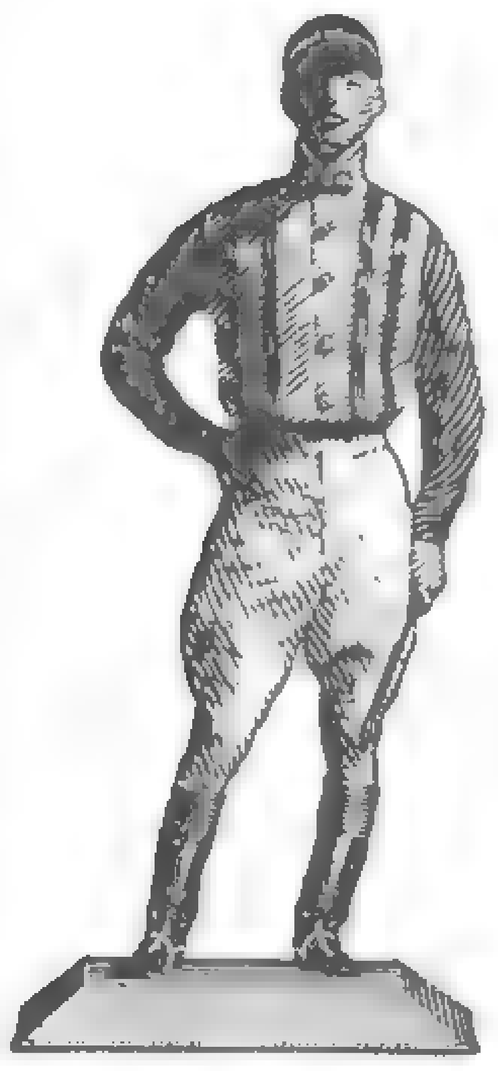

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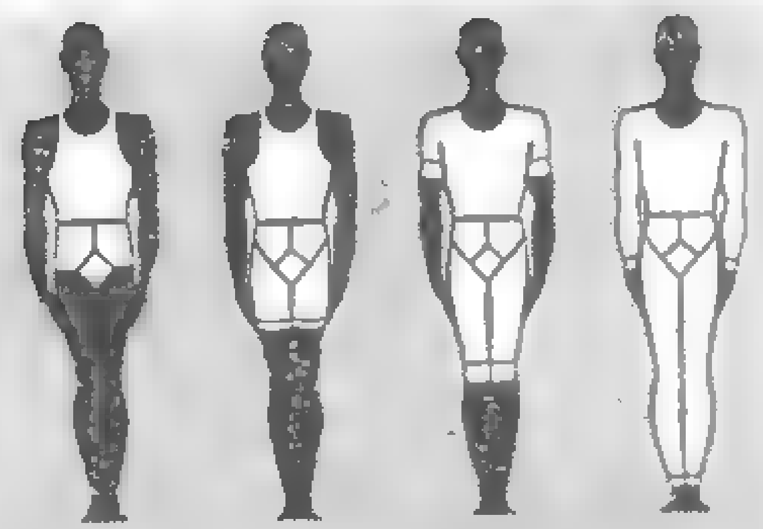

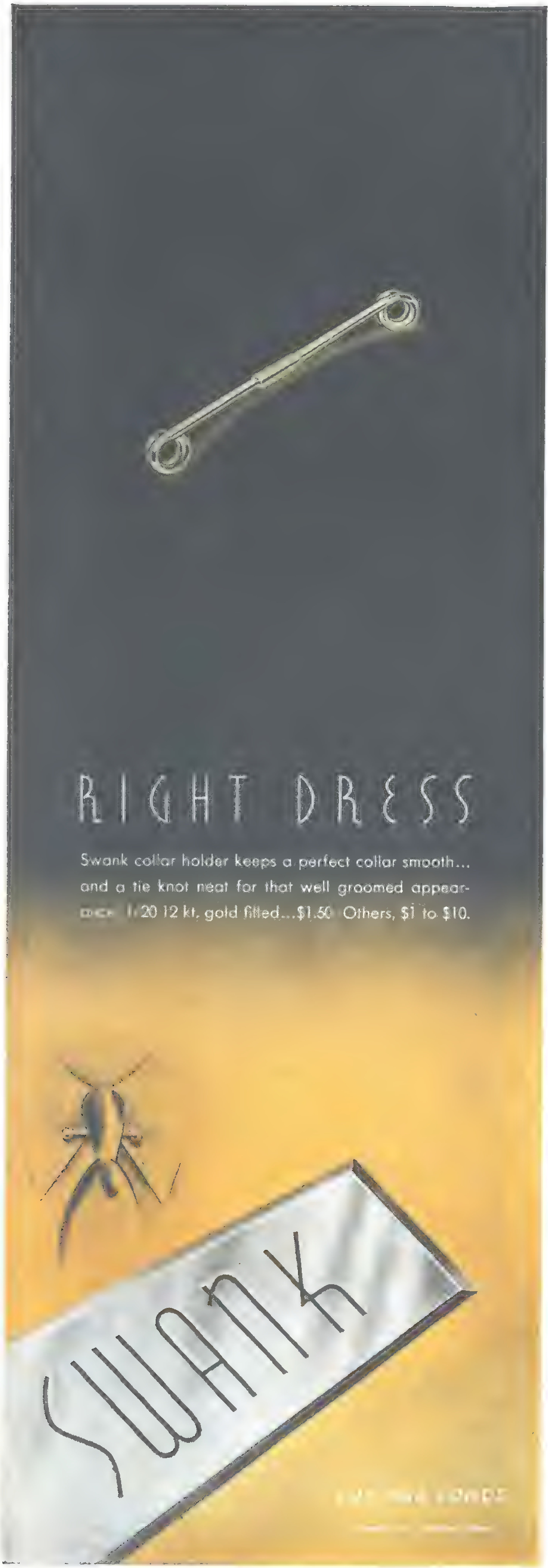

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Eppy and the White Death

Continued from pages 41-137

bull. The crowd was wild but, of course, there were some who looked upon the whole thing with disappointment. Lagartijo hadn't even been scratched.

That was the finale, and as Eppy and Soledad made their way toward the exit, all Soledad could talk about was Lagartijo. He was magnífico! ¡Qué hombre! ¡Qué guapo!

"Look, Sole," Eppy argued. "This Lagartijo maybe iss all like you say, but because he's give you two tickets to bullfight you think he's crazy for you, eh?"

Soledad smiled—a cat that ate the canary smile. "What you think, Eppy, if I tell you Rodolfo ask me for date—tomorrow night? What you think, eh?"

But that was Monday night—Soledad's night off—when they went to San Diego to the cine. Eppy was shocked. "You go?"

Soledad shrugged. "I tell heem I theenk about it—an' let heem know."

Eppy realized sadly there was nothing he could do about it—if she chose to go. He'd long since known the futility of arguing a point with the luscious but willful Soledad.

Outside they ran into Sergeant Chato Morales. Chato was short and squat, with a good-natured, round face and big prominent teeth that resembled kernels of corn. When he opened his mouth he looked like a horse that was about to neigh.

"Ole, Eppy," Chato said. "You don' look so good. ¿Qué pasa?"

"Nada," Eppy said glumly.

"How you like the corrida?" Soledad asked excitedly.

"The same like always," Chato said without enthusiasm. "The poor toro—they make him run the capes till he's tired, an' then the picas make him bleed an' he get weak, an' when he almos' fall down the brave matador come in an' stick him with the espada an' the poor toro fall down an' everybody says, 'Bravo.'" Chato shook his head. "¡Qué barbaridad! I theenk she estink." Chato had lived in Los Angeles.

"Maybe you theenk the Muerte Blanca estink, too," Soledad said.

"That," Chato said disdainfully, "iss lousy. Look pretty maybe—but iss nothing." He shrugged it off.

"You right, Chato," Eppy agreed, grateful for his friend's low opinion of the detestable Lagartijo and his art. "Anybody know the bull she's don' do nothings if the man don' move . . ."

Soledad's eyes flashed. "Maybe *you* do the Muerte Blanca when *you* make the corrida in Chihuahua, eh, Eppy?" Her words carried a biting sarcasm.

Eppy took a deep breath. Might as well go whole hog. "Sure," he admitted. "Many times."

Chato showed his surprise. "I never know you were bullfighter, Eppy. You never tell me . . ."

Eppy deprecated the whole thing with the proper degree of modesty. "I get a bad cornada in the leg," he said. That was why the doctors wouldn't pass him for the carabineros. "Look—I show you." He rolled up his pant leg.

On the way back to town, Sole told Eppy in shrill and vituperative words of her native tongue just what she thought of him for trying to belittle and discredit the heroic Lagartijo.

"I have decide," she declared, "I will have date with Rodolfo—tomorrow night."

Eppy was too busy that night to give much thought to his woe, but it was with him, nevertheless. But by ten most of the tourists had departed back across the border and there was a lull. Eppy drove up to his stand in front of the Foreign Club and parked. He sat for a long time alone with his misery. Finally he got out and decided to go inside and have a split of Carta Blanca.

A crowd of men was gathered near one end of the bar engaged in violent argument. Eppy recognized Chato's voice, then saw him in the center of the group, gesticulating to a man in a high, Cordobán hat.

"That Muerte Blanca," Chato was saying. "Ha! The biggest fake of all." Why, he had a friend, right here in Tijuana, who'd done the so-called Muerte Blanca many times . . .

Then Eppy stood stock still. The man with the Cordobán hat was none other than Lagartijo, himself! Eppy would have departed then and there, but Chato spotted him.

"Ole, Eppy," Chato called. "Come over here." He turned to Lagartijo. "Thees iss man I tell you about," Chato said triumphantly.

Lagartijo lifted his eyebrows. "So," he said. "It is you." He smiled. "The charming Soledad has told me of you. I am happy to meet—shall we say—a retired member of the profession?" He bowed slightly.

Eppy didn't like this—any of it. The way Lagartijo looked at him or his soft voice.

"What you say about that Muerte Blanca, Eppy?" Chato persisted. "Have a dreenk first, then tell thees man what you tell me."

Eppy was trapped, and he knew it. "Pues . . ." he began, but found himself at a loss for words.

The bartender handed him a glass of tequila, and Eppy swallowed it in a gulp. Miraculously the cool, fiery liquid renewed his flagging spirits. Wonderful stuff, tequila. Before he knew it, he was repeating to the group what he had told Chato. That anyone who knew anything at all of bulls knew that they would not attack an inanimate object. As a second tequila took hold, he elaborated on his theory.

Lagartijo remained calm throughout. When Eppy had finished, he spoke: "I got to admit this man tells the truth about the Muerte Blanca. All you have to do is stand still." He shrugged magnanimously.

Lagartijo's manager cut in. "So iss nothing, eh?" he said to Eppy, baring his teeth. "Maybe *you* like to take Rodolfo's place Sunday, eh?"

It was Chato who answered. "Sure," he said. "Eppy can do it more good than Lagartijo." Chato was a little drunk.

Eppy was acutely distressed. He caught Chato's eyes, frantically shaking his head, but Chato, still arguing, paid no heed.

Don Vicente was pounding on the bar for silence. This was good, he said, what los Americanos would call a *natural.* Eppy was a local boy. The plaza would be sold out.

"I shall be glad to give him my place," Rodolfo said, bowing again.

Espléndido. It was a great idea, all agreed—but Eppy. Before he realized what had happened the whole thing was set, the agreement signed and witnessed. Eppy would be given one hundred dollars for his performance. Five minutes' work, maybe.

Lagartijo ordered a round of drinks for the house. Perhaps he, like Don Vicente, was thinking of his percentage of the gate. Eppy braced himself against the bar. The same, he told the bartender weakly, then added as an afterthought: "¡Doble!"

When Eppy awakened, he was sure it was all a bad dream, but as the day wore on he began to realize it was real enough. The story had been told and retold in all the cantinas with varying degrees of truth and accuracy. *La Voz* front-paged it. By midweek, the town was plastered with posters, carrying Eppy's picture, announcing the event.

Eppy groaned inwardly. He thought of various ways of getting out of it. He could go to *La Voz* and tell the truth, but then he'd become the laughing stock of the entire Distrito del Norte. Or he could leave town—escram, as Chato would say—but thinking of the carabineros, who were sponsoring him, so to speak, he reluctantly rejected this also.

No, he realized sadly, there was no way out. The only thing he could do was to implore his patron saint to protect him.

He hadn't seen Soledad since last Sunday. He no longer patronized the Cielito Lindo, since he'd learned that Sole had been having dates with Lagartijo. If he got killed, maybe she would wish she hadn't been so cruel. He felt a certain sadistic pleasure as he visualized his own funeral cortege going by to the campo santo, Sole weeping silently as it passed.

* * *

The arena was nearly filled, as the empresario had predicted, but Eppy was only vaguely aware of the sea of faces as he waited in the cubbyhole beyond the barrera. Already the bullfights were over and soon Don Vicente's voice would be coming over the loudspeakers and then it would be time for him to go.

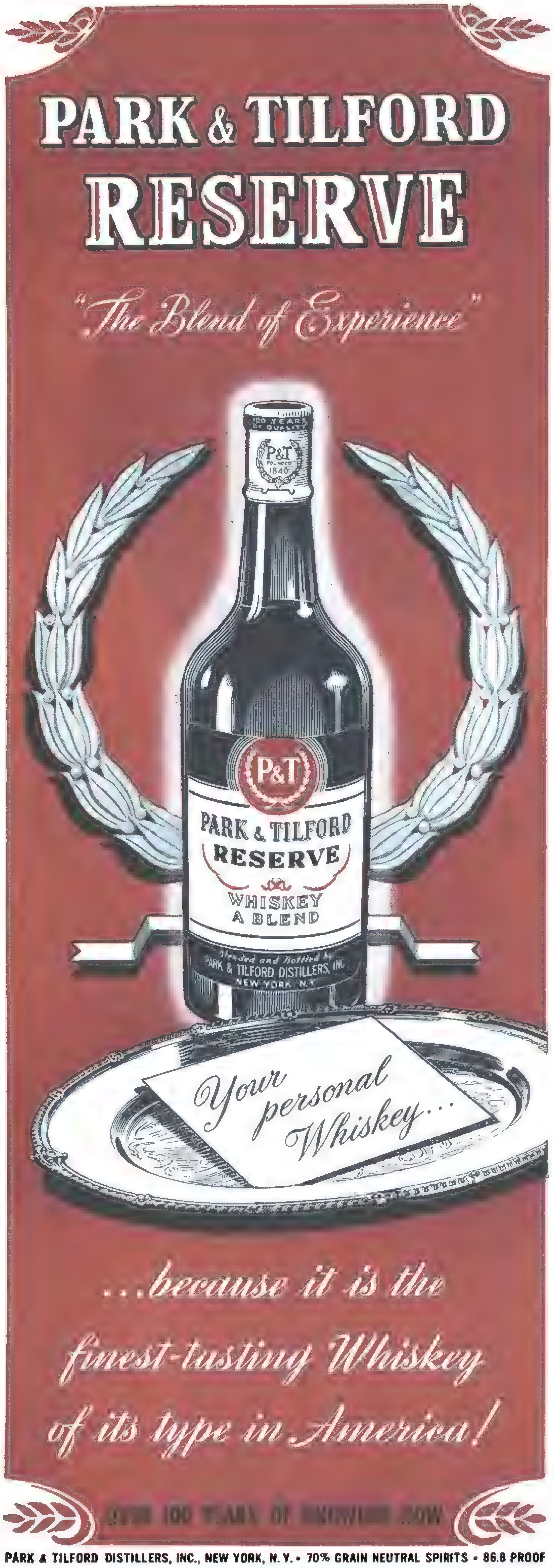
He felt ill at ease in the white costume and in spite of the ritual made of dressing him, with Chato and some of the carabineros in attendance, they still hadn't managed to make him look anything like the dashing Lagartijo. The white suit was too big for him and the wig was now slightly askew and his spindly legs in the long, white stockings looked like pipe stems. As Joe Allegría had remarked: "Look like a good suit to make bury in." And everybody had laughed but Eppy.

Before leaving for the bull ring, Eppy had given Chato an envelope. It was addressed to Soledad, to be given her in the event he received mortal wounds. It might have been called a confession, combined with Eppy's last will and testament. In it he'd told Sole the truth. Then he'd instructed her about what to do with his effects. The cab and the four tires were to be sold and the money was to buy athletic equipment for the carabineros. The hundred dollars he would receive, as well as the sixty-four dollars and ten cents in the Banco Nacional, was hers. He hoped these things would make her think more kindly of him. . . .

Then Don Vicente's voice came

Continued on page 140

"Well, what do you know—it was loaded!"



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Eppy and the White Death

Continued from pages 41-137-139

blaring through the speakers. Bopo, the attendant, handed him a small bottle of mescal.

Eppy shook his head.

"How you feel?" Bopo asked.

"Malo—muy malo."

Eppy looked it.

"You be hokay," Bopo said. "I watch with the cape to make the *quite.*" He took a drink himself.

Then the bugle. Ta-da-ta-daaa. Eppy took a long breath.

"Venga," Bopo said.

He took Eppy by the arm and they walked across the sand toward the little stool in the center. Eppy was faintly conscious of the crowd's wild cheers, but their voices sounded strange and far away and as though they weren't for him at all. Bopo said something to him—it was all a blur—and then patted him on the shoulder and said, "Buena suerte," and was trotting back across the ring.

Eppy felt desperately alone. How could he stand still when he was shaking from head to foot? He started to cross himself, but as he lifted his arm the bugle blew, and he dropped it to his side.

He closed his eyes tight, but he heard the sound of the toril gate opening. He opened his eyes—he couldn't help it. Then he heard the sharp crackle as the firecrackers exploded.

"Epifanío!" came a shrill, penetrating voice.

He turned. He saw Soledad near the barrera, struggling with two policemen, and at the same time he remembered the bull. He straightened quickly and wondered if the bull had seen him move. He had to know. He began to turn his head to the left slowly.

The bull, big and black, with horns like cathedral spires, trotted into his vision and stopped. Man and beast looked into each other's eyes. Cold sweat broke out on Eppy's forehead. The bull, long banderillas dangling on either side of his heavy shoulders, opened his mouth and let out a fearful bellow. Eppy's feet left the platform. He jumped straight up. The bull charged. Eppy didn't hesitate. He leaped from the platform and headed for the barrier, praying his rubbery legs wouldn't fail him.

The bull was in full pursuit, and Eppy put on speed and threw a glance over his shoulder and saw el toro bearing down and gaining with every jump. Eppy's skinny legs churned the sand, and his wig came off and one stocking was down. He approached the safety box, but he knew he had to slow down and turn his body sideways to get in. Panic seized him. He went right on by. Cape men had rushed in, but for some reason the bull couldn't be turned.

The bull was gaining on Eppy, who was now close to exhaustion. He threw another quick glance over his shoulder. Por dios—the bull was almost on top of him. The second safety box was still fifty feet away. Eppy could almost feel the hot breath of the bull on his neck. The barrier loomed up in front of him, and suddenly Eppy felt himself picked up and he was flying through the air. He fell in a heap on the other side of the barrier. That was the last Eppy knew.

Eppy opened his eyes slowly. His right hip ached, and when he tried to move the effort was painful. At first he couldn't make out where he was, but the white walls convinced him it must be the hospital. Outside it was dark.

"Eppy," a voice said softly. "Iss me—Sole." She was seated near the bed. "You all right, Eppy?"

"What you doing here?" he asked.

"I come to see you. The doctor say you be hokay in few days."

"Sure," Eppy shrugged, as though he went through this sort of thing regularly. "Just little cornada. Iss nothing." Then he remembered. "Why you call me in the arena? The bull's see me move—that's why I run. Iss lucky I'm not kill."

Sole was contrite. It was just that Chato gave her the letter and she read it and was afraid for him and tried to attract his attention to beg him not to go through with it. "If you get kill—I die, Eppy." Tears came to her round, black eyes.

Eppy smiled wanly, then his expression sobered and he eyed her skeptically. "What about thees Lagartijo?"

"Lagartijo!" Soledad spat out the word. "He's jus' beeg fake. He's not go in the army, Eppy. Iss jus' 'propaganda' to make the people go to see heem fight the bulls. You are right—iss lizard! I only go with him for make you jealous." She saw no point in mentioning the fact that she'd also learned of a wife and four little Lagartijos in Mexico City.

There was a knock on the door and Chato came in without waiting for an invitation. He was grinning broadly. "Ole, Eppy," he said. "How you feel?"

"Hokay," Eppy said.

"Iss fine," Chato said. "For pretty soon you be walking ten, maybe twenty miles a day, an'—"

Eppy straightened up and looked at Soledad. "You already sell my cab . . .?"

"No," Chato hastened to explain. "You be a soldado."

"You mean in the carabineros?"

"Pues claro," Chato said. "The commandante say nots to the médico—a man brave enough to face el toro with the bare hand iss the kind they want to fight the Alemanes an' the Japoneses."

Soledad was smiling happily. She stroked Eppy's hair lovingly. "My Epifanío," she said, "iss muy valiente—very brave man."

Eppy's cup was overflowing.

Chato grinned. "Iss fine, eh, Eppy?" he said. "But like they say in Los Angeles, iss getting into army—the hard way." ⌗

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AND
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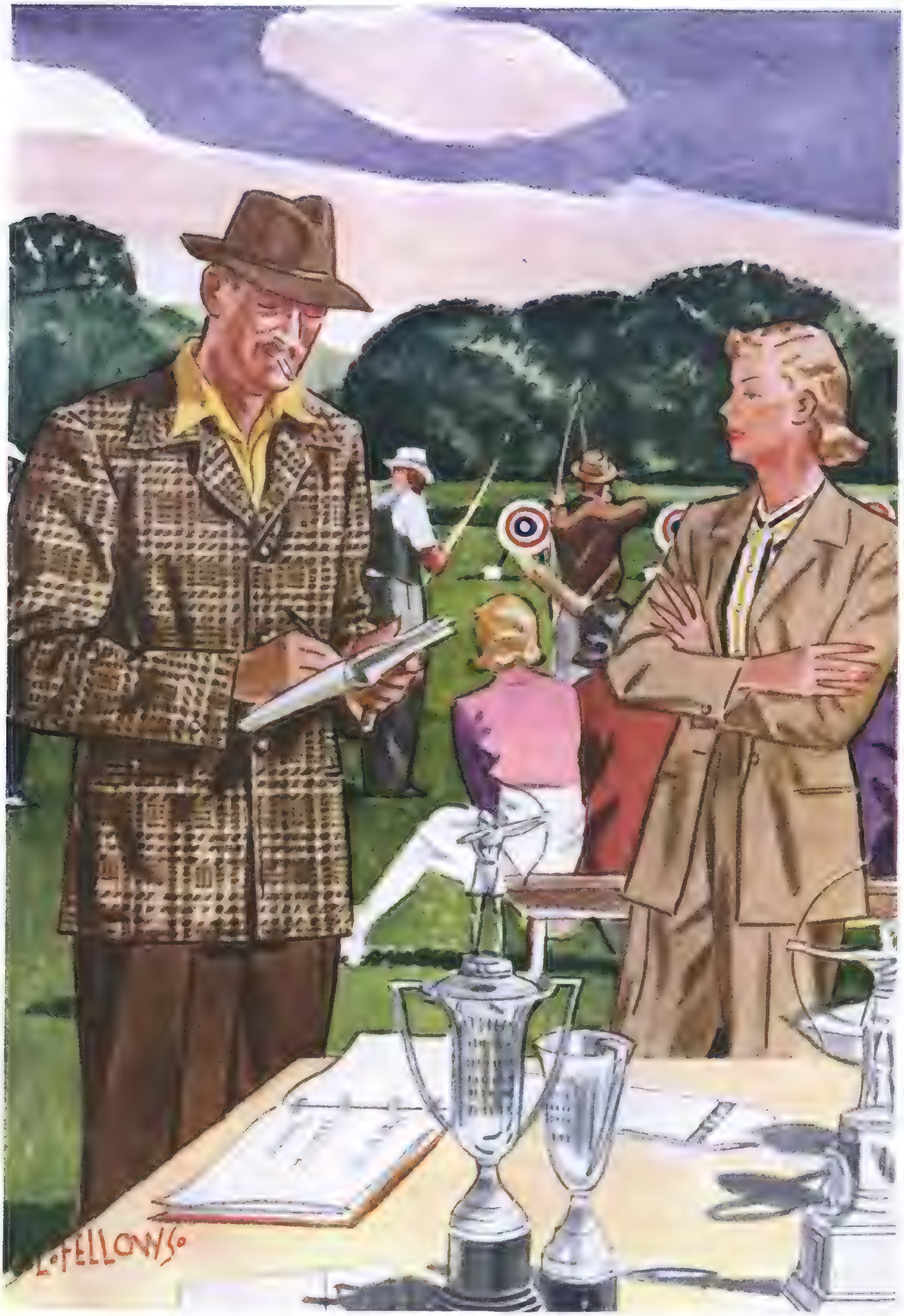
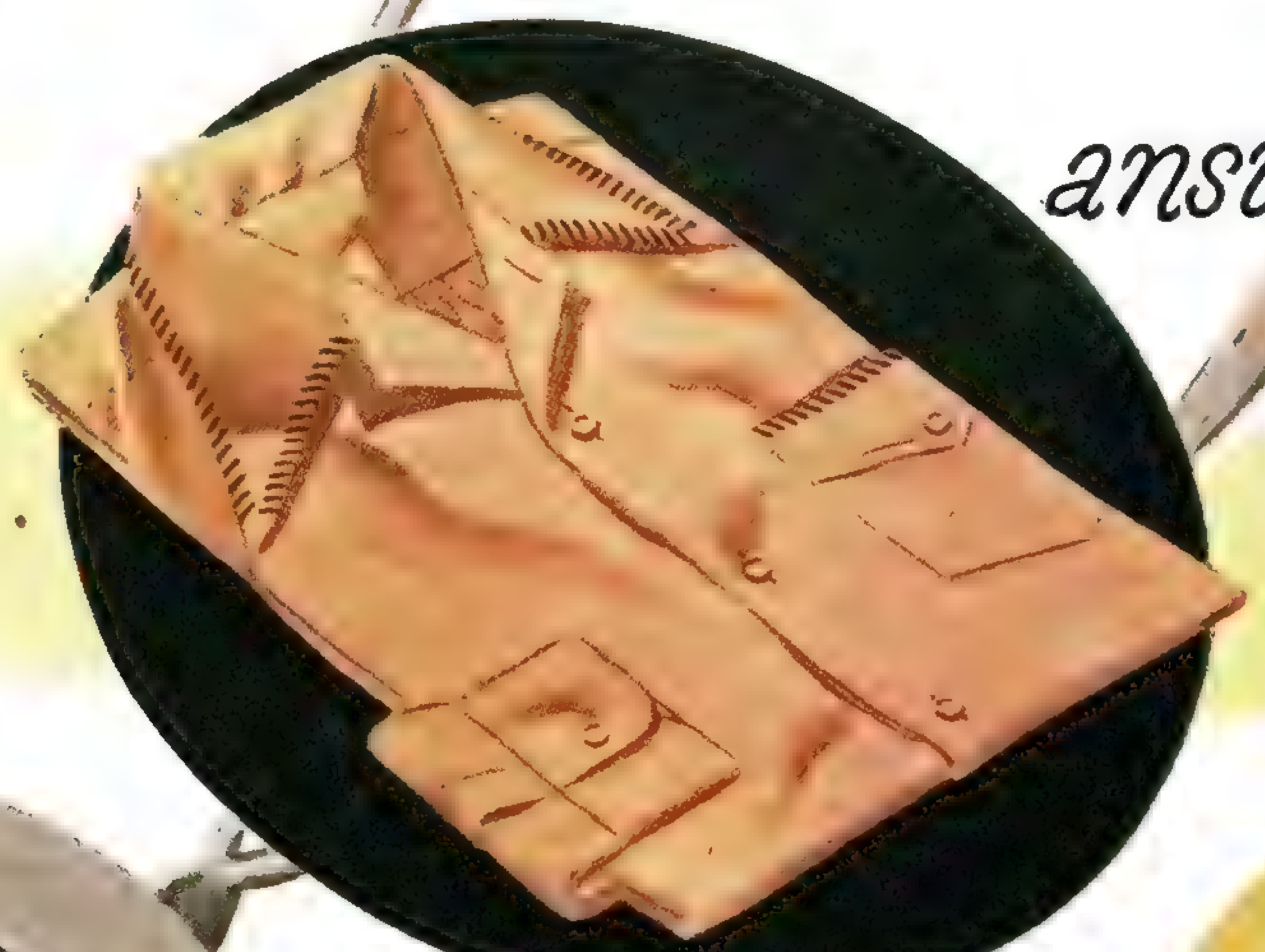


Robin Hood of Hollywood

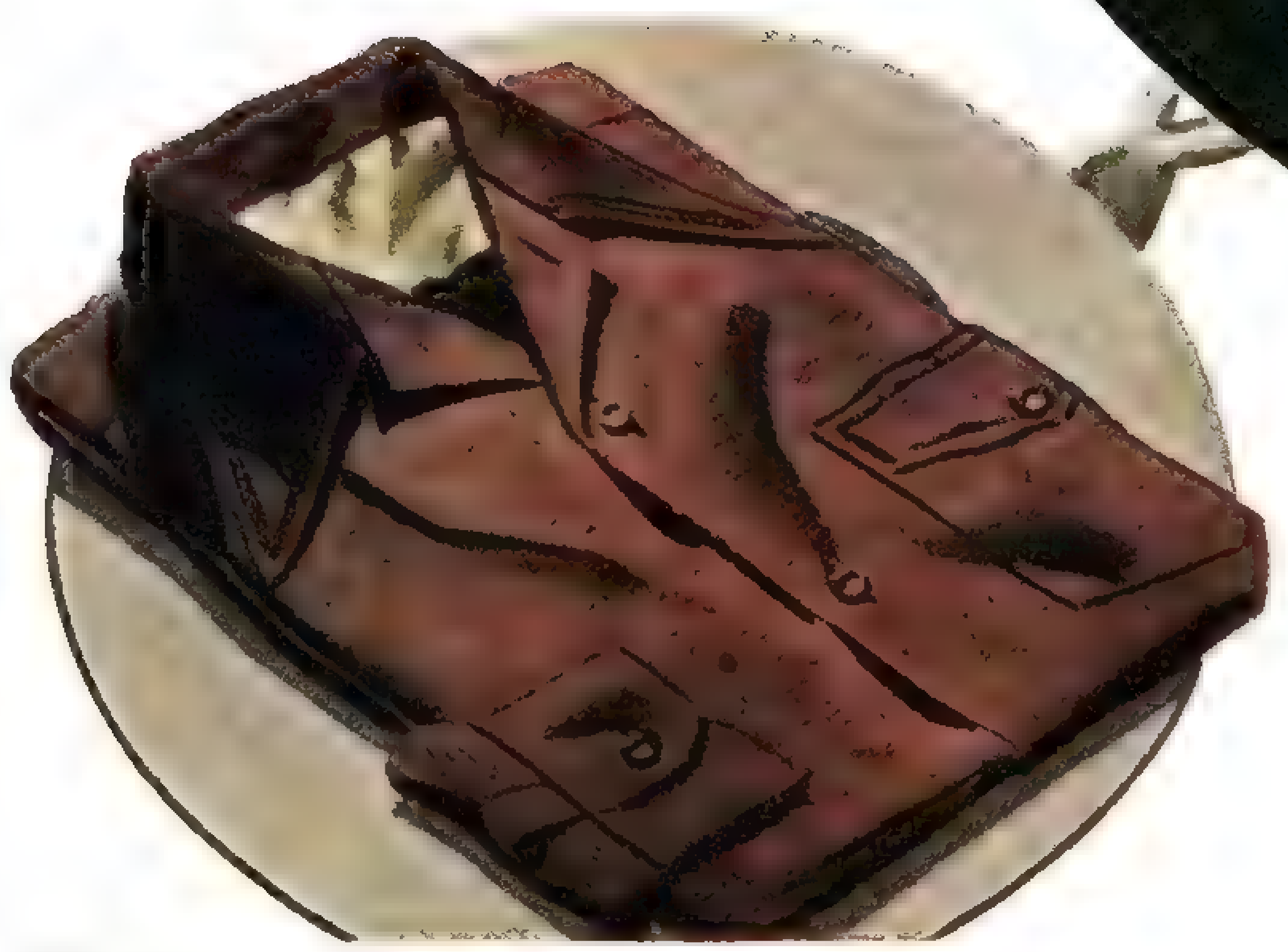
Your Uncle Esky, if truth be told, has bowed a bit stiffly these past years in acknowledging California's leisure-minded fashion innovations. But damn the faint praise! Esky herewith genuflects three times and faces West —toward the new Mecca of *pour-le-*sport apparel. This page, fairly aquiver with bright ideas, shows what can be done with a couple of square yards of fresh outlook. The leisure jacket of brown plaid tweed with yellow over-plaid has the casual character that typifies West Coast fashions. The yellow rayon shirt, with convertible collar, is equally free-swinging and even the snap brim hat is constructed of especially lightweight felt. Harmonizing with the jacket is a pair of brown gabardine slacks. The tailored lady's jacket is cut on the same lines as the man's and the matching slacks are trim. The multi-striped blouse, however, remains gaily on the distaff side.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

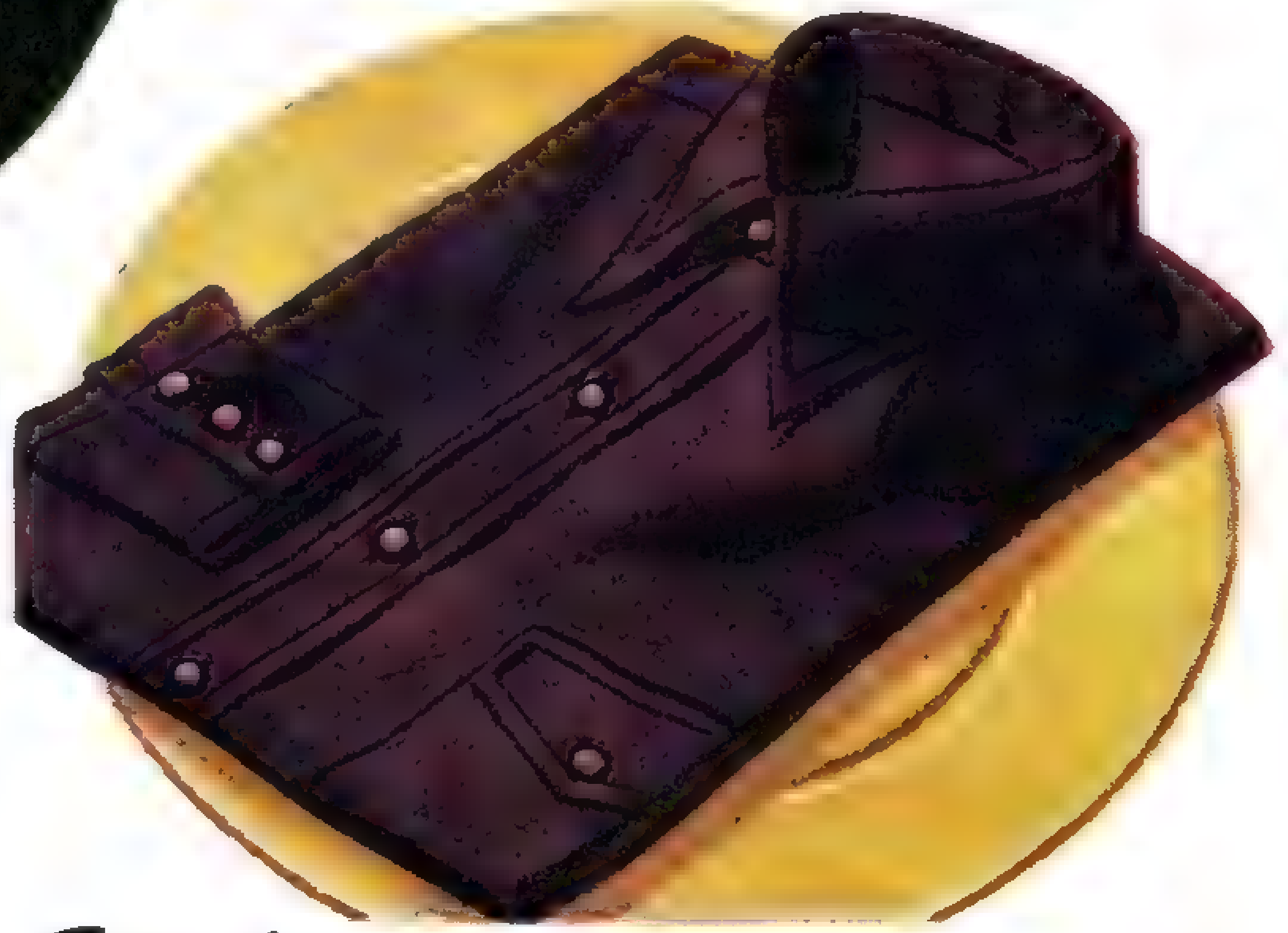
sunday..monday..and all days... New Era SHIRTS answer every wish



Chungking Rayon broadcloths, precision tailored with distinctive feather edge stitch on collar and pocket. Versatility is this shirt's middle name—featuring the convertible *Up-R-Down* Collar, worn *up* with a tie or *open*, long sleeves.



Poplin Faille A shirt that is versatile as a Commando! Features *Up-R-Down Collar*, worn *up* with tie, or *open* for your favorite sport. Rich grosgrain fabric of spun rayon and acetate in popular color tones.



Spunlac Shirts will have a big inning because of their unique fabric appeal—aralac and spun rayon that has the look and feel of fine wool. Features the *Linefold Collar*, a New Era exclusive. Tailored with three-button cuff.

New Era predicts a new era in shirts! Men, your shirt styles, colors, patterns and fabrics will be served up A La Carte—a variety to answer every wish. Merely *fitting you* isn't enough. Shirts are designed to *fit your activities*—for sports, for leisure, for your work-a-day life. This colorful spread of shirts on New Era's menu for spring and summer are hints of what's coming for your Sundays, Mondays . . . and all days. *At your favorite store*—

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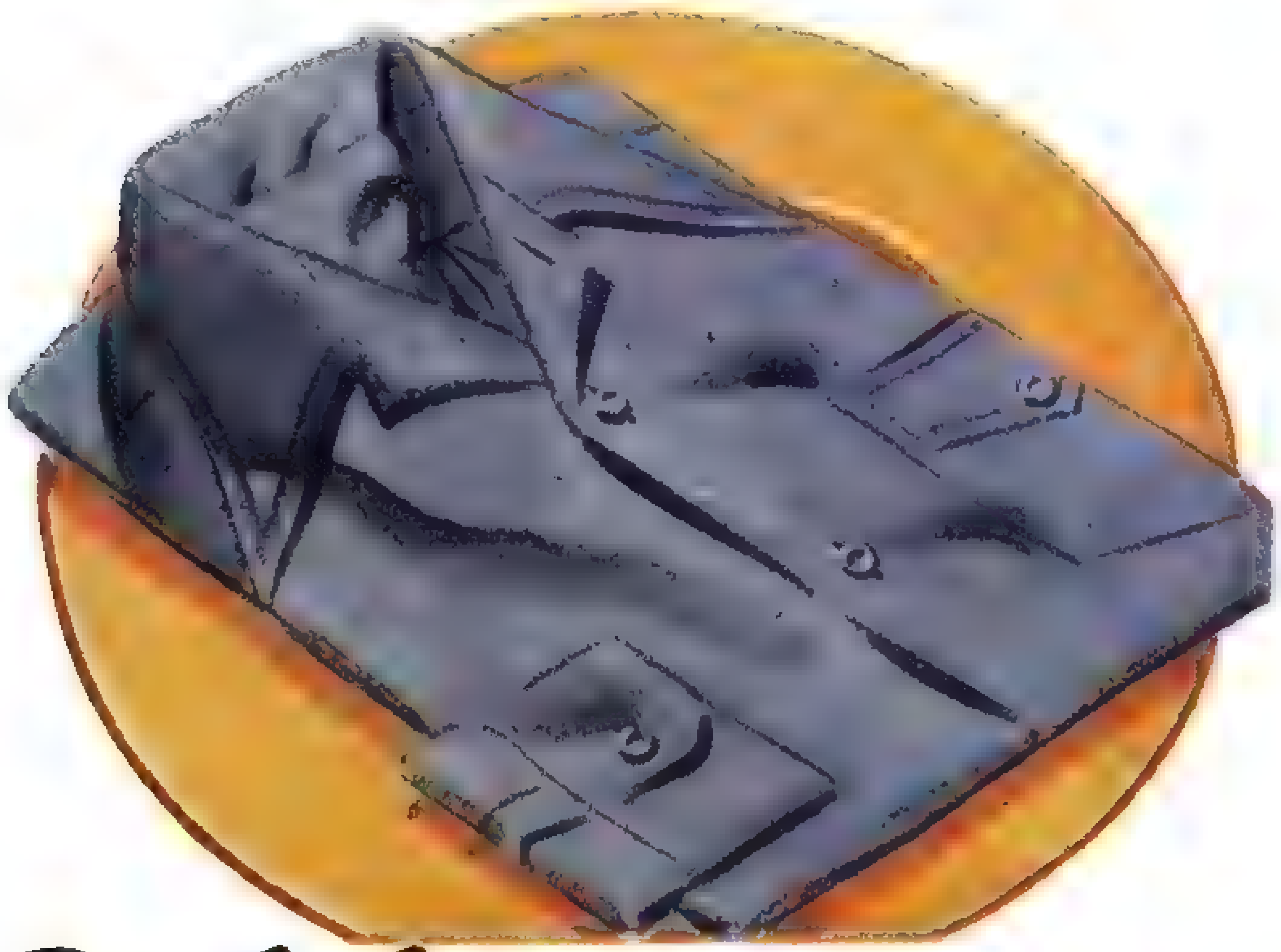
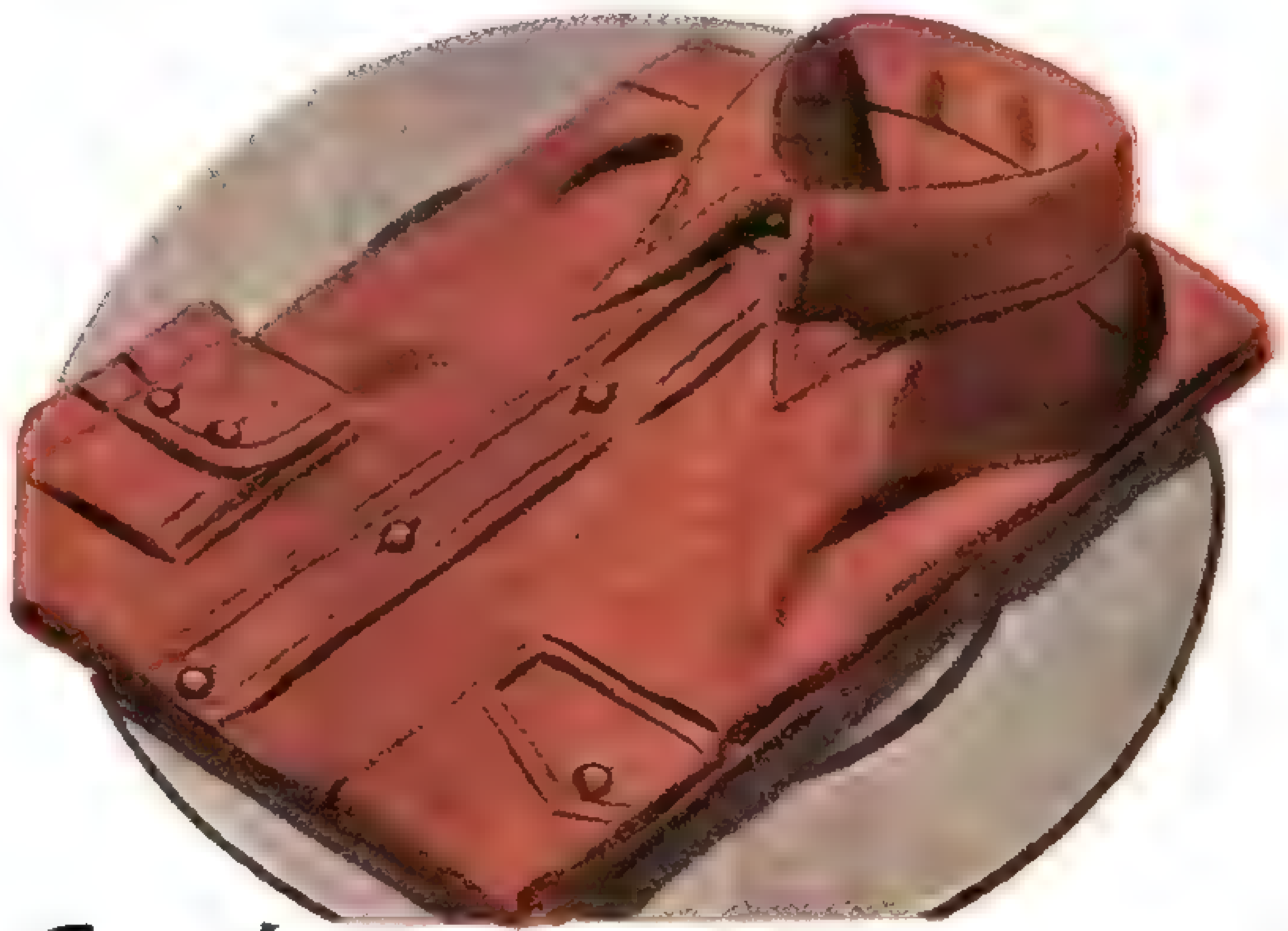
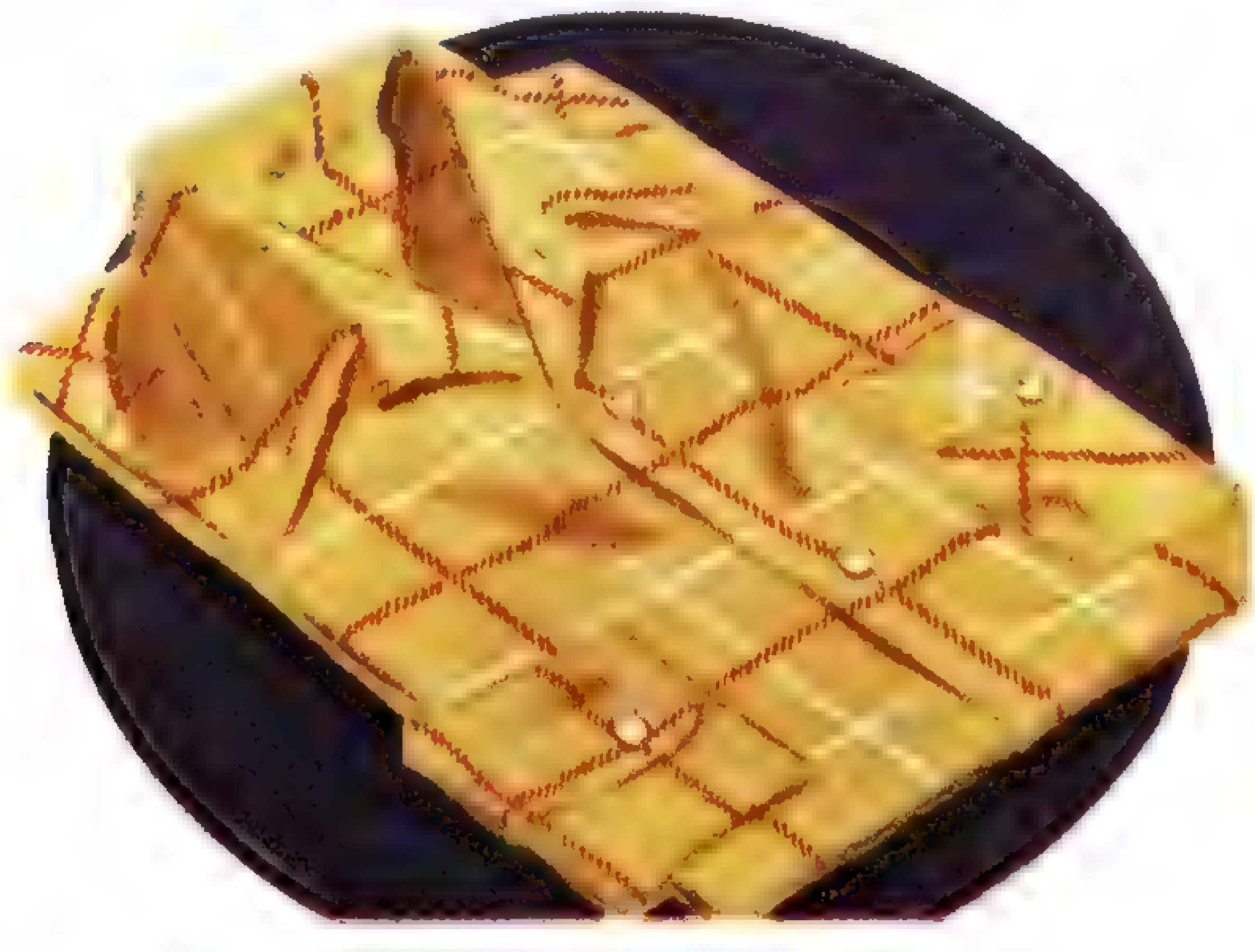


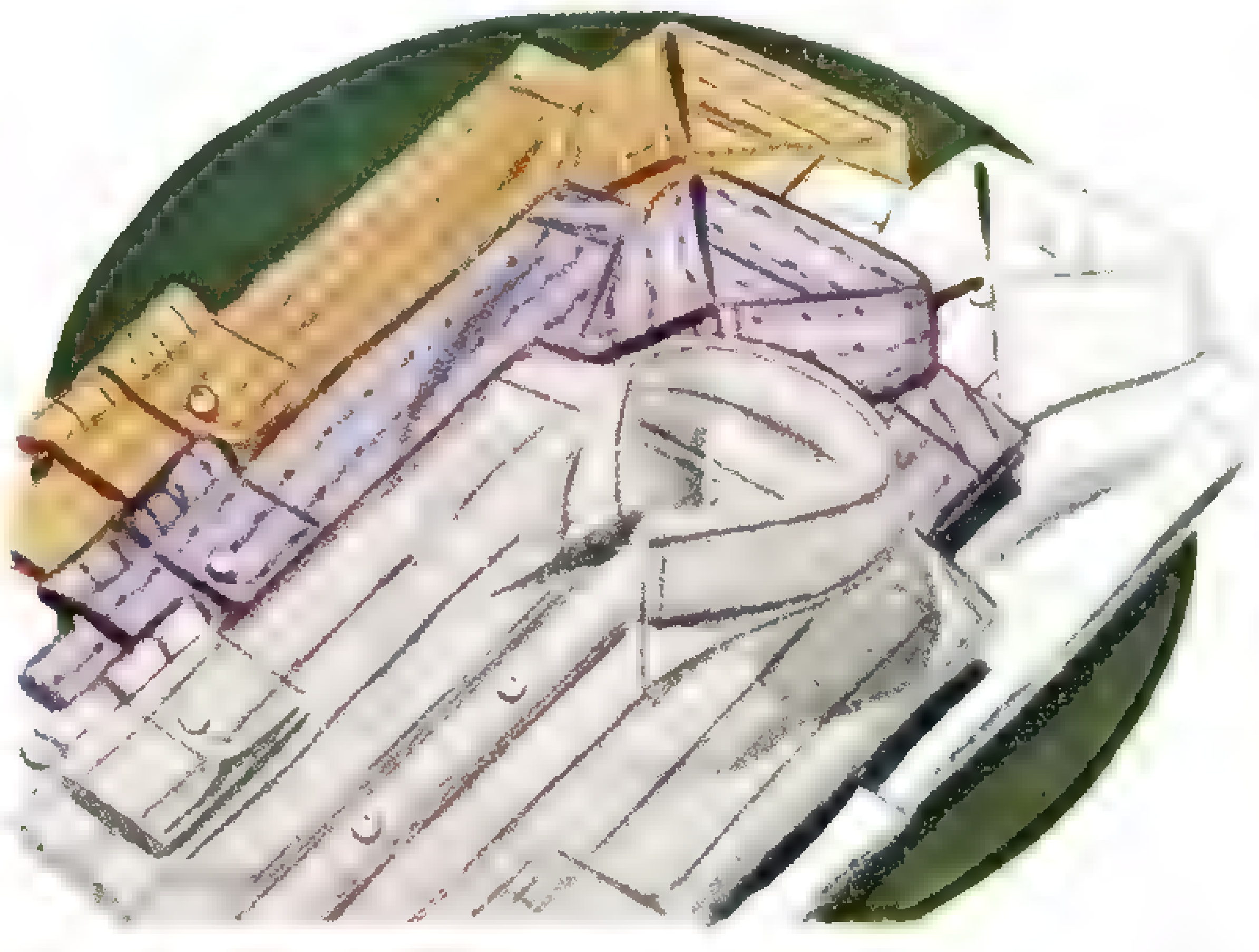
Ray-O-Crepe is ideal to see you through the temperature swings of spring, summer and fall. All rayon, with a soft and silky touch, featuring convertible *Up-R-Down Collar*. Preferred pastel shades.



Heathertone Soft-feeling, soft-toned novelty shirts with *Linefold Collar*. You'll be partial to this fine spun rayon and tecca fabric—with two-button cuff that adds a smart touch. Blue, brown, green and rust colors.



Zombie Plaids that are neither too tame nor too bold! Versatile shirts with convertible *Up-R-Down Collar*—in appealing color and pattern combinations. Tailored of spun rayon and acetate.



New Era Shirts for every occasion—featuring the patented *X-Act-Fit* adjustable collar. If you are fussy about collar fit, these are definitely for you! Plain and distinctive patterns, and white in better grade broadcloths.

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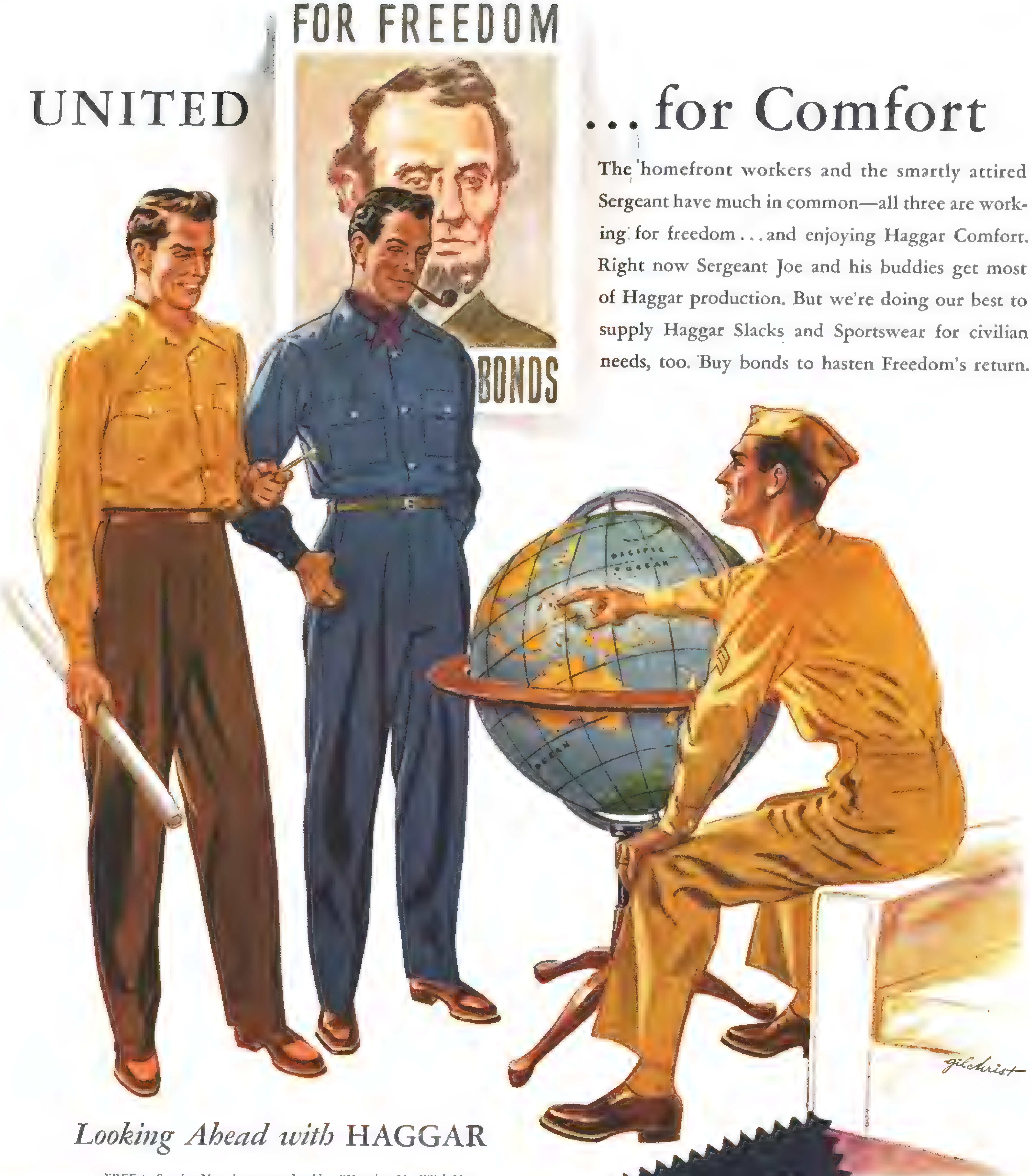
The homefront workers and the smartly attired Sergeant have much in common—all three are working for freedom . . . and enjoying Haggar Comfort. Right now Sergeant Joe and his buddies get most of Haggar production. But we're doing our best to supply Haggar Slacks and Sportswear for civilian needs, too. Buy bonds to hasten Freedom's return.



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HAGGAR TROUSERS
for MEN . . . for BOYS

HAGGAR COMPANY
GREENVILLE—WAXAHACHIE—DALLAS—JACKSONVILLE

Jazz Is Where We Lost It

Continued from page 39

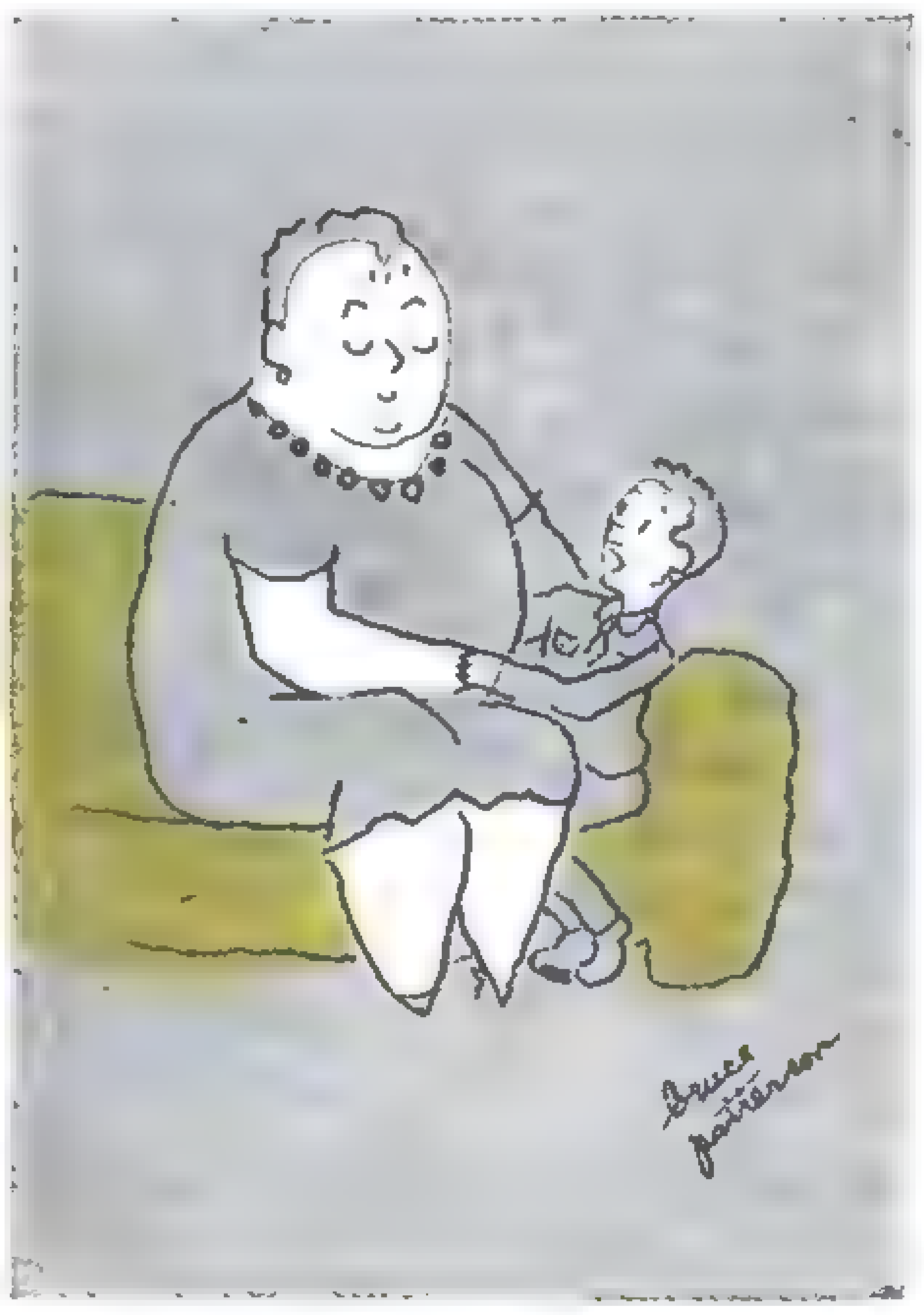
name no one ever will know, popped up unexpectedly. He was welcome.

On the whole, the good ones were the same though. Sax players came along and all they did was imitate Chu or the Hawk on *Body and Soul.* Bobby Hackett, a really talented cornet player, appeared but everybody called him a second Bix Beiderbecke. Buddy Rich was a nice little drummer, and his striking similarity to Krupa was noticed.

A white girl named Martha Tilton made some good music with the songs, and a svelte Negro girl named Billie Holiday made everyone forget the Smith girls, but then there were Ella Mae Morse and Helen O'Connell and Dinah Washington and Lena Horne and a hundred others who sounded like a carbon copy of we forget whom. Johnny Mercer made some engaging vocals and you listened to them and said to yourself, now that's what Louis did—so much better—with *Heebie Jeebies* twenty years ago. Harry James played his trumpet up and down the scale with technical ability, but somehow if you listened real close you never found anything fresh or new about it.

Inventiveness—where the hell had it been mislaid? Who swiped the lock on the originality door? The public swiped it.

It was like this: Louis played his heart out, but he didn't make 3,000 dollars a week until he hit high C over high something else and held it five minutes. A circus stunt. If you dug around town, you could find the brilliant, raucous playing of the Chicago kids, but nobody dug and they ate peanuts. The public listened to Guy Lombardo by the thousands—packed tight the Roosevelt dance floor in Manhattan—and sighed pleasantly at his syrupy tunes. Anyone who ever impro-



"I'll never forget you"

Continued on page 146

"I knew him when he didn't have a jar of Mum to his name"

MUM
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Success is made up of a lot of little things. And those two little dabs of Mum, under each arm every morning, are among the more important details. That's why so many men in the upper brackets know a shower only takes care of *past* perspiration. They use Mum to prevent risk of odor *to come.*

Mum protects for hours on end. Mum is quick—takes only 30 seconds to apply. Won't harm you or your shirt. At all druggists'.

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MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade

In two shakes of a lamb's tail..

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You can get a marvelous Dry Martini in less time than it takes to say *"Heublein of Hartford."* Made from scarce and precious Milshire Gin and the world's finest *Dry Vermouth,* they're at your local liquor store, ready mixed and handily bottled. Just add ice and serve!

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WIN THE WAR IN '44
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Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 Proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.
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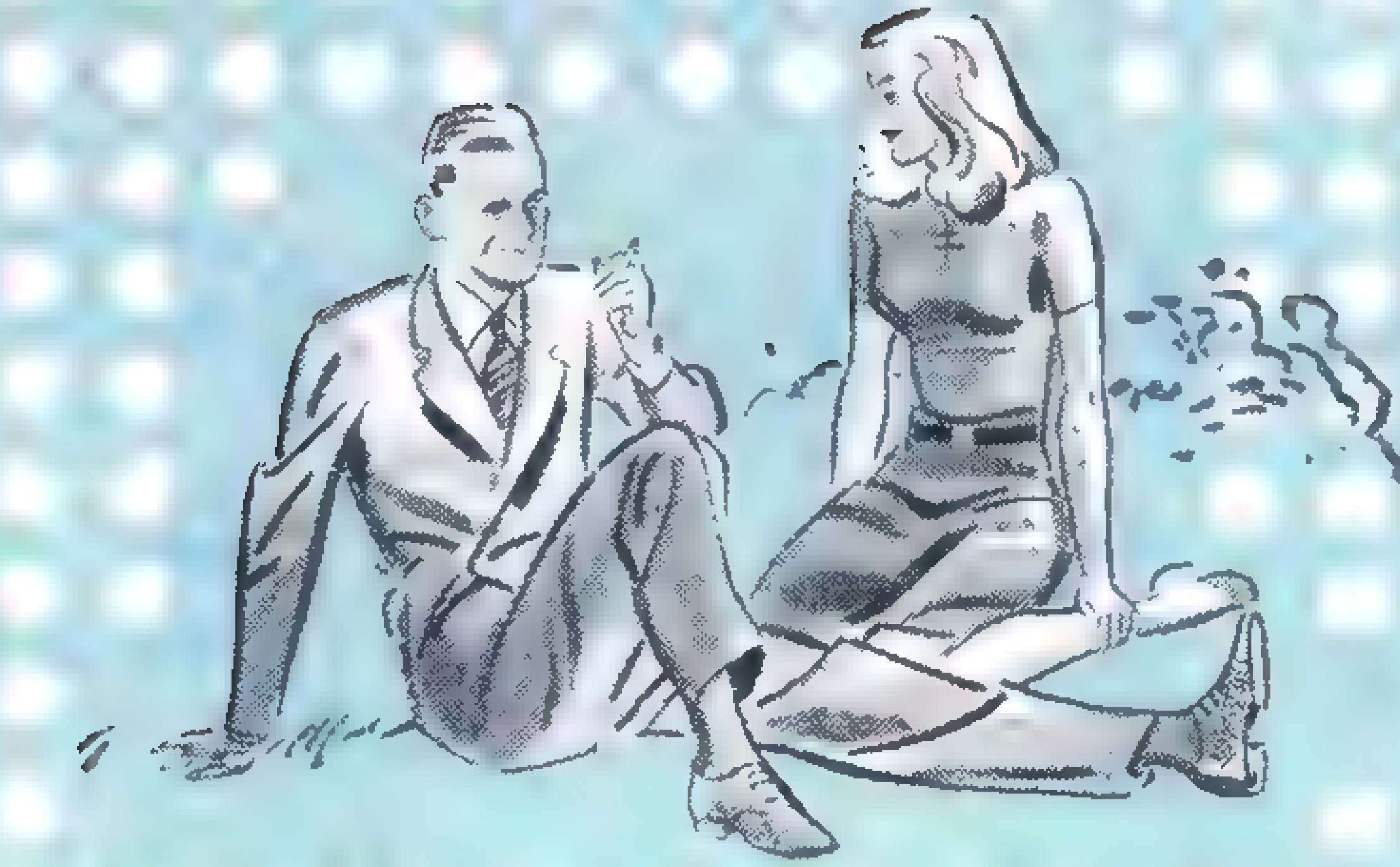
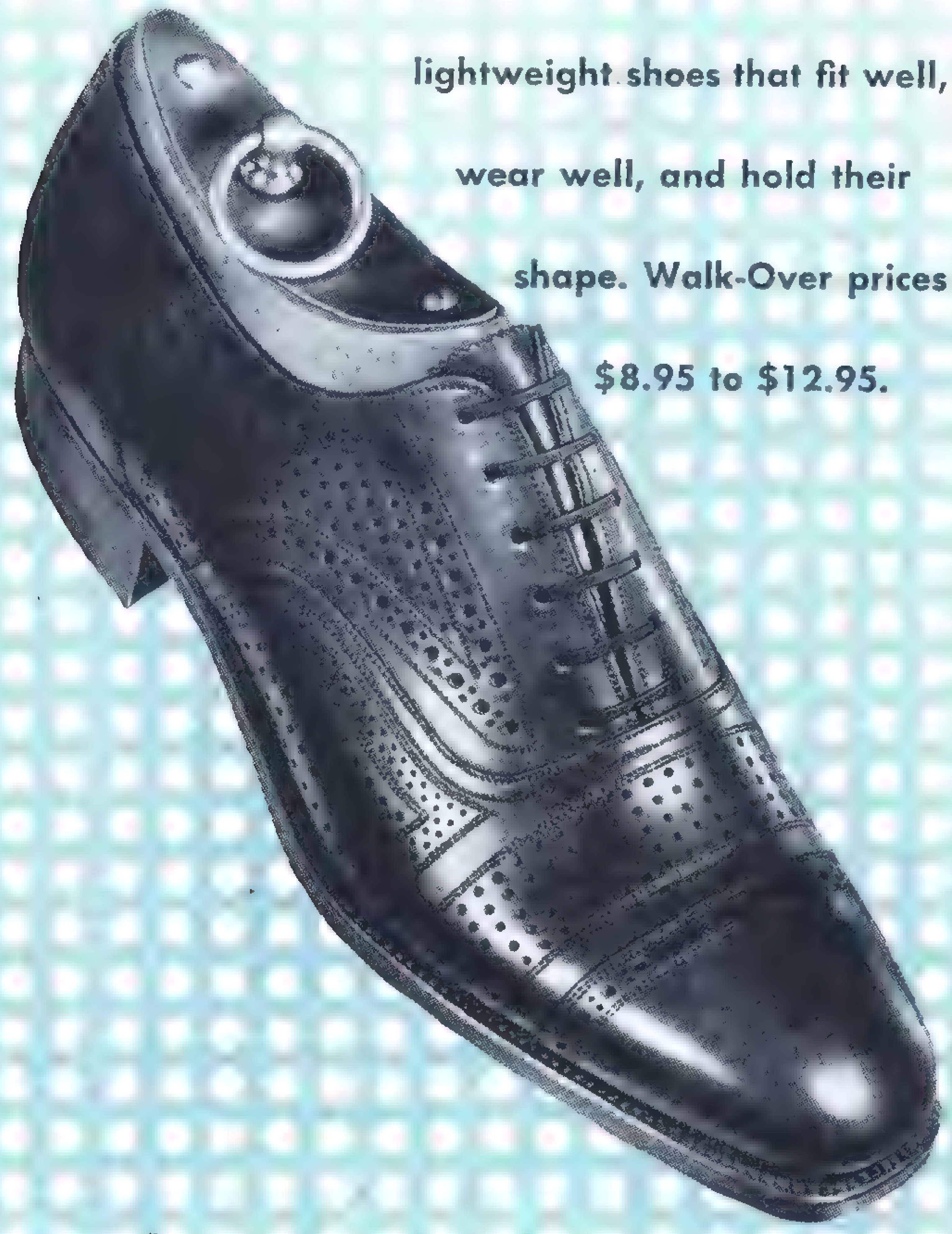


Coolest, neatest trick of the season

• Ventilated shoes—so cool you'll live in 'em! Because they're perforated, each step you take lets cool air in, forces hot air out. Built to Walk-Over's famous quality standard, Koolies are lightweight shoes that fit well, wear well, and hold their shape. Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95.



WALK·OVER
Koolies
The original breeze-cooled shoe
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, BROCKTON 63, MASS.

Jazz Is Where We Lost It

Continued from pages 39-145

vised for thirty-two bars with Lombardo, even if he were Bix, would have been thrown out the window. People didn't want to be disturbed. They wanted to sleep.

James tried out a rock-and-sock-'em band after he broke with Goodman, with clean and hardbitten music and some good soloists and almost lost his shirt. Then he put in eleven violins and Frank Sinatra and stayed the hell away from things like the *Tin Roof Blues*, and he wound up in Hollywood with a hunnert million dollars. Basie struggled for years trying to sell the real thing; then, although never giving up completely, started to play the Tin Pan Alley tunes the way they were written—he offered the opiates straight. He made a lot of money, too.

Maybe it was because of that—because a young trumpet player or a young drummer knew he couldn't get a Big Break unless he played junk. Maybe he cast around and saw how Charley Spivak's orchestra did it, or how Sammy Kaye played, or what it was that Vaughn Monroe used to lure the customers with. If you played it fresh, you got sat on.

"Never forget for one minute of your life," Louis was quoted as saying in his book *Swing That Music*, in advice to young musicians, "that the true spirit of swing music lies in free playing and that he (the musician) must always keep his own musical feeling free. He must try always to originate and not just imitate.

"If he can't play away from the score, I don't want him."

One of the chief reasons for the drought of sound musicians, in the opinion of Wilbur DeParis, is the fact that the golden fields of quick money apparently interfere with their learning their trade; they can't wait to get the iron men. Wilbur, Indiana-born, trombone-playing half of the brothers DeParis, real hot jazz greats, shook his head sadly in Jimmy Ryan's bistro on New York's 52nd Street recently.

"Trouble is," he told us between sets, "you can't get a man who can play anything and everything. Take piano; you can get a boy who can work out a certain style, but can't do other things. Now what good is a pianist if he can't do almost anything? He's got to have the sound musicianship. He's got to know the piano from top to bottom. Okay, if he don't want to use a lot of what he's learned—but he's got to learn it first, so he knows what to throw away."

Then the other afternoon we trapped Benny Goodman in his Park Avenue apartment, where he sat spilling sandwich crumbs on a million-dollar rug and talking jazz with relish and a little melancholia. He was discussing

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

What do you do in the garden plot?
You plant, you weed, you hoe
From early morn 'til late at night
To make the garden grow.
You don't go in for gardening . . .?
Because of gardeners' woes?
For strenuous work of any kind
Wear stout Westminster Hose.

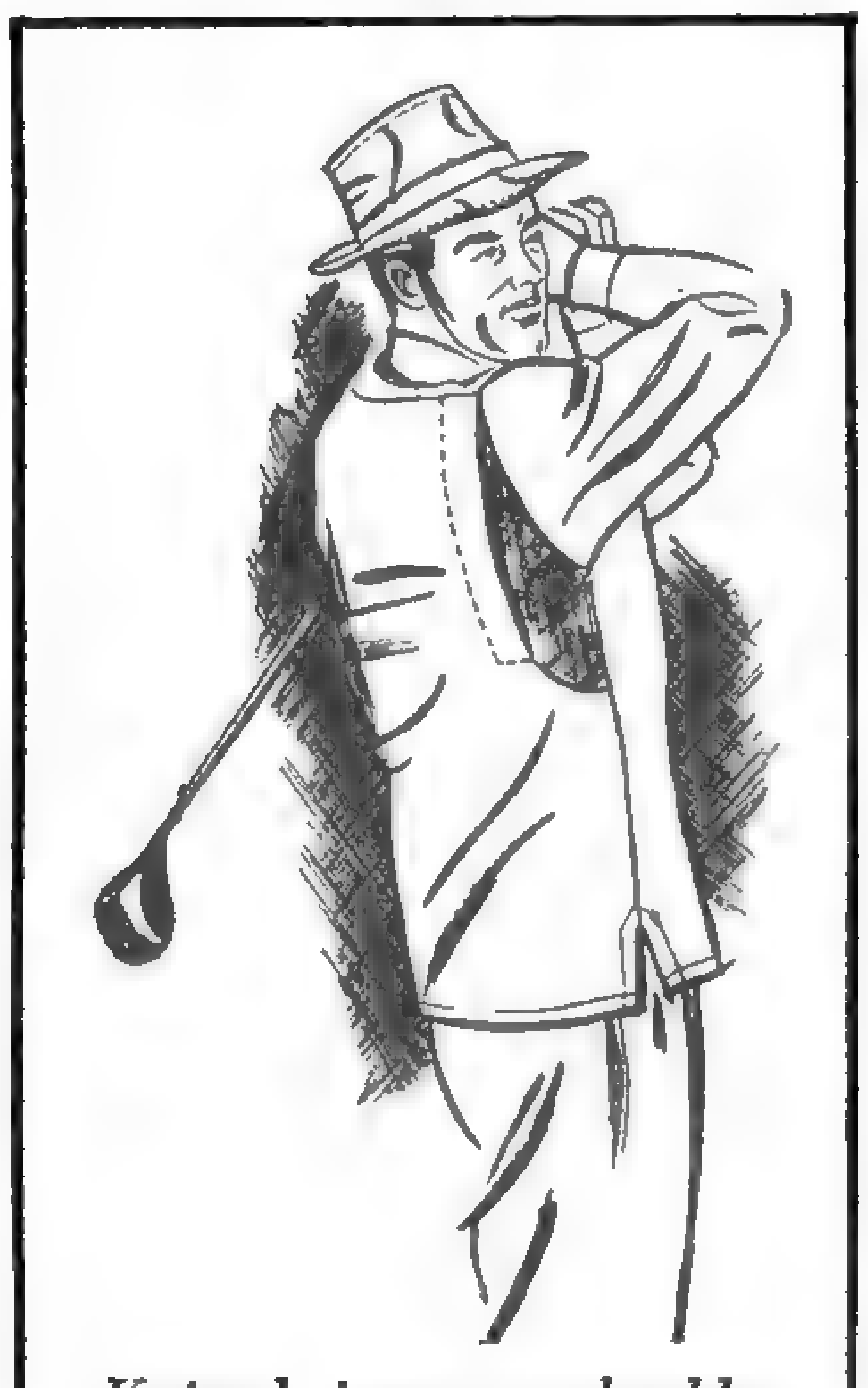
What do you do at the Country Club?
You golf from Spring to Fall
In cushiony, stout Westminster Socks
That keep you "on the ball."
And then you dine and dance in style
With your very attractive wife—
And swear that you intend to wear
Westminsters all your life.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

the lectures he was giving at the Juilliard School of Music on the art of clarineting. He as much as admitted he was a jazzman in the enemy's camp.

"Look," he said earnestly, "I have a little something of a reputation as a guy who can play both jazz and the classics. That was because I got a pretty sound musical background. Okay—I command, maybe, a little respect. So I go before these kids who are just learning the clarinet, and I show them how jazz isn't the down-at-the-heel bag that some critics make it out to be.

"Maybe some of these kids, headed for a classical career, would really like jazz," he added in a wistful manner. "So I lead the way."



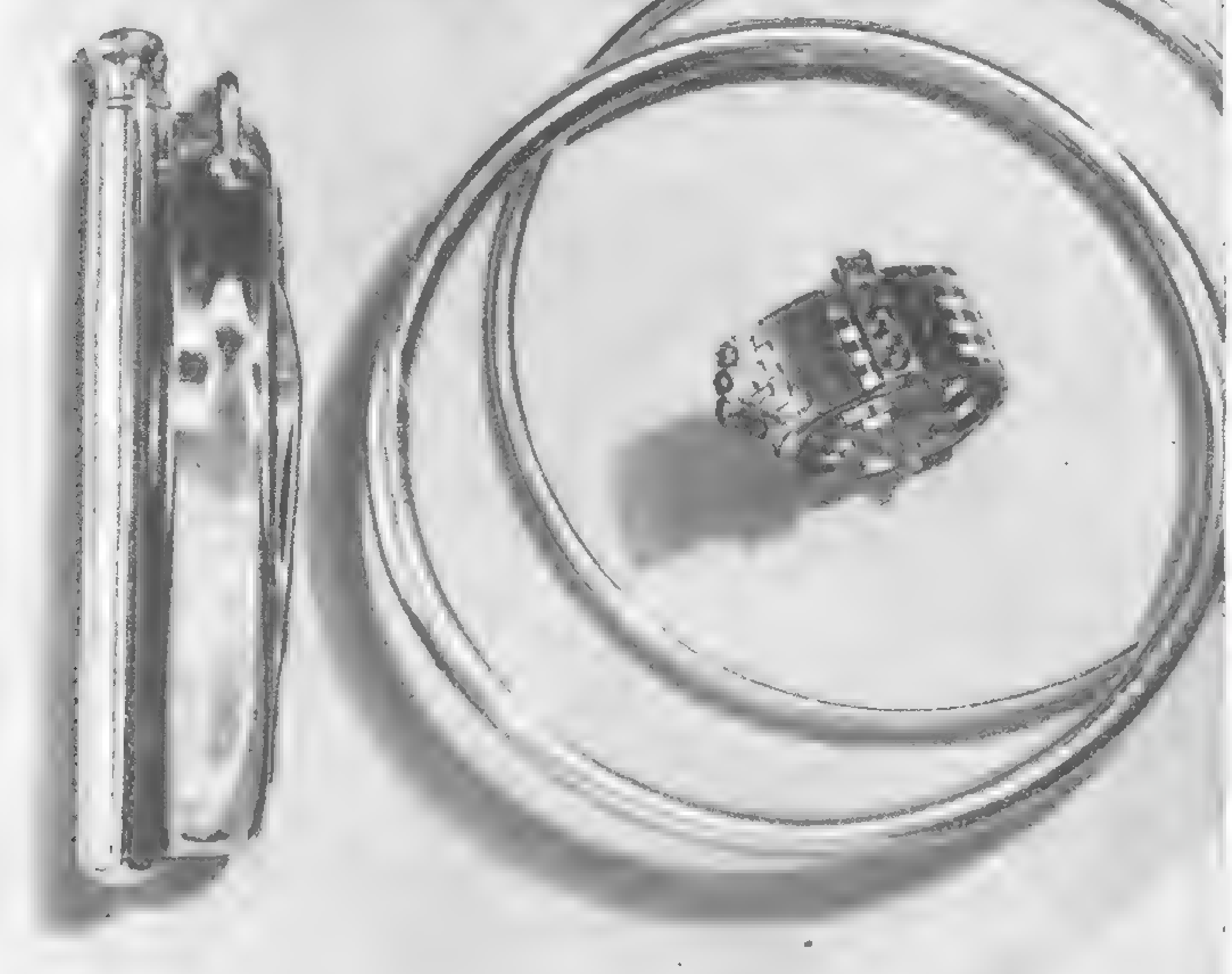
Knitted inset at shoulder allows greater freedom of action in a shirt that is gaining in popularity for golf.

Some observers might point out that the war has lifted most of the young musicians right off the scene, but that doesn't hold up. Sit in at the Sunday afternoon jam sessions in Nick's, New York's famous home of Dixieland, and watch some of those young servicemen take a turn on horn or bull fiddle or piano. Most of them are sad. Their breaks are stale, their runs have all been said before, the notes are right off somebody's phonograph record. Let Sterling Boze relinquish his trumpet to one of the children or Bob Casey give up his bass to one or Miff Mole surrender his tram—and blooey.

No, the horizon is blank and bare. The real shame, we suppose, is that at this very moment the public is ripe for anything—has money to spend for any kind of entertainment—and probably could be beaten into liking good music.

It is unfortunate that most of the time the real thing is a pretty hard article to sell—whether it's jazz music, a concert violinist, a Picasso painting or a Saviour. #

Cartier



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There's nothing smarter than gold bangles, worn singly or several at a time — the narrow one $25, wider $74; unique adjustable ring, gold with sapphires, $107; and that purposeful gift for him, a combined gold knife and pencil, $43. Prices include Federal Tax.

Information on diamond engagement and wedding rings, sent on request.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

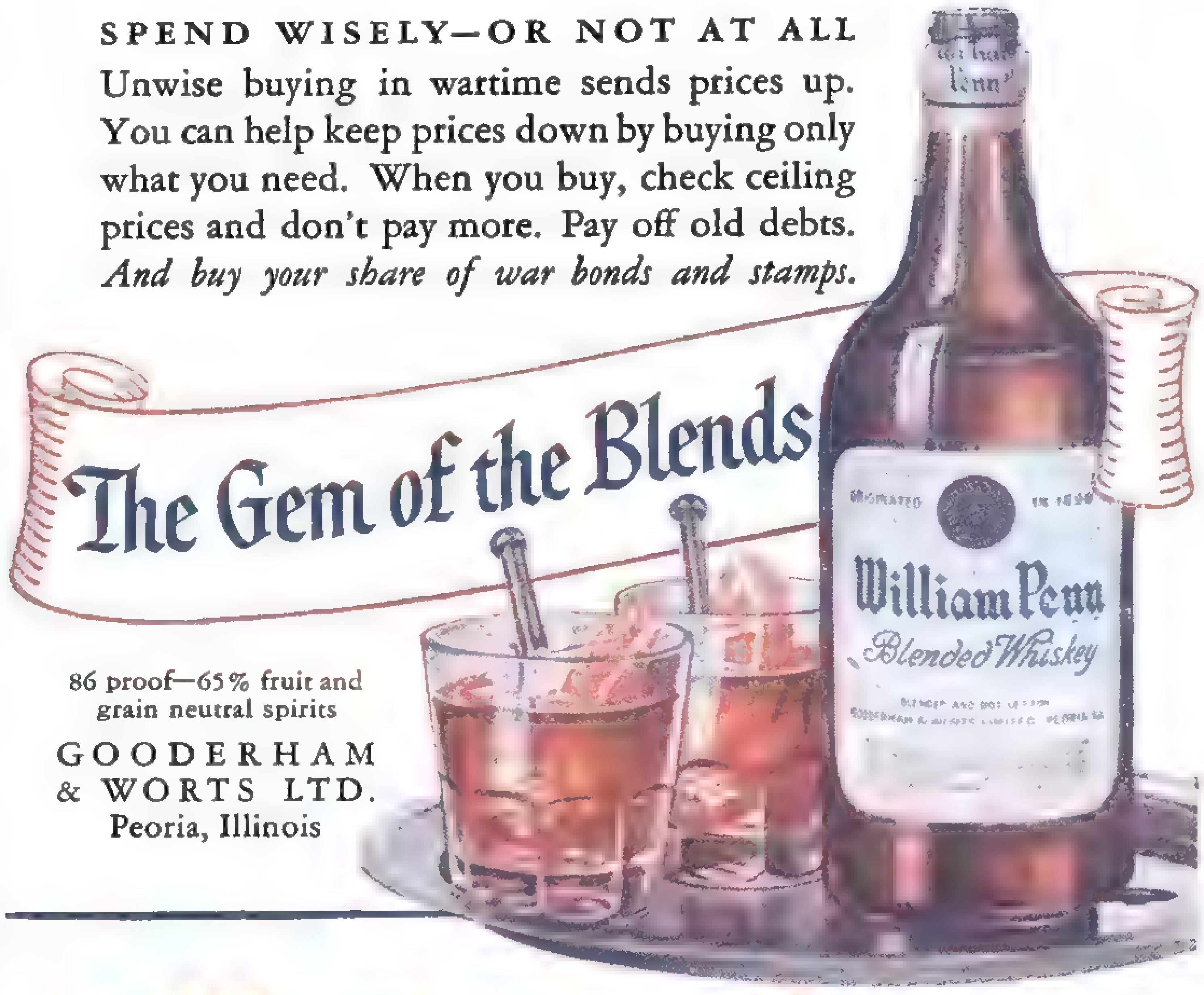
The great Orloff diamond weighs 194 carats. It was once owned by Empress Catharine the Great of Russia.

A Gem of Gems

● Stolen by a French soldier from a Hindu idol nearly two centuries ago, then stolen from him by a ship's captain, this huge diamond was eventually sold to Prince Orloff of Russia for $437,000. Only an expert can appreciate the full beauty of this famous gem. But expert or not, one sip will tell you why "millions say when with William Penn"—*the gem of the blends!*

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. You can help keep prices down by buying only what you need. When you buy, check ceiling prices and don't pay more. Pay off old debts. *And buy your share of war bonds and stamps.*



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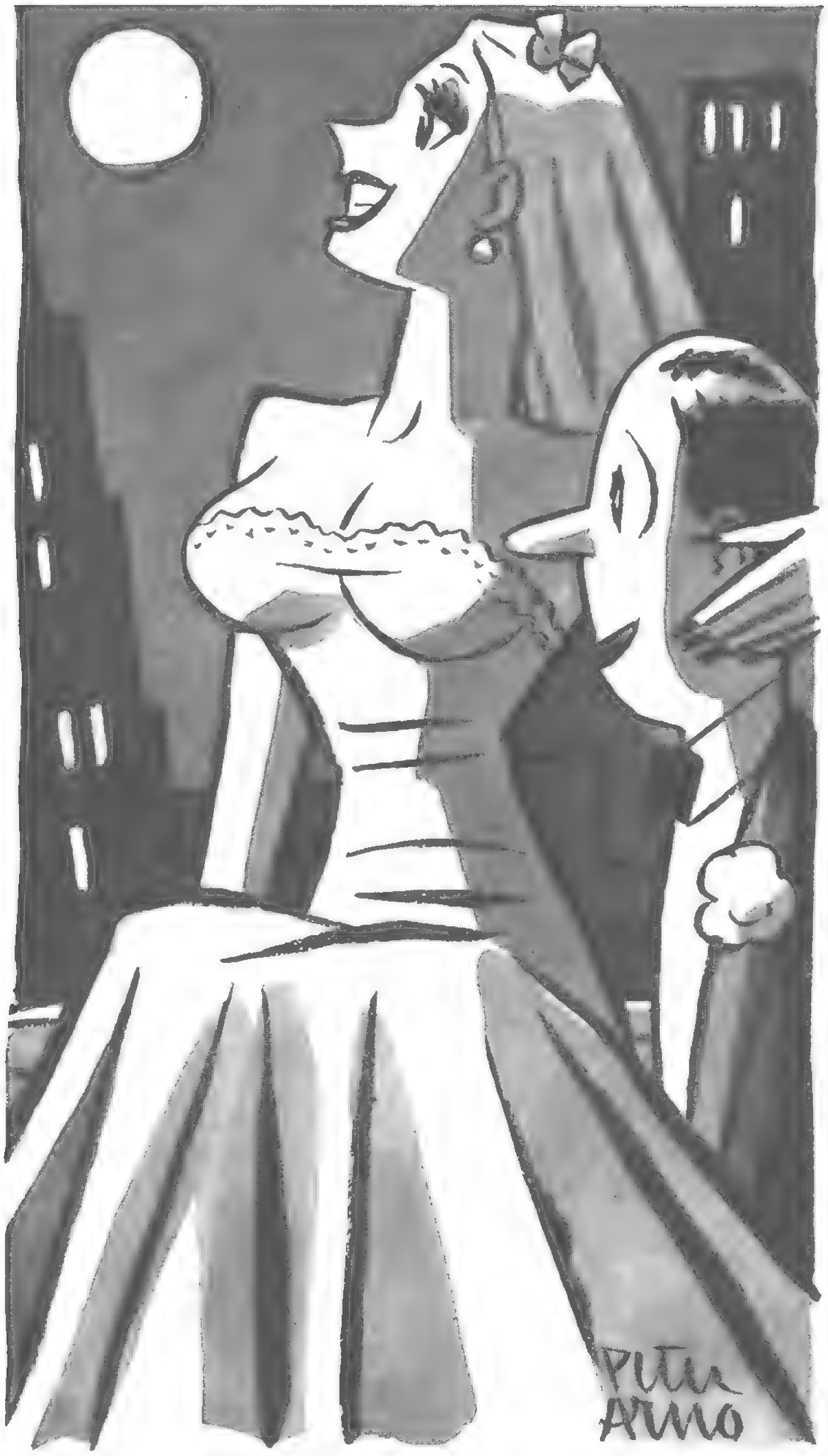

"Henry! You're a different man without your '5 o'clock Shadow'. And isn't it a marvelous view?"
"Uh-huh."

Speaking of views, her view of you will be greatly improved if you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow".

Keep your face at its best all day long by shaving with genuine Gem Singledge Blades. Made to fit your Gem Razor precisely, Gem's super-keen edges give *more* shaves per blade!

GEM
SINGLEDGE
GEM BLADE

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

GEM
RAZORS and BLADES

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The Umpire Is Seldom Wrong

Continued from page 97

of record that no player who ever slid into first base was called safe with Hurst the umpire. Such players, when they asked Hurst why they were out, always got the same answer:

"You're out for sliding."

Hurst was the last of the great umpires to take the rules into his own hands. Protests against him seldom reached the league president, because Hurst, in his own inimitable way, had quashed them long before they got that far. Tim Hurst has been dead about three decades but his name lives on. His kind will not come again. Too bad.

Of umpires still in active service, I rate Bill McGowan of the American League as the "Number One Man." McGowan runs his game as every great umpire must. His word is final. He is not without consideration, but he is well aware of the fact that the umpire must be the boss.

In the National League of today, Babe Pinelli, former big league player, was made over into a most efficient umpire when his playing days were over. While I have seen but little of Al Barlick of the National League, I have the word of Bill Klem that Barlick is destined to be "tops" and is already well on the way.

If there is a marked difference between the umpires of the modern school and of the old school, it is in a lack of individuality. This is probably due to the fact that in the old days the umpires were not clothed with the same authority or given the same protection. It was necessary that they call upon their own resources and talents for success, each meeting situations in his own way.

All the great umpires of the game have their peculiarities. Few handle a ball game in exactly the same manner since many of them have their own ideas. However, to my way of thinking, here are the fundamentals for success in this most difficult sports position:

Keep your eye on the ball and you will keep out of trouble. Never lose sight of it.

Don't insist on the last word, which is usually sarcastic or personal and invariably makes trouble. If it will better satisfy the player, let him end the argument.

Nothing cools off an irate player quicker than leaving him in solitude. After giving a close decision against him, get away.

There is more than merely "out" or "safe" and "ball" and "strike" in umpiring. Umpires make progress in proportion to their ability to study temperament and handle situations. Always be diplomatic, never arrogant; always fair, never vindictive.

Baseball is a game that tests the emotions of the participants to the limit. Only the umpires, not the stars, are neutral. ⧻

DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT
Dagger
JAMAICA RUMS

DAGGER PUNCH
Dark
JAMAICA RUM

Famous for more than a century for their unique, superior flavour.

THREE DAGGER
86 PROOF
ONE DAGGER
86 PROOF
DAGGER PUNCH
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Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 119 years.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 99

at the thought of her. Then he goes off to a hut in the bayou country where he lives with his memories and his books until Rhoda comes along. "Where did you come from?" inquires Borde. The author confides that "Borde could scarcely credit his ears . . . He felt astonishment, then rage, then unadulterated joy. She had released him, he was free, miraculously he could step back into his bubble of solitude and never again bring it within the reach of destruction." He takes Rhoda to his cabin where he tells her, "You're an empty bucket on a hot day. You're a last year's cocoon."

But stop! Is not Rhoda the semblance and the promise of Verity Latbury? Borde now knows that "many women take perfumed baths, but only one in a million perfumes a bath." Rhoda is "one of that infinitesimal minority." Outraged by the thought that she is rousing the latent beast in him, Borde chokes her casually to death. Many chapters later, however, he fetches her black servant, Nonce, to his cabin, and, by means of some of the weirdest mumbo-jumbo since Orson Welles' mystery show, smuggles Rhoda's spirit into Nonce's ebony body. This situation ends with hell to pay all around. Nonce's exit line is, "Olorum, Olurum, OLORUNG!" "Olorung" is right!

Occasional flashes of fluent and sturdy writing in the unfolding of this absurd exhibit substantiate the belief that "Michael Brandon" is an experienced hand hiding behind a phony-looking photograph and a highly improbable biographical note on the jacket of the book. This sort of thing is a matter of personal taste in normal times, but when paper and manpower are at such a premium, its perpetrator ought to be hustled into a corner and sentenced to reading twenty issues of the Congressional Record out loud from cover to cover. ##

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE:

Der Fuehrer: Hitler's Rise to Power, by Konrad Heiden (Houghton, Mifflin)

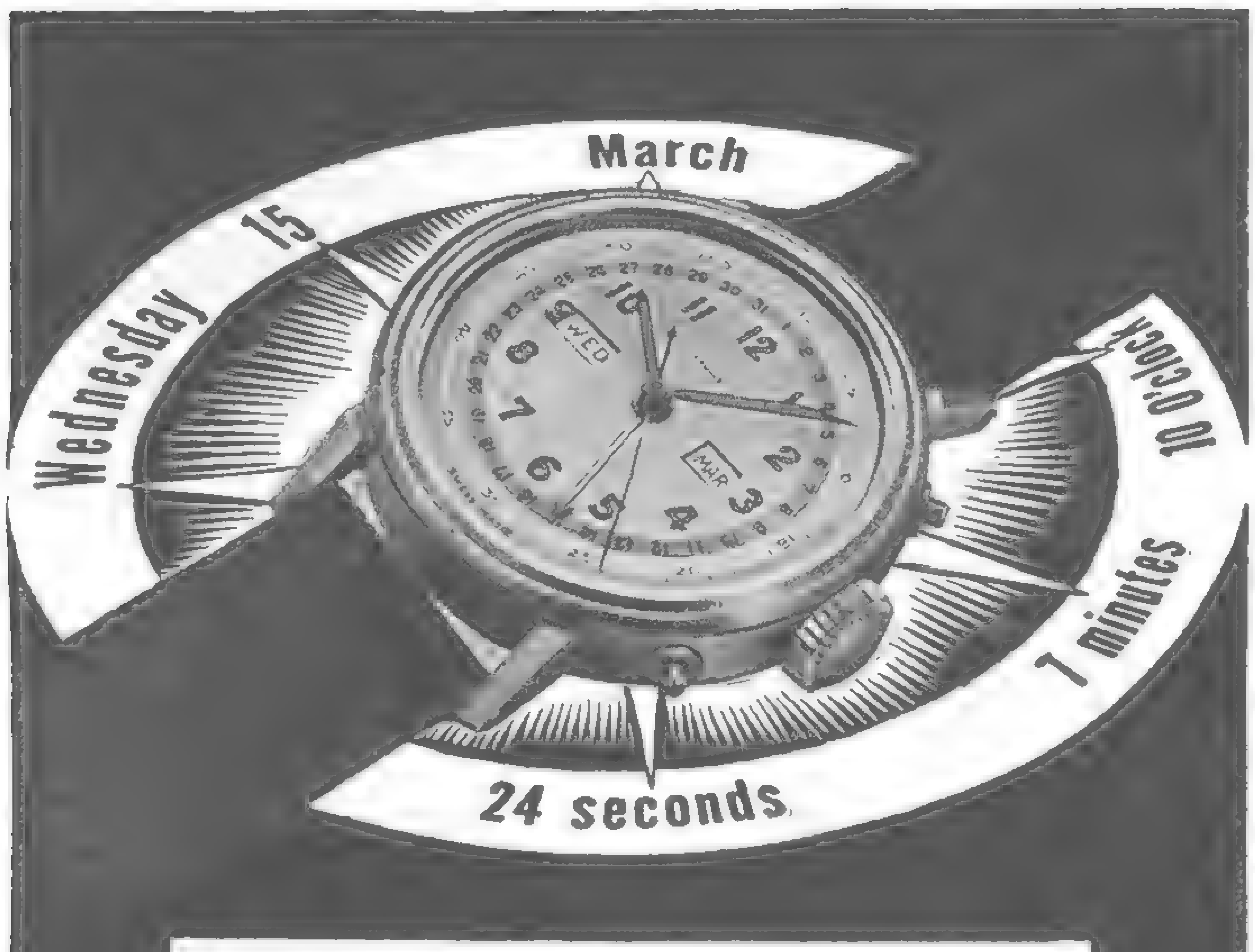
Connecticut Yankee, by Wilbur Cross (Yale University Press)

Rogues' Gallery, by Frank Scully (Murray and Gee)

Thesaurus of Epigrams, by Edmund Fuller (Crown Publishers)

Poetry and Prose of Alexander Pope (Oxford University Press)

Nonce, by Michael Brandon (Coward McCann)



CALENDOGRAPH, *famous Movado watch, registers the procession of time—in seconds, minutes, hours, days and months. The supply of these watches is limited.*

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1944, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y.   36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

For color picture of Spunray girl write Dan River Mills.

"I'M SAVING IT FOR YOU, PRIVATE JONES"

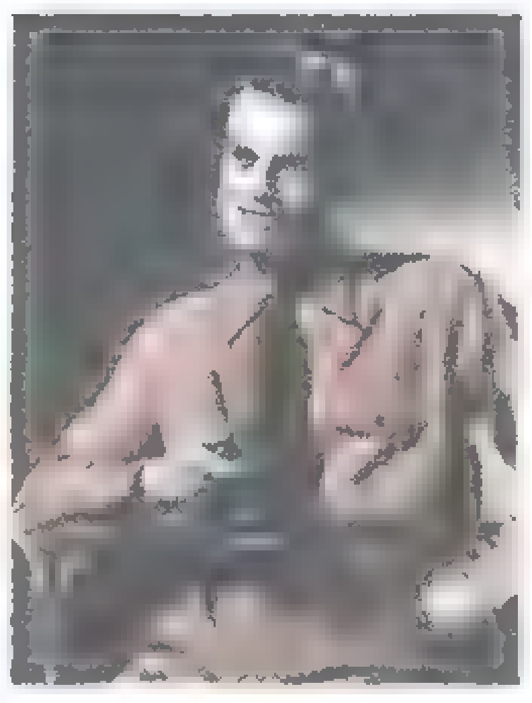
There's lots of things you're looking forward to when you get back home again, I know! And it's the little things that look mighty important these days—like a hot-and-cold shower . . . a game of sand-lot baseball . . . late breakfast on Sunday morning . . . cool, comfortable and colorful Spunray* shirts, the kind of shirt you dream about for fishing, or playing golf, or digging in the garden—or just loafing around.

*Spunray is a two-ply, 50% rayon and 50% cotton comfort fabric for leisure shirts, dress shirts and ensembles.

VAT-DYED FOR COLOR FASTNESS
SANFORIZED† AGAINST SHRINKAGE
TEBILIZED FOR CREASE RESISTANCE

Spunray is made by DAN RIVER MILLS, Danville, Va.
New York Office: 40 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
†Shrinkage less than 1%



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COMFORT SHIRTING

WASHABLE WITHOUT SPECIAL CARE

HOW DOES *Your* BILLFOLD COMPARE WITH THIS *Rolfs* "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD?

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CHECK THESE 8 UNMATCHED FEATURES

1—Spare key pockets prevent "lock-outs."
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ROLFS "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD From $3.50 Up

Compare this billfold with *any* billfold and you'll choose the Rolfs "Director" for its much-copied features . . . for its can't-be-copied quality and value!

SOLD BY LEADING STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES

. . BY *Rolfs*
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

For America's Safety, Your Security,
BUY WAR BONDS

You Can't Do "Business" with Chick

Continued from page 72

Beau Jack to a chance at the lightweight championship. The managers of Sammy Angott, the title-holder, had refused Beau Jack a fight. Chick got an engagement with Allie Stolz, who had just lost a hard-fought decision to Angott. On the eve of the Stolz-Beau Jack bout, Angott—because of hand injuries which might keep him idle some time—relinquished the title, which descended to Stolz. He was expected to take Beau Jack handily. It is fair to suppose that Angott, when his hand was well, expected to meet Stolz for a big gate and get the title back. But Beau Jack won in the seventh.

Beau Jack will be rich, says Chick, and this is why. The method of handling his finances is unique in boxing history. The checks for his fights are never seen by the manager, Wergeles, for they go direct to Roberts. Wergeles forwards a bill for expenses and every penny must be accounted for and spent in a tangible constructive cause. Not a dime is spent for publicity. No palms can be greased to obtain matches. Wergeles cannot be shaken down by managers or seconds, because he handles no money.

Beau Jack's board of directors consists of: Clifford Roberts, broker; Bartlett Arkell, founder of a national food company; Clarence J. Schoo, box manufacturer; Dwight Ellis, textiles; Lt. Col. Richards Vidmer; Capt. Robert T. (Bobby) Jones, golfer, lawyer; Alvin O. Holder, department store; J. Gordon Gilfillan, former president of a national food company; Alfred S. Bourne, sewing machine heir; Burton F. Peek, plow manufacturer; Frank A. Willard, broker; Louis H. Brush, newspaper publisher; William E. Robinson, newspaper advertising; E. D. Slater, distillery; Grantland Rice, sports writer; Lt. T. Suffern Tailer; Henry A. Hurst, linens; L. B. Maytag, washing machines; Charles G. Laurel, lumber; E. R. Fitzgerald, traction magnate.

Wergeles has his own publicity business. As Beau Jack's manager he gets no salary. Beau Jack now has an allowance of five dollars a week, plus regular suits and pork pie hats. But Wergeles doesn't get five dollars, or even one dollar. Every dime of Beau Jack's money goes into a trust fund that was set up in Augusta. When the boy goes into the Army, which should be this summer, scholarship permitting, his trust fund will be frozen until he is mustered out, and they expect to have an income from 200,000 dollars to safeguard his future. Wergeles gets his money only when Beau Jack retires.

Lucky all of them. Lucky is the syndicate to find an interesting project that is turning out so well. Lucky they were to find a man like Chick Wergeles and lucky is Beau Jack. ###

GLARE

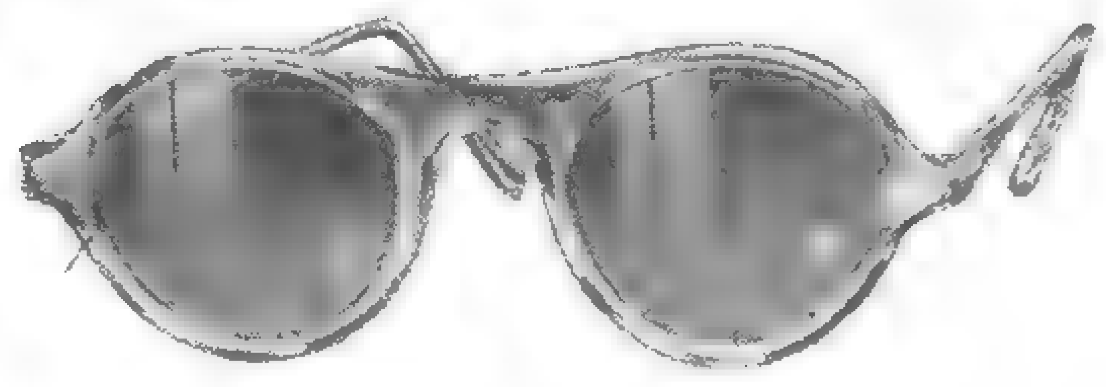
Look out for blinding glare from shiny surfaces. It strains eyes. Blurs vision. It's always an annoyance. Very often it's dangerous.

CORRECTED

Polaroid* Day Glasses block reflected glare. They let you see things as they are. Clearly. Distinctly.

CORRECTLY

Polaroid lenses are made by a unique principle. A combination of polarizing materials and laminated lenses sorts light rays . . . admits seeing rays . . . blocks reflected glare and ultra-violet (sunburn) rays.



Naturally, the armed forces have first call on sun glasses as fine as Polaroid—but your dealer may be able to supply you. $1.95 up.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

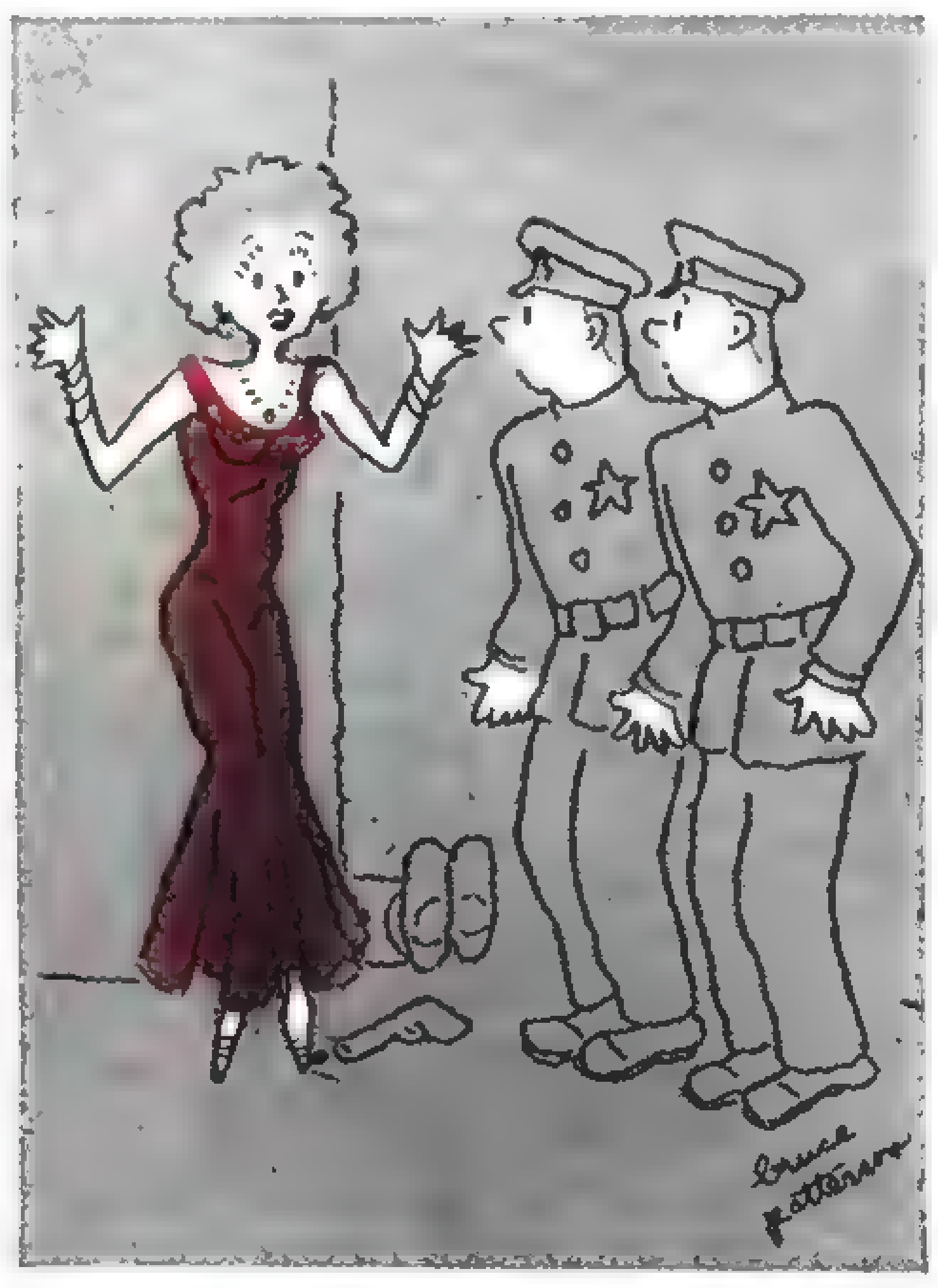
POLAROID
DAY GLASSES
American Optical
COMPANY
World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Nocturne in Nothing Flat

Continued from page 61

names for signatures. Nightsiders are always thinking up, consummating or explaining their way out of some practical joke, pulled, if possible, on a daysider.



"I don't mind re-enacting the crime, but it seems like a dirty trick to shoot Mr. Foreski again"

It's the cocktails-at-breakfast-time schedule that engenders a flair for the absurd in every true nightsider. When he is bending an elbow over the mahogany at seven a.m., the end of his working day, some daysider in for a cup of coffee invariably remarks with a shudder, "How can you stand whiskey so early in the day?" Drinking at breakfast time is ridiculous, of course. The nightsider's schedule turns everything outlandish into the commonplace, everything routine into the ridiculous. Being forced to live in an absurd way makes him do absurd things.

Thumbing through the telephone directory, a nightside rewrite man finds the name "Bascomb O. Hippolyte." Almost subconsciously he flips a lever on the switchboard and dials Bascomb's number. A sleepy voice finally emerges. "Hullo," it yawns into the far mouthpiece.

"Hello, Mr. Hippolyte?" the rewrite man asks brightly.

"Yeh," feebly, still politely.

"Bascomb O. Hippolyte? Is that your real name, Mr. Hippolyte?"

"Yes," B.O. responds from the depths of his lethargy.

"What does the O stand for?"

"Ortch," says Mr. Hippolyte simply.

"Ortch? Would you spell it, please?"

"O-R-T-C-H," he obliges.

"Thank you very much," the rewrite man beams pleasantly as he hangs up.

Nightsiders also prey on each other. One hot summer night the staff was thirsty, but penniless. Spotting a new man on the trick, one reporter called to another, "Too bad about Harry Simpson."

"Yeah, too bad," he said. "Too

Continued on page 152

Tantalizing
...ISN'T IT?

To leaf through the pages of a magazine and see the pictures of all the swell things—like Bass Sportocasins —you'd like to buy but can't, because of restrictions and shortages.

• It's hard on us, too, to tell you certain models are unavailable, for we're mighty proud of Bass Sportocasins. We and our dealers like to sell them and we like to talk about them—their high quality and foot-cradling comfort, their Indian-moccasin construction. These features make many happy golfers say Sportocasins are the finest Outdoor Footwear made.

However, we're also proud of the things we are doing for Uncle Sam. So we don't mind waiting, and we know you won't either, for the time normal production of Sportocasins can be resumed. Meanwhile, don't forget that Bass Sportocasins are tops in quality, comfort and good looks.

Write for Free Booklet telling you all about Sportocasins and other Bass Outdoor numbers available now or after the war. Address G. H. Bass & Co., 55 Main Street, Wilton, Me.

BASS
Sportocasins

WORK·PLAN·SAVE FOR VICTORY
Jayson
SPORTWEAR
SHIRTS
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F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • Makers of Excello Shirts

High above the blue
Caribbean this famous
"mountain rum"
is distilled.

THERE *is* a difference in Ron Merito which your palate will instantly recognize and relish...a flavor captured thousands of feet above sea level, in a little Puerto Rican mountain valley where the sun, soil and water are ideal for distilling perfect rum.

And, by the way, have you discovered how versatile a good rum can be? Try Ron Merito in a Manhattan, an Old-Fashioned, or a Sour. *Any* way you drink it, you'll agree this "mountain rum" deserves the popularity it enjoys all over America.

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MERITO
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM
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PUERTO RICAN
RUM
WHITE LABEL

Available Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for recipe booklet.
National Distillers Products Corp., Dept. E8, P.O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.

Nocturne in Nothing Flat

Continued from pages 61-151

bad. Leaving a wife and kid like that . . ."

"It's sure tough."

"Well, I'll give two bucks. How much you got for the flowers?"

"I got two and a half. Tom put in a fin. Here's the list."

A list of contributions is faked instanter—flowers for poor Harry (who is on vacation at Cape Cod). It is presented to the newcomer who digs his last dollar-fifty from his pocket, apologetically contributes one dollar. Fifty cents is for lunch and carfare.

With this dollar, the copy boy runs downstairs to buy beer at fifteen cents a bottle. Ten minutes later he has sold two bottles of it to the newcomer at twenty-five cents apiece.

Working at night does the same thing to normal living that standing a soft clay portrait on its head does to the facial expression—you sort of smile downwards and frown upwards. A nightsider is a normal human being, with distortions. Confusing, embarrassing his fellow creatures is the nightsider's reward for doing a job the dayside considers meat for the misfits. It's for the fellow who runs afoul of the city editor. It's the last respite for the man on the way out. It's the haven of has-beens and the tryout berth for the recruit.

The nightside's work—the first edition—is the afternoon paper's most important edition on the street. But each man who helps put it out is still considered a poor third to a waltzing mouse, and this inequity is largely responsible for the nightsider's philosophy of futility. "What can you win?" is his slogan.

Nightsiders are fiendishly patient in devising a trick and will stick to it until its flesh is drying on the bone. In one city room the following incident continued for three months before another project took the lead:

About daybreak a copyreader flicked at the tit on the light cord hanging from the lamp over the sports editor's desk. The cord embarked on a parabolic voyage and deposited its weighted end in the shade, where it stayed.

The episode would have been closed were it not for the antics of the crotchety day editor. When he settled himself next day to make his turf selections, the light was out and the cord out of reach. He grabbed at it but, being elderly and as agile as a knock-kneed giant panda, realized that this was not dignified. It was an outrage, he panted, as he dragged over a chair and mounted it to turn on his light. From that morning on he never found his light cord within reach.

One day the cord was cut off at the switch. The next it was lengthened with bits of binding twine until it hung in festoons about the shop. The third day a flash bulb replaced the regular lamp. Some-

Gantner WIKIES

Whether *you prefer wool WIKIES or the swagger nonchalance of poplin boxer or Samoan print—Gantners remain America's finest..in style, quality and tailoring! At better shops everywhere.* ***Gantner****-of-California, S. F., Chicago, New York.*

times the cord was tied so it fell apart in the editor's hands, sometimes the bulb was unscrewed just enough so it had no contact. Other variations included colored bulbs and black paint and gaudy tissue paper lining for the shade.

But the nightsiders earned the pennant when they inserted a rubber band in the cord so that the editor did bend-over calisthenics twice before he realized pulling the string to the floor didn't turn on the light and simply made the cord snap out of his hand into the shade. Today that nightside is undoubtedly praying for an electrician turned copyreader who can rig up a light switch so the day editor will turn on the fan when he pulls his lamp cord.

The telephone is the nightside's billystick. Sleepless themselves, nightsiders use it to keep as many day workers awake as possible.

In the five a. m. lull, someone finds a newspaper ad stating that Mr. John Smoot wishes to share expenses on a ride to California.

"Let's get him out of bed," breathes a rewrite man with glee.

Five nightsiders pick up phones connected to a central switch. A sleepy Mr. Smoot answers the phone and five voices talk back.

"Can I take a woman along with me?" says one.

"Only have room for one person," is the reply.

"I'll hold her on my lap."

"That might be okay . . . SAY, what time is it?"

"Five o'clock. But listen, we're not married, you know."

"Huh?" He was awake now.

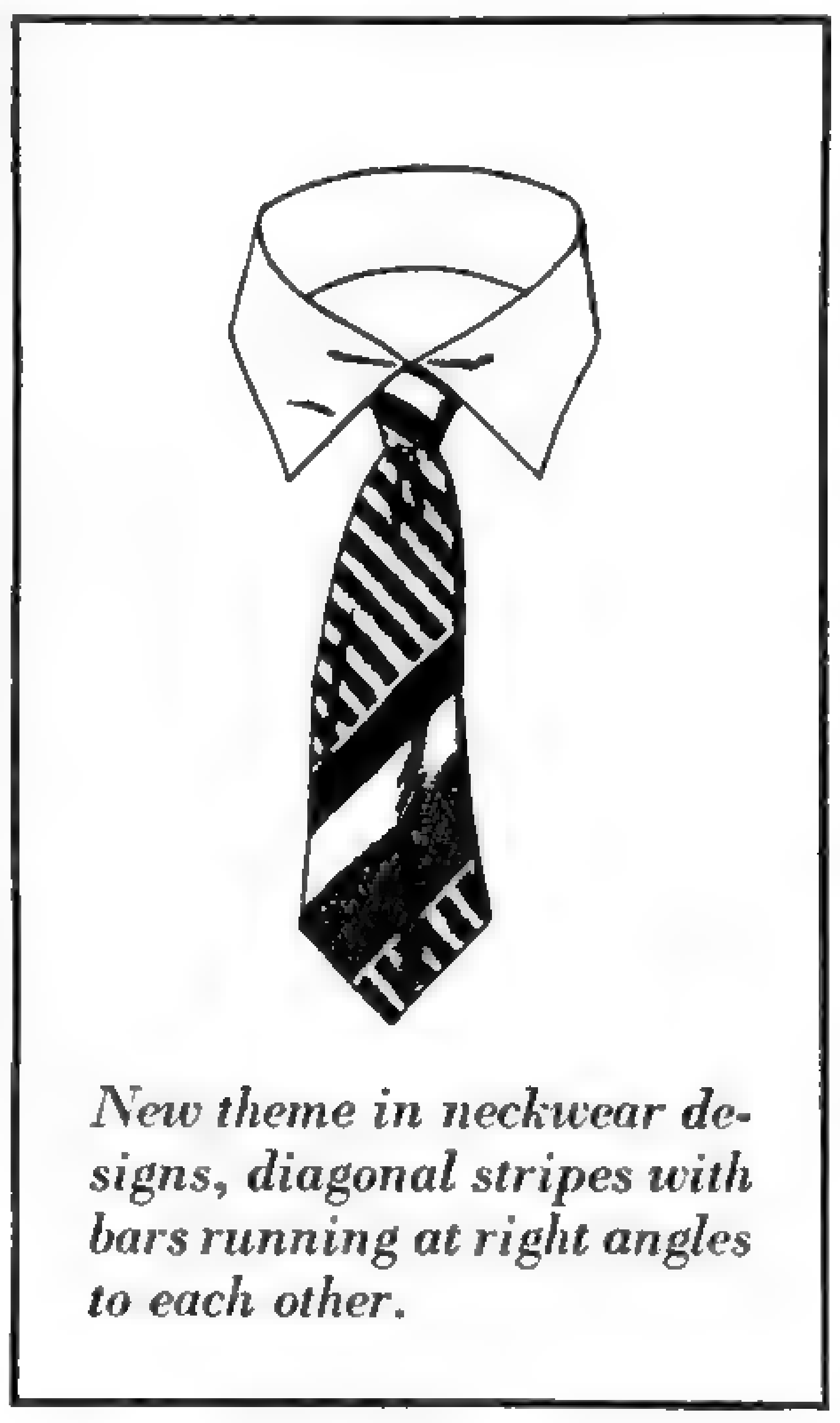
A copyreader chimes in. "How much do you make a week?"

"Thirty-five doll . . . SAY, what business is it of yours?"

"Just interested. By the way, why don't we drive to Florida instead. I know a babe down there in Miami who has a mother."

Another telephone conversation grew full-blown from the nightside brow when a reporter found a classified ad in which a man named Cyril offered a reward to the

Continued on page 154

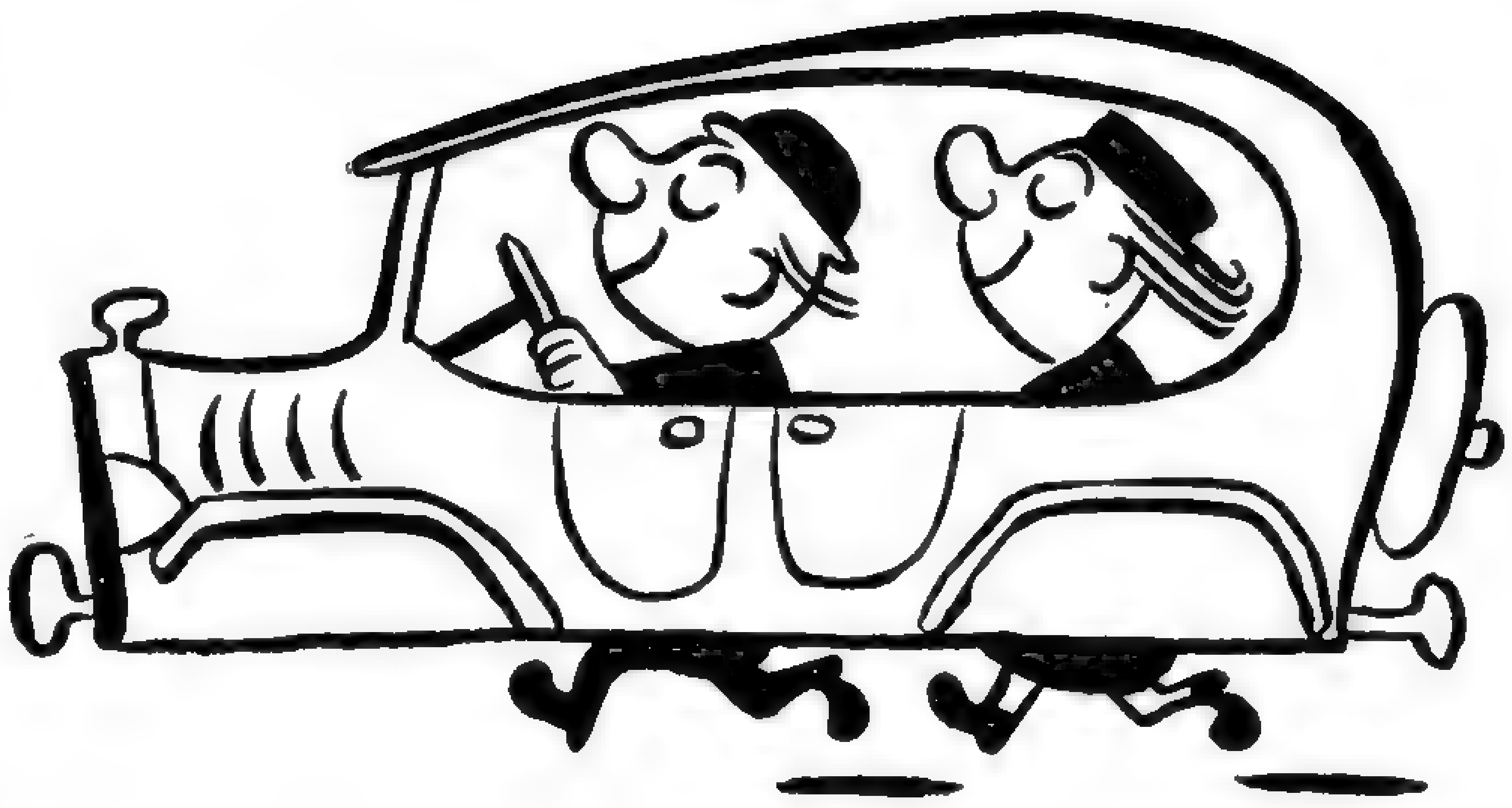


New theme in neckwear designs, diagonal stripes with bars running at right angles to each other.

A very smart idea!

The sleeveless pullover so handsomely styled by Lamb Knit will solve many a wartime wardrobe problem in a very smart, practical way. It is another of Lamb Knit's famous and luxurious Lamb's Down creations. At fine men's stores everywhere.

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN



We're saving gas . . . we're saving oil . . .

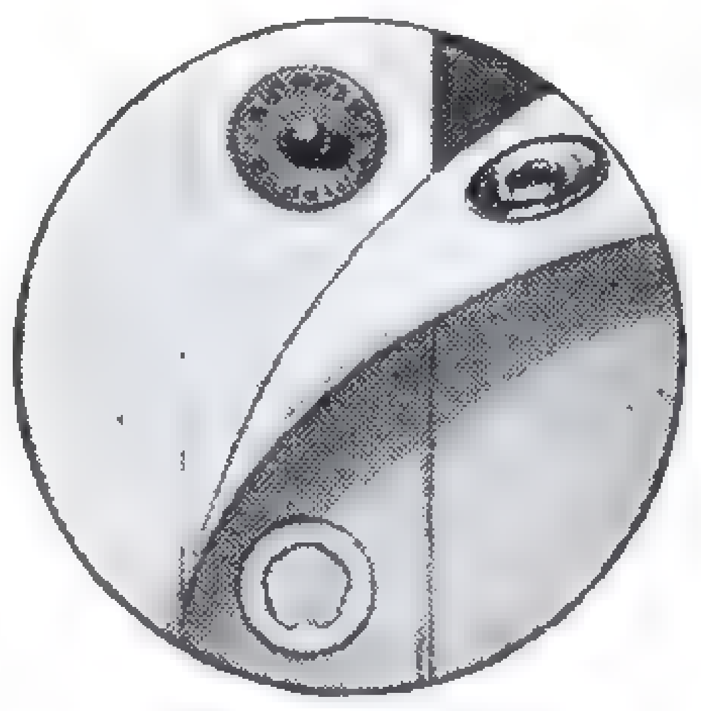
WAR BONDS
WAR BON
WAR BON

We're buying bonds with all our jack . . .

To end this war . . . and button toil . . .

And bring the Yanks and GRIPPERS back!

Keep your shirt on! . . . After victory, Gripper fasteners will be back on a greater selection of clothing than ever. Until the day of peace, the Government needs *all* our metal for vital war materials!



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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

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Shoes for Men

You protect yourself when you buy by name in war-time. Make Curtis your "buy-word" for value. Curtis Shoes are made by craftsman methods developed by four generations of skilled shoemakers. Carefully selected dealers who display the Curtis Pledge assure you the utmost shoe value in exchange for your ration stamps and war-time dollars. Curtis Shoes are priced from $6.95 to $8.95 with a few styles slightly higher. Curtis Shoe Company, Inc., Marlboro, Massachusetts.

CURTIS PLEDGE

We pledge maintenance of quality and workmanship at highest possible levels. Despite war-time difficulties, the high standards that assure the values characteristic of CURTIS SHOES through four generations are being maintained and we shall continue to maintain them.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING

Nocturne in Nothing Flat

Continued from pages 61-151-153

finder of his platinum blonde wig.

Cyril was a female impersonator in a local honky-tonk. "Oh, my dear fellow," he cooed over the phone when informed that his wig had been found. "I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am."

"I'll be there in half an hour if you'll tell me how to reach your apartment."

"How wonderful." Cyril is radiantly happy. He has forgotten it is three a.m. He launches into infinite details on the quickest route to his room.

For three nights he waits, sleepless, for the phone rings at intervals ranging from thirty minutes to three hours.

"But it's like this, Cyril, old boy. I'm lost. I guess I forgot to turn off at the right corner. But you said turn left . . . Oh . . . Well, sit tight, I'll be right there . . .

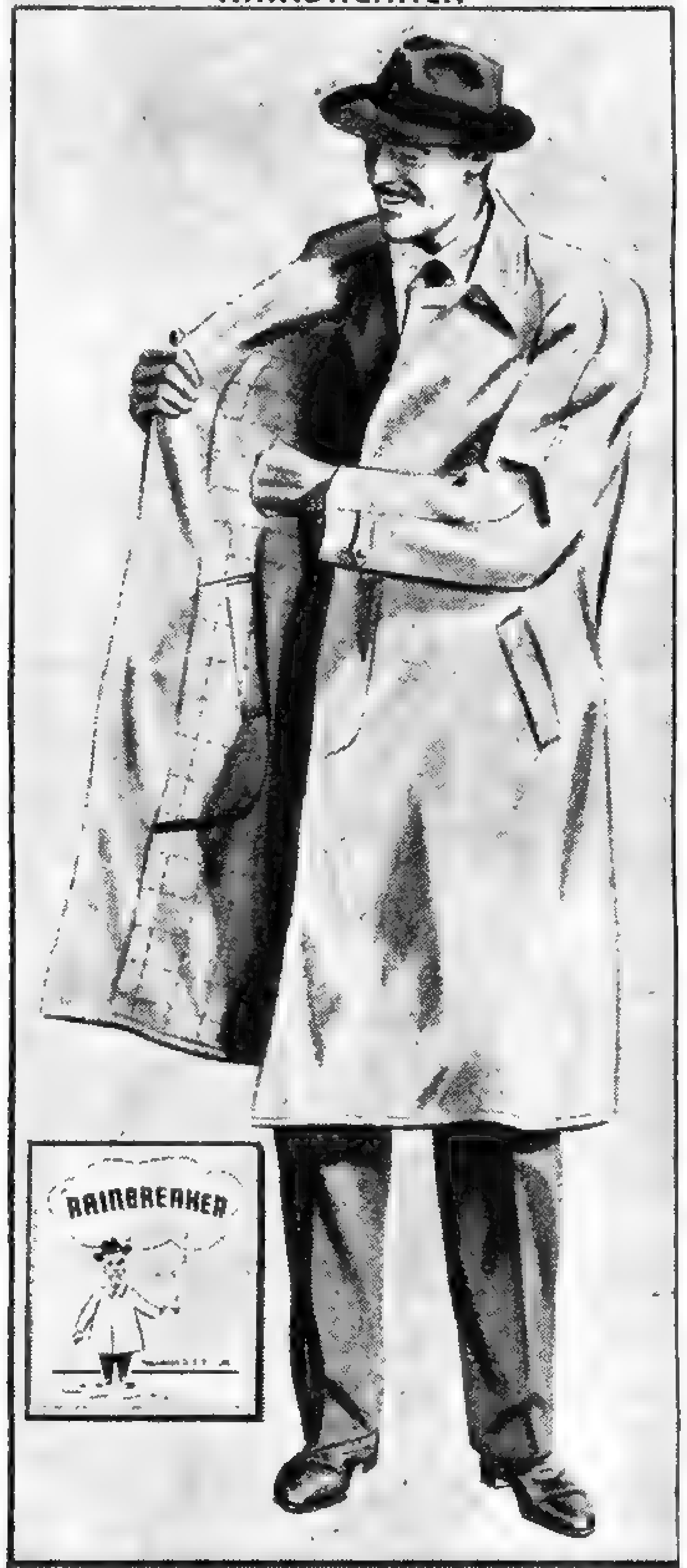
(Second night) "What the hell you trying to do to me, Cyril? I followed your directions all the way. Even wrote them down. Here, I'll read them to you. What? 'Never mind'? Well, anyhow, here I am where there are dozens of airplanes flying about. Maybe this is the airport. Say, this better not be a gag. I'm tired, my feet ache. I'm hungry . . .

(Third night) "Gag, hell! Listen here, Cyril, if you're gonna get smart with me after all the trouble I've gone to, you're a dead duck for that wig. I'll burn the goddam thing . . . I'll feed it to the first horse I see on the street. I'll break every bone in your body . . . I'll fracture your pelvis . . . What's that? Oh, no, I'm through—you can go braid yourself a new wig . . . GOOD-BYE!"

Some tiny germ of discretion, perhaps a third cousin to good taste, occasionally restrains the nightside. I remember the time a reporter suggested telephoning a certain number at four a. m. and when the husband answered ask for his wife, Dolly. When the sleepy spouse asked, "How did you know her name?" the reply was to have been: "Just saw it written on the wall of the men's room at the Grand Central station." That call was never made. It would cause too much trouble, maybe an ax murder, the nightside reasoned, roaring with laughter.

There is compensation for being a nightsider, but that's a little like saying it's swell to live in a dog house because you don't have to stoke a furnace. The owl workers' three freedoms are: first, freedom from office politics. Night workers are never caught in the cross fire between straw bosses. Second, freedom from deadlines. They have only one deadline, and there is little pressure needed to meet it. Last, freedom from women. The nightside is the ideal spot for teaching a parrot to swear. On hot muggy nights you can leave your shirt at the door. In this setting a man's sense of

Next to a General, I'll take the Man who wears a . . .
RAINBREAKER



Popular fly front weatherproof coat so faultlessly tailored and handsomely styled that it is perfectly at home in rain or sunshine. With raglan sleeves, convertible collar and slash pockets cut through to permit access to suit beneath. "[illegible]" an exclusive fabric made solely for RAINBREAKER by Cohama (a fabric approved by the Army Quartermaster Corps for its superior, water-repellent finish) in natural or tawny tan shades.

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CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

humor has all the restraint of a cougar with a knot in its tail and a burr under its cuticle.

Like all minority groups, the nightside sticks together. They are a fraternity of the persecuted, the eccentric, the whimsical. One of the brothers announces there is a sale of two-pants suits at a local haberdashery and eight co-owls will go along and buy suits whether they need them or not. One nightsider suggests a transfer from the bar to the athletic club and all will rush over and knock themselves out with weights and bars and handball matches. Tall stories, sleeping pills, nervous wives, indigestion—nightsiders have much in common.

Nightsidedness is lopsidedness, and it's contagious. Put a daysider on the night trick for a week. He'll hate the hours and he'll scream to get back on days but when that is achieved he'll disrupt the humorless humdrum of the dayside the way yeast disrupts the happy passivity of flour.

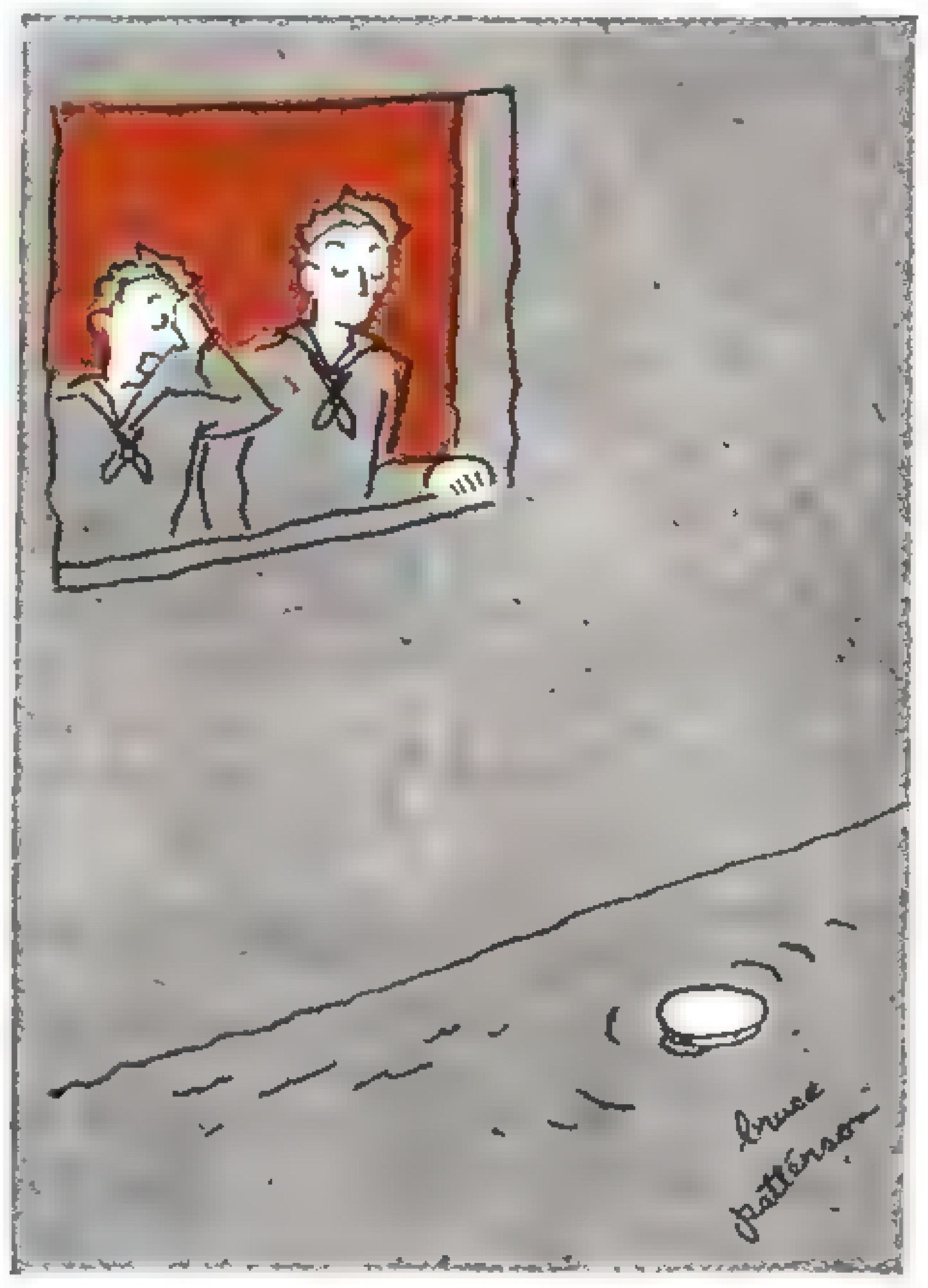
Through the dippy kaleidoscope of nightside history, this one story cuts a particularly wide swath. I knew the man years ago on the night trick of a metropolitan daily.

One night he arose from his desk to go out for a sandwich and coffee. He picked up his hat and departed without comment. He did not come back that day. Two years later he strolled in casually, hung his hat on the old peg and proceeded to do business at the old stand. He remonstrated with his successor, who left quietly.

He got his job back because he was a good man. Several months later, on his night off, he suddenly awakened his wife to tell her he had a pain in his chest.

"Don't get excited," he said, "and there's no use calling a doctor. I'll be dead before he could arrive. Just listen to me so I can tell you things you must know."

Calmly he related the state of their finances and his plans for her future. Then he died, as he had predicted. Even the end of the routine could be performed with whimsy. ⧻



"You'd better salute—maybe there's an ensign under it"

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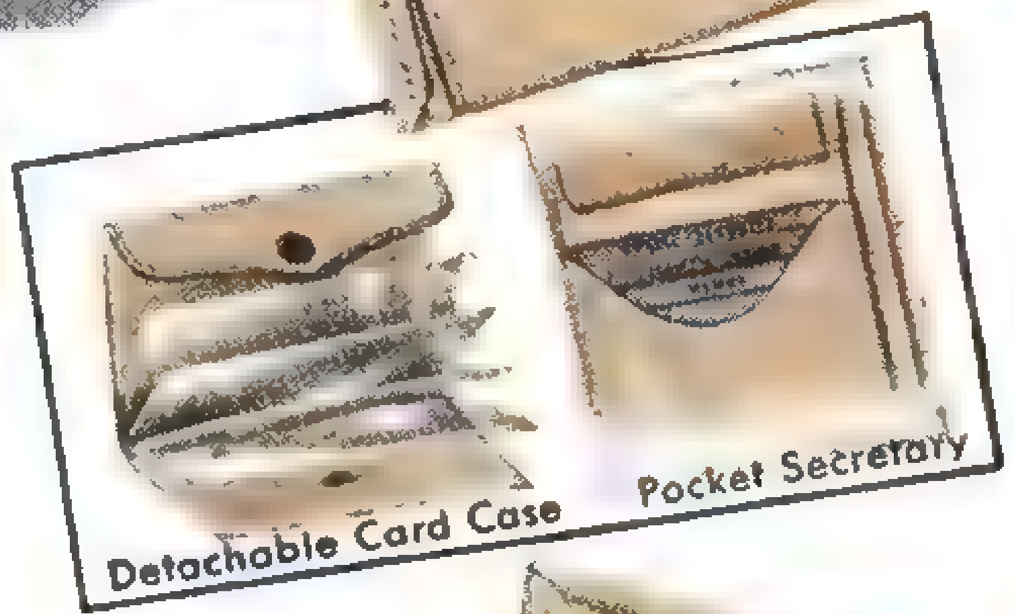
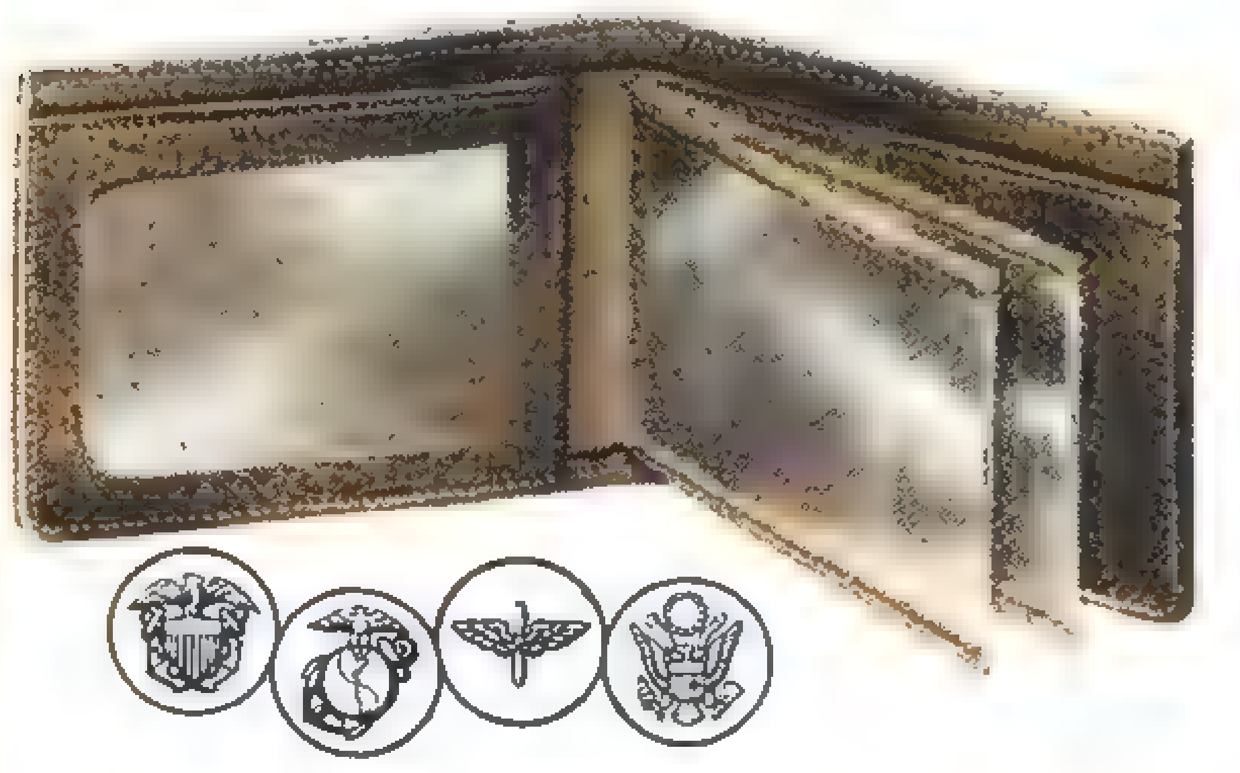


Fashioned from soft, pliable, genuine full grain leather in California saddle finish. Detachable pass case with 4 transparent double card and photo compartments—can be used separately. New convenient pocket secretary compartments. In addition, wallet has roomy currency compartment with divider and two extra card pockets. Black or Golden Tan. No. X1070 ....$5

Here are two wallets in one! The Secret Currency Pocket, cleverly hidden, with two transparent double card and photo compartments attached —can be slipped out quickly to make a complete dress billfold—extra thin, convenient, for confidential notes or large bills. The wallet itself in addition has standard currency pocket and two card pockets. Made of genuine soft, pliable full grain leather in California saddle finish. Beautiful gold-embossed triple stripe on outside. Choice of Golden Tan or Black. No. X1072 ....$3



Thin, pliable—made of genuine Ramskin. Has 2 transparent double photo and card compartments, extra transparent card holder, two extra pockets and currency compartments. Also available with choice of Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard, Air Corps Insignia embossed on outside at no extra cost.
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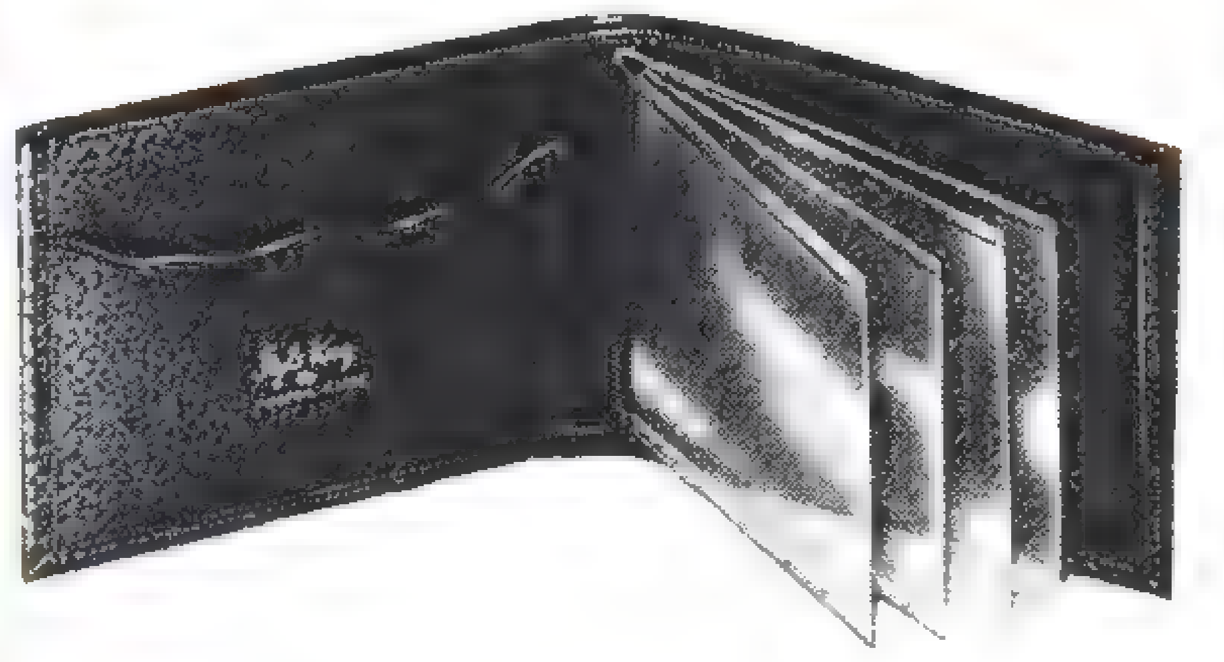

Made from genuine fine Morocco-grain Goatskin. A very thin supple dress wallet. Has 4 double transparent photo and card compartments. Two extra card pockets and stamp pocket. Roomy currency compartment. Choice of Black, Brown or Blue.
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Great Big Beautiful Thoughts

Continued from page 92

justify the original name of poet which means maker. Perhaps fifty men and women have done this. (I exclude all works of religious ecstasy where the religion, not the poetry, is essential.)

When you remember that the French barely made a place for Shakespeare in their mural of the world's great and that Voltaire thought him a barbarian, you won't be so sure that he was for all people, for all time. When you recall that Rabelais, Molière, Hugo, Voltaire, are known to us for a children's story, a stray aphorism or a movie, you will also doubt the universality of the poet. The first comers had the breaks: the writers of the Old Testament, the singers of the Iliad, the first dramatists and sculptors of Hellas, perhaps some Oriental philosophers, established themselves well. The first painters we know dug themselves in very well. And finally there are the composers.

The greater the music, the less it says. Until it becomes pure sound like Bach and Duke Ellington and Stravinsky—a dazzling flight of mathematics or pure emotion or both.

Recently some poetry came my way for comment. If anything can console us in the death of a loved one it would be these lines:

> He has outsoared the shadow
> of our night;
> Envy and calumny and hate
> and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight,
> Can touch him not and torture
> not again;
> From the contagion of the
> world's slow stain
> He is secure . . .

It is like angels singing of resurrection; but what it says is in effect a platitude. And sunk in some forty argumentative stanzas of Shelley's *Adonais*, it is ineffectual. If Shelley thought for a moment that he had failed to convey his profoundest sentiments, he would have been tragically disappointed. His whole life was that of a crusader and reformer; and when he wrote about death, it was because he wanted people to feel a certain way about death. As above, he wrote divinely. But the feeling he wanted to communicate was one of the most common; he had felt it deeply—but it was not a secret.

Maybe the imagination of the world has been strained a little. Maybe we are in a mean era when truths come to us as facts, not as fancies. If so, let's get ahead with mastering the hard facts, so that in a thousand years we may have time for fancy again. As for me, I find fact exhilarating and exciting. And while I can't take the poets and music-makers as seriously as they might wish, I am grateful to them for many pleasant days—and moments as magnificent as they themselves pretend. ##

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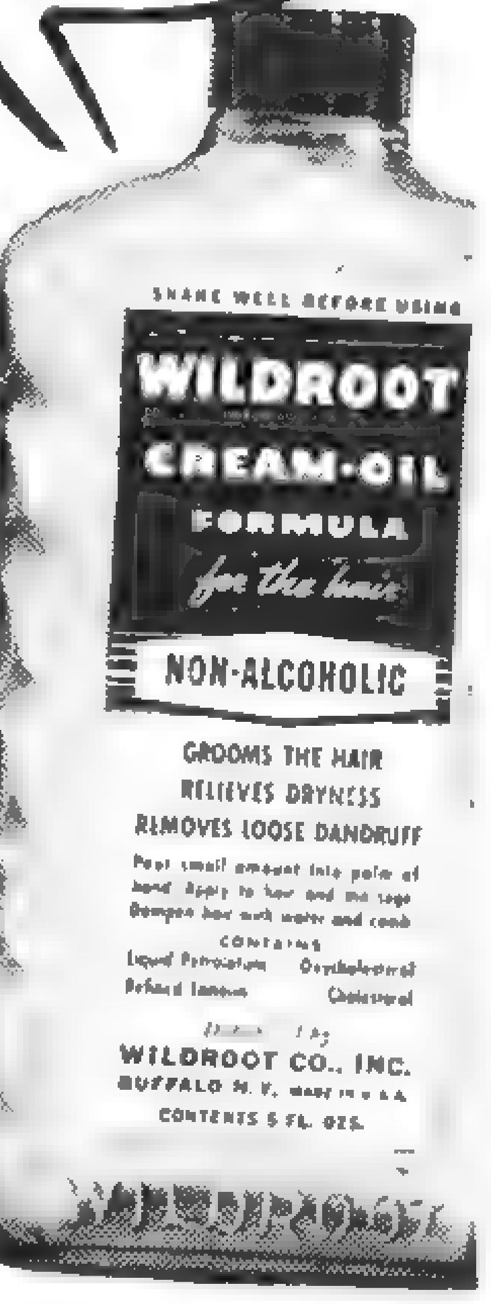

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The Jumping-Off Place

Continued from page 63

evergreen twigs and lay them thickly on the snow under the tent. He built a tiny fire in a hole in the center and made them all lie down around it.

"Haven't seen you since you were up 'fore the Conservation Committee," said Garth. "I guess you remember Senator Carl Jackson. This is his party. Say, how the hell you going to get us outa here?"

"I'll take you out when you can travel."

MacLane fed them pinches of powdered milk, egg and chocolate and water from a flat canteen, all taken from his bulging pockets. To Larken he gave some pills for Jackson, who had collapsed completely. Larken was shedding tears. Hartley seemed to have lapsed into a childlike dependence. Only Garth was aggressive.

"When do we get outa here?" he demanded.

"Pay no attention to that rat," said Larken.

"Start out any time you want," MacLane replied to Garth. "It's only fifteen miles in any direction from the middle."

MacLane went into the woods, returning shortly with three big rabbits and two porcupines, knocked out with his long-barreled .22 pistol in five shots. He made broth, mixing in wild roots, herbs and bark to form a medicine with the food.

For two days he fed them, doctored them, built up their courage, kept them warm. The silk 'chute, its floor lined deeply with twigs, protected them despite the gales and the freezing temperatures.

"When *do* we get outa here?" demanded Garth as they laid spoon-fashion in the tiny tent the second night.

"We'll make a start in the morning—if you folks feel up to it," replied MacLane.

"Start?" yelped Garth. "Why, we got in here in one day!"

"And I got in here in one hour. It's tough walking. I know—and you ought to. Go to sleep. Rabbit stew for breakfast."

The worst was to come. He led them, by compass and seemingly rambling routes, on deer-runs that threaded muskeg safely, skirting the worst. Garth and Hartley refused to believe the compass, argued, stalled and left it to Larken to help Jackson. Garth and Hartley cursed Ba'tise and Axel until MacLane sent the two incompetent guides ahead to cut through some of the worst thickets. They made eight miles the first day. The six men literally fell down in their tracks when they halted. MacLane built the tent over them, then slipped away and

Continued on page 158

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The Jumping-Off Place

Continued from pages 63-157

shot a doe with his pistol. The others took it for granted, never realizing MacLane's skill with that .22 on a .45 frame.

Near noon Garth got stomach cramps from hogging too much fresh meat. He took his rifle by the barrel and hurled it as far as he could into the muskeg.

"I'm all done with this damned deer hunting," he declared angrily.

Jackson, who had been limping painfully, his teeth set, silent, spoke up, wearily, "You don't learn anything, do you, Garth?"

Ba'tise started to run after the gun. MacLane called him back and blazed some trees, saying, "Someone who deserves to have it can find it later, Ba'tise."

"Yeah! We ain't going to pay these crooks a damned red cent!" declared Garth. "They lost us."

"We'll pay Mac, though," Hartley said generously.

"You just pay for the plane and for this ruined 'chute," MacLane said.

"Now, Mac, we want to make this right," argued Garth. "We're good fellows. How much will we owe you—if we get out?"

"Only your life, Garth," spoke up Larken. "And that's cheap."

"For God's sake, how much farther is it?" whined Garth, after another hour of tougher going than they had yet encountered. "I bet you're off the track!"

"Listen!" called MacLane, from the head of the plodding line. A faint sound came from the southwest. "The Soo engine," he said. "There's a clearing ahead."

Garth broke into a run, shouting obscene farewells to the guides, but in ten steps he was mired and Ba'tise and Axel had to pull him out. MacLane then made Garth carry Jackson's gun. He hurried them through a slippery, rock-and-mire tangle of down timber, a mile or more, until a high bank loomed before them.

When they slid down off it, on the other side, into a dead-end road in the dusk, Garth looked around and demanded, "What the hell dump is this?"

"This," said MacLane, "is your jumping-off place. Don't you remember it? It's Hulbert."

Axel and Ba'tise vanished swiftly up the track toward the sawmill.

"I guess you can walk half a mile to town, down a road." MacLane turned away. "Good-bye."

"Say, wait!" called Senator Jackson. "I want to see you to make out a check for—"

"I'll send you a bill for the plane," MacLane interrupted. "Larken, come up next season and we'll get a good haunch of venison."

"Thanks, Mac!" yelled Larken. "I'll sure come. Thanks."

"Snobbish sort of a cuss, isn't he?" sneered Garth.

Larken hauled off and pasted him hard in the face. #

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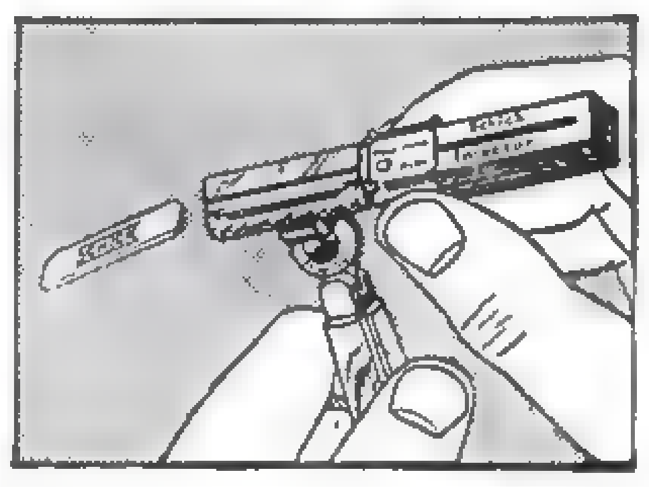

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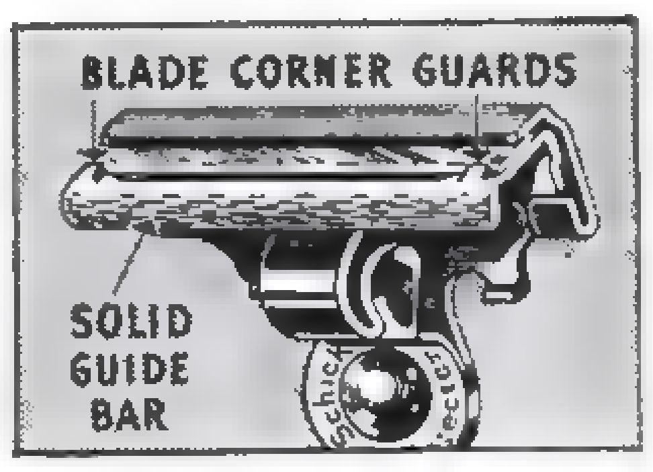

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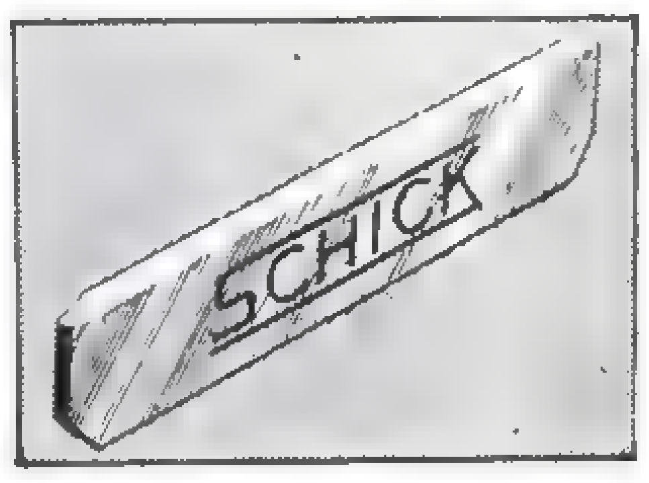

P. S. Spread the good word that these blades are back and—if you own a spare Schick Injector Razor pass it along to a friend. He'll thank you for real shaving comfort and ease. We'd like to introduce him to the Schick Injector Razor ourselves . . . but we still can't get the material to make new ones.

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Are You Paying Attention?

I see that somebody has written a book which is supposed to induce sleep in people with tendencies toward insomnia. Relying chiefly on hypnotic suggestion, the book is crammed with phrases like this: "You are extremely tired—very drowsy . . . your eyelids are heavy and they are blinking . . . you are too sleepy to bother about anything . . . you have every reason to be confident that you will fall into sleep." If this works on sleep there is no reason why the method shouldn't be applied to other things:—

You are extremely wealthy. Money has ceased to become a problem to you. You have more of it than you possibly know what to do with. Your bank account keeps growing and growing. You are richer than the Rockefellers. You just can't help getting more and more money. Your pockets are crammed with the stuff. Every time you turn around somebody doubles your salary. You have a huge fortune which becomes larger by the day—by the hour—by the minute, even.

In spite of paying large income and inheritance taxes and investing in War Bonds, the War Fund and a great many charities, you keep getting richer and richer. You are simply filthy with the stuff and you can't get rid of it fast enough. Croesus would have been envious of you. Those fabled Indian potentates look like paupers compared to you. You are getting more and more money. You are very, very wealthy, and you are getting wealthier and wealthier and wealthier and wealthier. How about lending me ten bucks? . . . (Hm. Maybe I should have practiced this a little longer.)

—Parke Cummings

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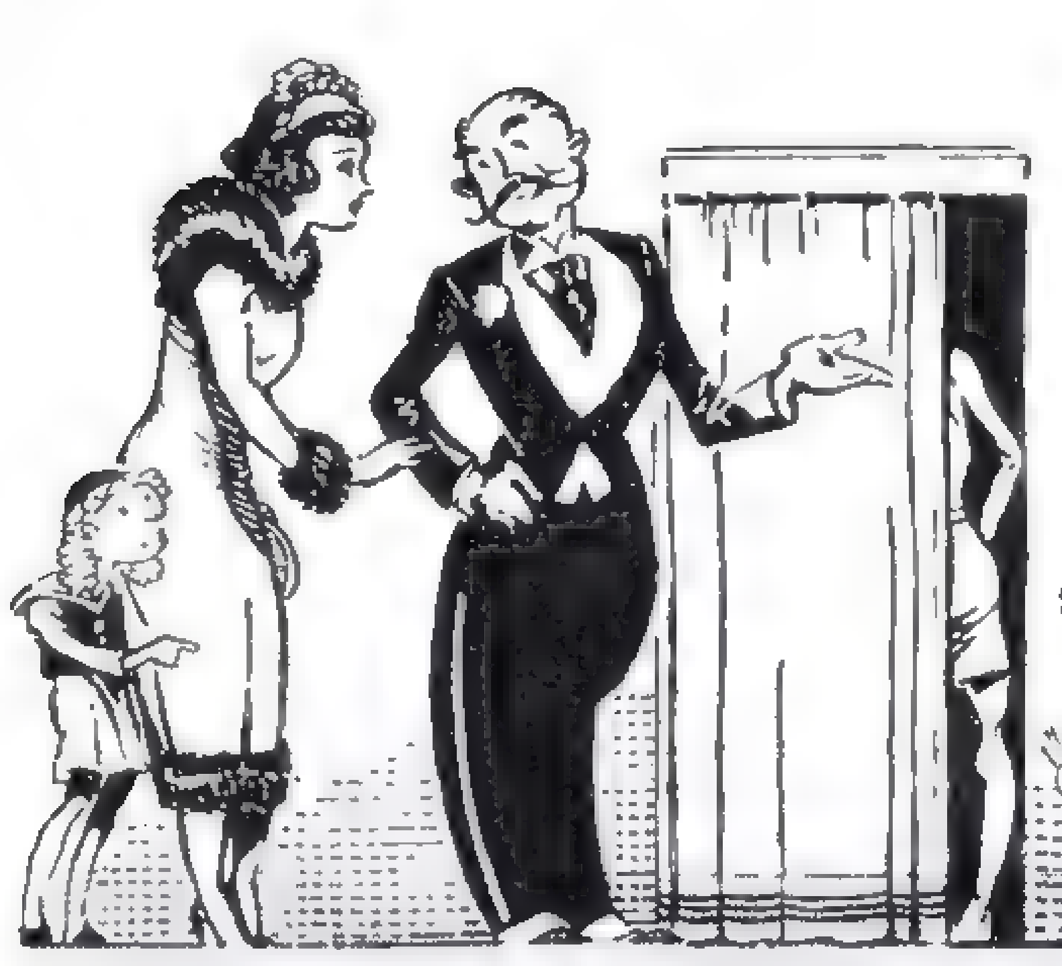

Remember this One?

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SALESMAN: "Just pull that curtain. There's a customer in there in his *B.V.D."

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The Deferred Diagnosis

Continued from page 71

and heard decreased breath sounds at the left base. And dullness there, too." Corbin looked straight at Ward for confirmation.

"Oh, probably a little transient bronchitis."

"Look, Ward," said Corbin. "I don't think you're telling me the truth. But remember, I want to see the plate myself."

When Corbin left, Ward told the X-ray technician to develop the plate immediately. "And forget that you took it," he added.

Dr. Corbin got back to his office at 3:30 and summoned his secretary. "A letter, Miss Bock," he said. "To Doctor Frank Winters, Boston. You'll find the address in the directory. I am referring for your opinion a patient of mine, Mr.," he paused, "William Carlin. He has a pulmonary condition the nature of which has not yet been determined. I suspect pulmonary cancer of a typical variety. I would like your opinion. He will arrive in Boston on the 15th and will call for an appointment.

"Incidentally, your paper on cancer of the lung in the current *Archives* is stimulating."

"Shall I put a copy in the patient's folder, Doctor?"

"No, we have no folder for the patient. And, oh, yes, cancel all appointments for Friday."

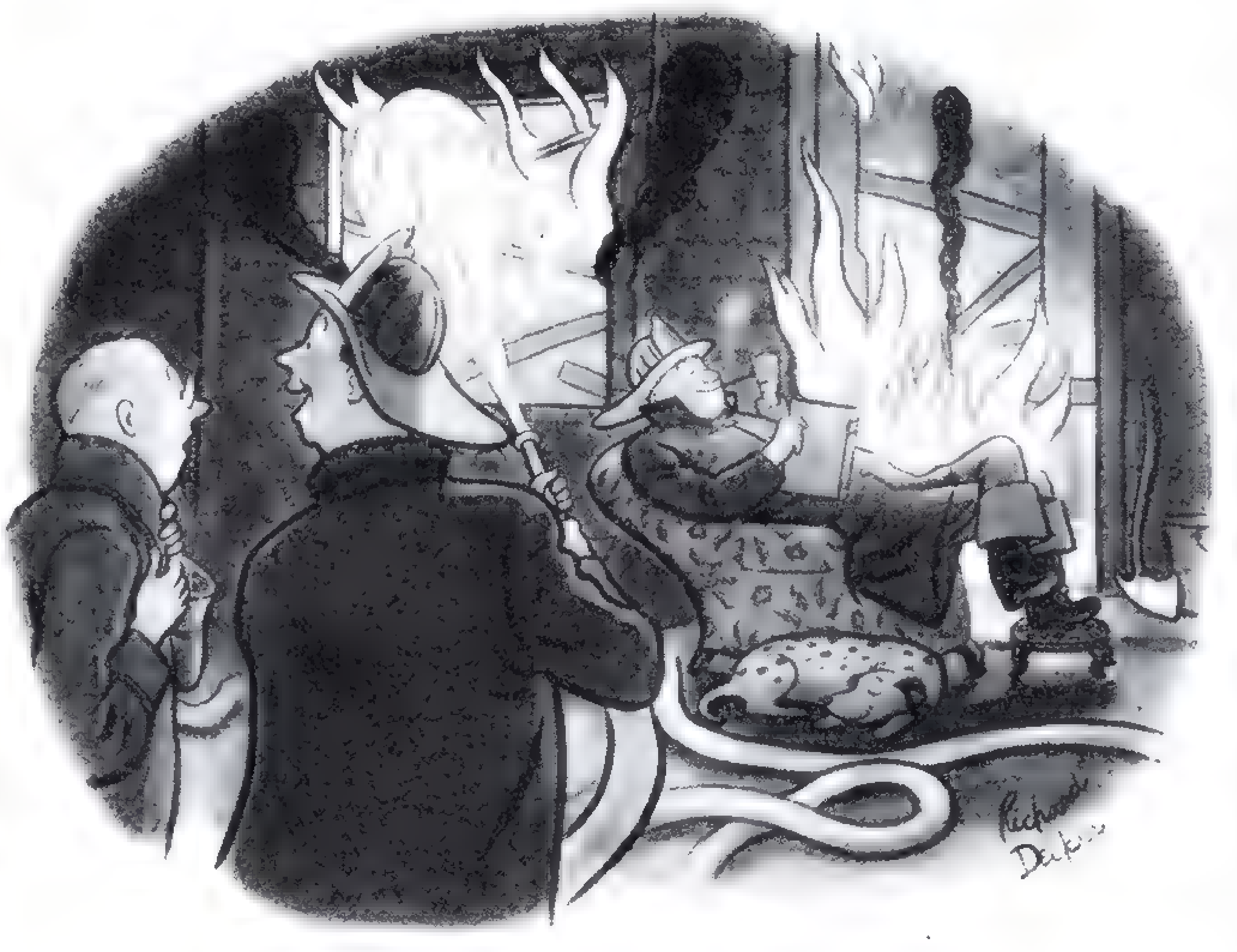
Two days later Dr. Corbin told his secretary he was going to Boston, returning Saturday at eleven. She could start the appointments at 11:15.

He returned at 9:00 on Saturday. "Good morning, Miss Bock," he said. "Got an earlier plane back. Is the mail on my desk?"

He went into his office and dropped his hat and coat hastily. He sank into his chair behind the desk and reached for the letters. He leafed through them quickly till he found the one with an engraved heading reading:

FRANK WINTERS, M. D.
734 Bay State Rd.
Boston, Mass.

Dr. Corbin quickly turned it face down without reading further. His hand trembled visibly and he grasped it with the other. He remained motionless for a half minute. Then he went into the examining room, holding the letter behind him. The cautery lay on its enameled table. He turned on the switch. In a few seconds it glowed a cherry red. He picked it up and plunged it through the letter still held face down, searing the paper until the fragments fell on the floor. The cautery glowed on and he stared at its destroying redness for a long time. Then he went back to his desk to read the morning's mail. ⌗



"The chief loves a cozy fire, a good book and his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

". . . the quality pipe tobacco of America"

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING

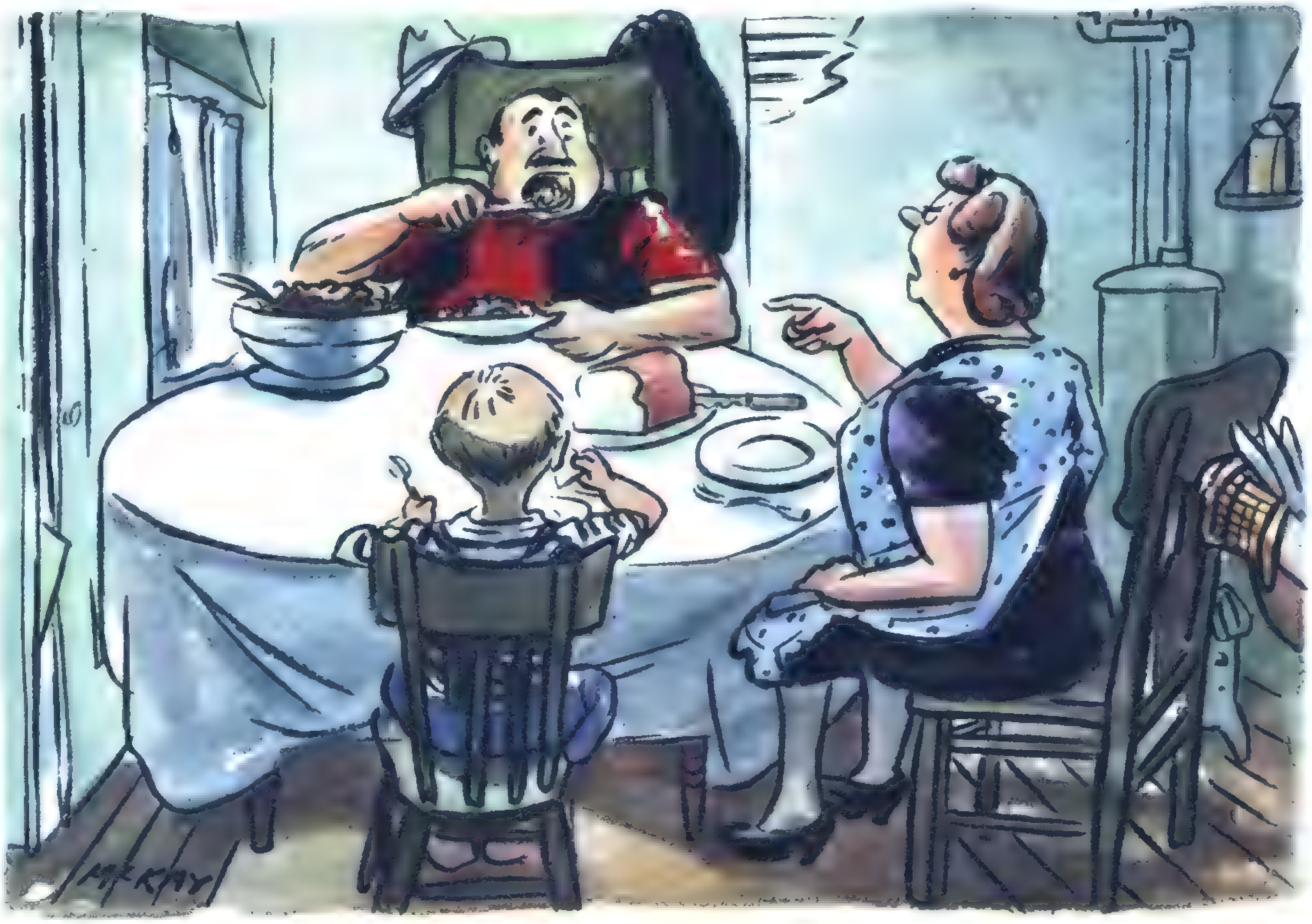
UNION MADE

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Dogs in the Coast Guard

Robert Gordon

Ever since spring, 1942, the United States Coast Guard has been training dogs for patrol, detecting enemies, attacking on command. The civilians at this exhibition are wearing the currently accepted fashions in tweed jackets, plain and checked waistcoats, slacks and accessories.



"Pass the beans, Henry VIII!"

WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BOAT PROVES HER POWER

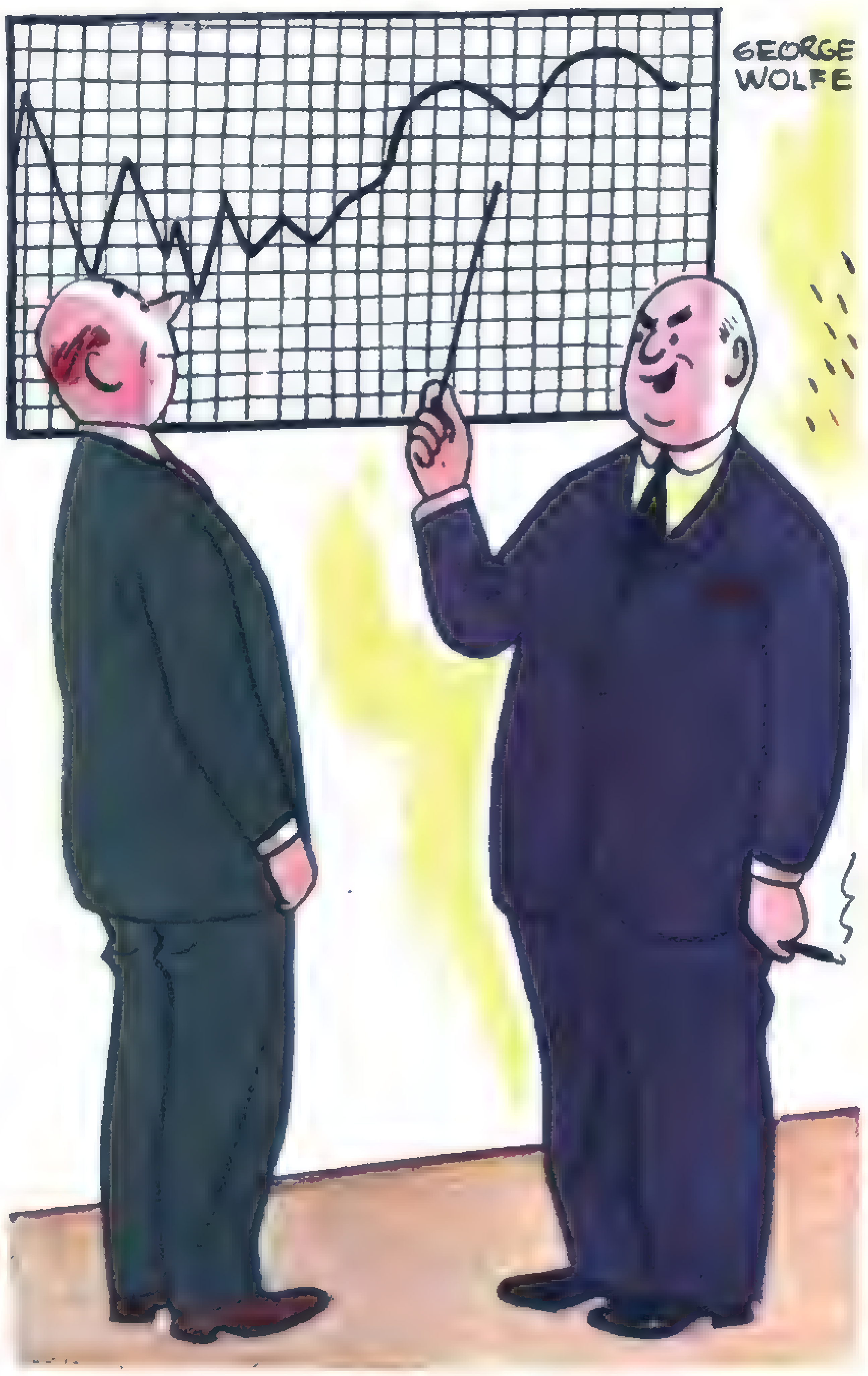
LANDING off Honolulu in a series of bounces and a splash of spray last January 23, the Mars made her triumphant debut as a cargo plane for the U. S. Navy. Ten times the size of an ordinary freighter plane, with the fuel load of a railroad tank car and a wing spread of 200 feet, the Mars had previously made two test flights: one to England, the other to Natal. She took off from the Alameda Naval Air Station in California at 6:54 p.m. and landed the following morning at 7:42, having cruised around the Hawaiian Islands for one hour and fifty-one minutes, waiting for the sunrise. Aside from her enthusiastic young crew of fifteen men, she carried twenty passengers and 13,800 pounds of mail and high-priority material. The Mars returned to Alameda on the 26th, completing the round trip in 27 hours, 26 minutes flying time. Lt. Comdr. W. E. Coney, her thirty-seven-year-old skipper, reported that the "Old Lady" behaved with decorum all the way and proved her economy by transporting the cheapest air haul, per pound carried, ever borne across the Pacific. Among the eight passengers on the return trip from Honolulu was Comdr. Gene Tunney. The ex-heavyweight champion, never at a loss for an apt quotation, regaled reporters with these lines from Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale:*

"Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam

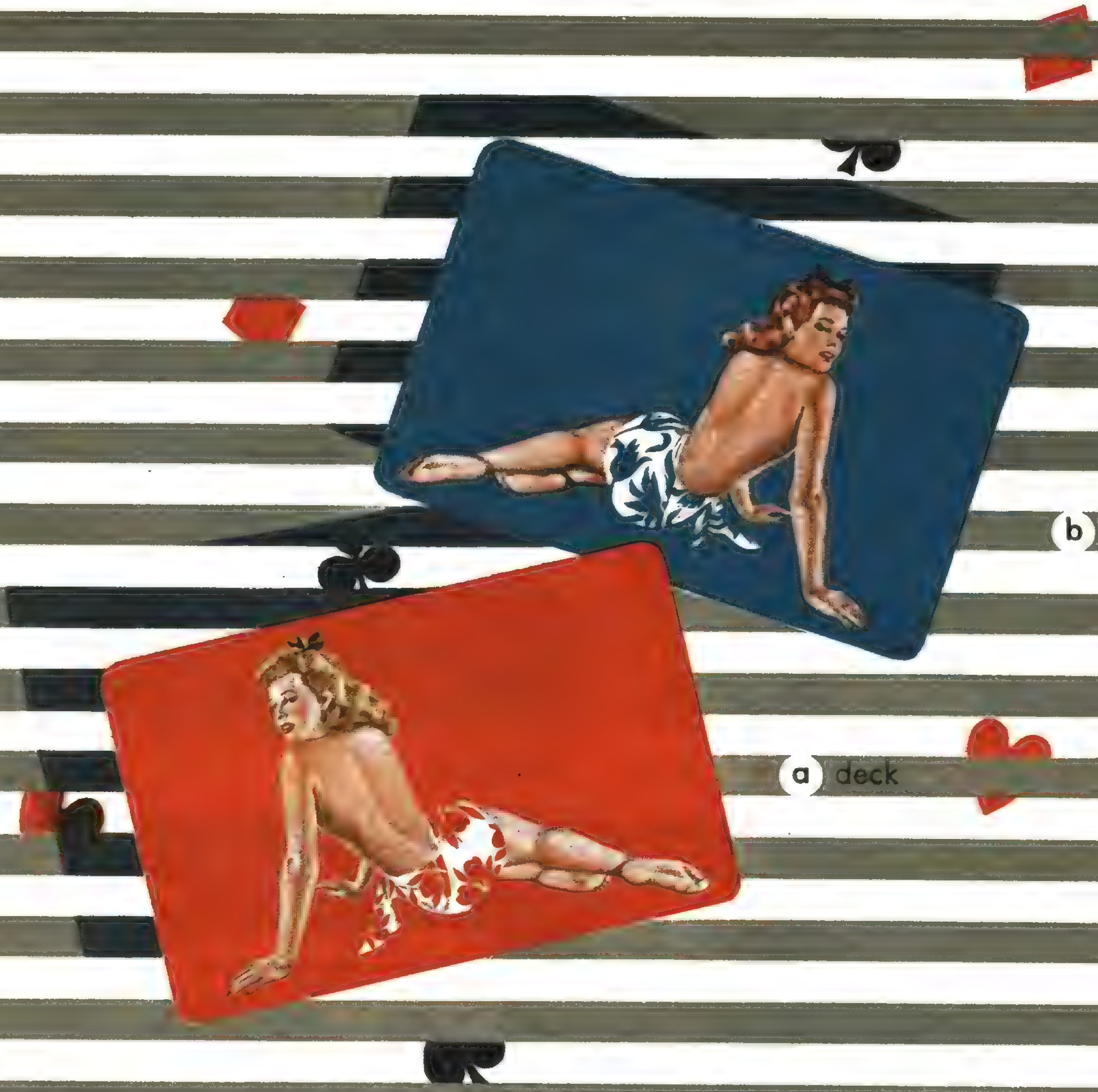
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

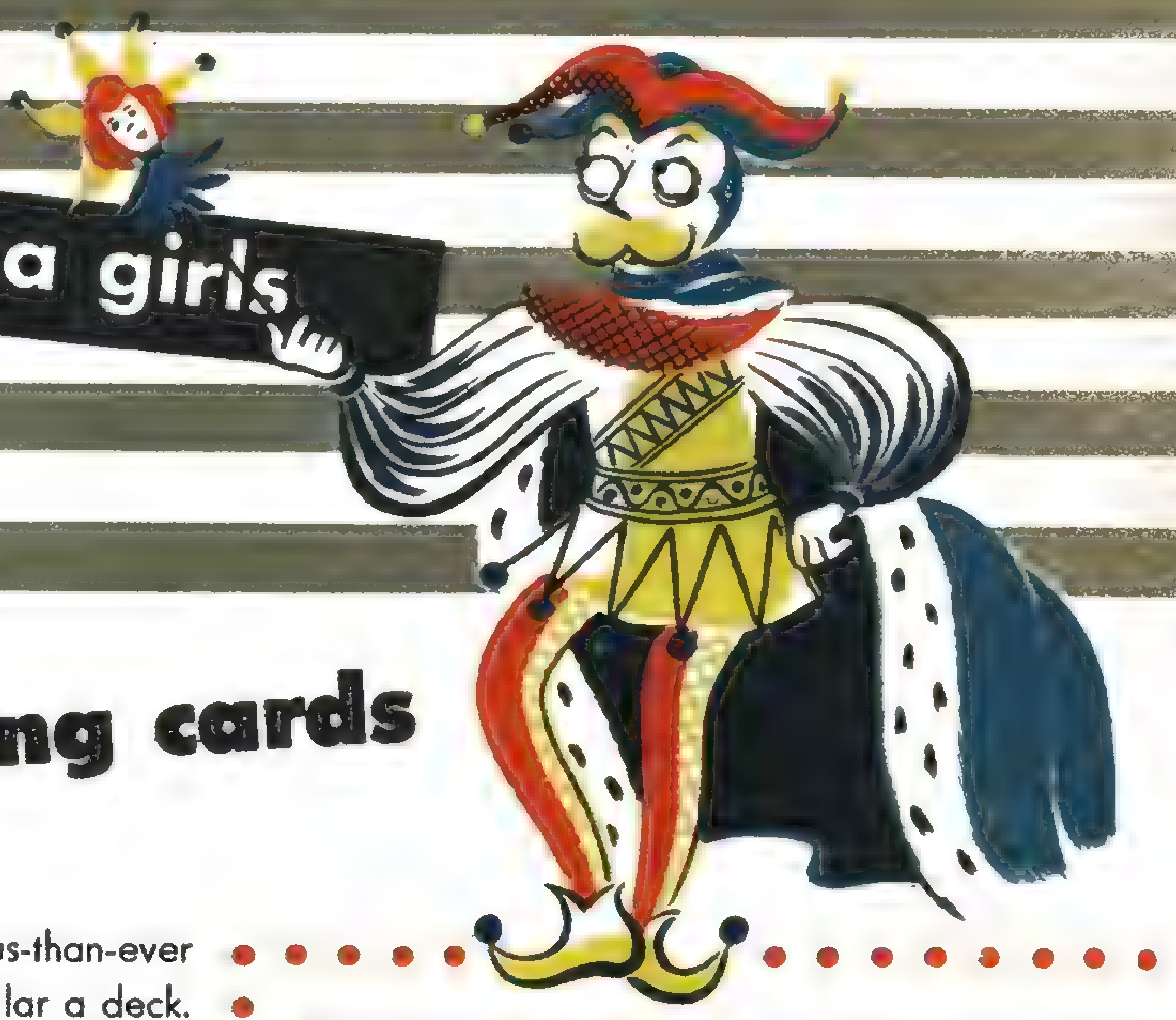
The Mars' record-breaking flight vindicated her class against opponents of flying boats who argue that they are dependent upon good weather by requiring a smooth harbor and point out that Pan-American Airways is the only commercial line to use amphibious planes for long-range hops, while United, American and TWA stick to land planes.

In *Victory Through Air Power,* Alexander de Seversky advocated the use of large, long-range cargo planes, maintaining that aviation is handicapped when it is forced to depend on slow-moving surface communication lines for supplies. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander of the Pacific Fleet, welcomed the Mars as filling a long-felt need, and it is generally believed that the gigantic plane augurs extensive long-range operations where they will do the most damage to Japan. The admiralty has bet on the seventy-ton duck by ordering twenty sister ships from the Glenn L. Martin plant at a cost of 7,500,000 dollars each.



". . . and here is where we discovered Lana Turner!"





meet two brand-new Varga girls

on these 1944 Varga playing cards

● Here they are! Cut, trimmed, and tailored by Varga himself: two knockout Varga queens on the new double decks of Varga Girl Playing Cards. Here's well-stacked inspiration for many a carefree card session . . . with the cards printed on sturdy two-ply stock that will take a terrific beating. Rub them and scrub them with a damp cloth, and their glass-like cellulose finish will keep them crisp, clean, and smooth as ever. Give yourself a new deal in card enjoyment with these more-gorgeous-than-ever Varga Cards. They cost just a dollar a deck. And we'll enclose **free** with every pair of decks in a beautiful gift box the new esquire **joker book** . . . containing sketches and directions for thirty easy-to-perform match, handkerchief, and coin tricks, gin-rummy rules and a handy thirty page scorepad.

ESQUIRE P. O. BOX 1719 CHICAGO 90 ILL.

Sure, I want the new Varga Girl Playing Cards, and, free with every pair of decks, the new 64-page Esquire Joker Book.

please send me:

________PAIRS OF VARGA GIRL PLAYING CARDS AT $2.00 PER PAIR.
________"A" DECKS OF VARGA PLAYING CARDS AT $1.00 A DECK.
________"B" DECKS OF VARGA PLAYING CARDS AT $1.00 A DECK.

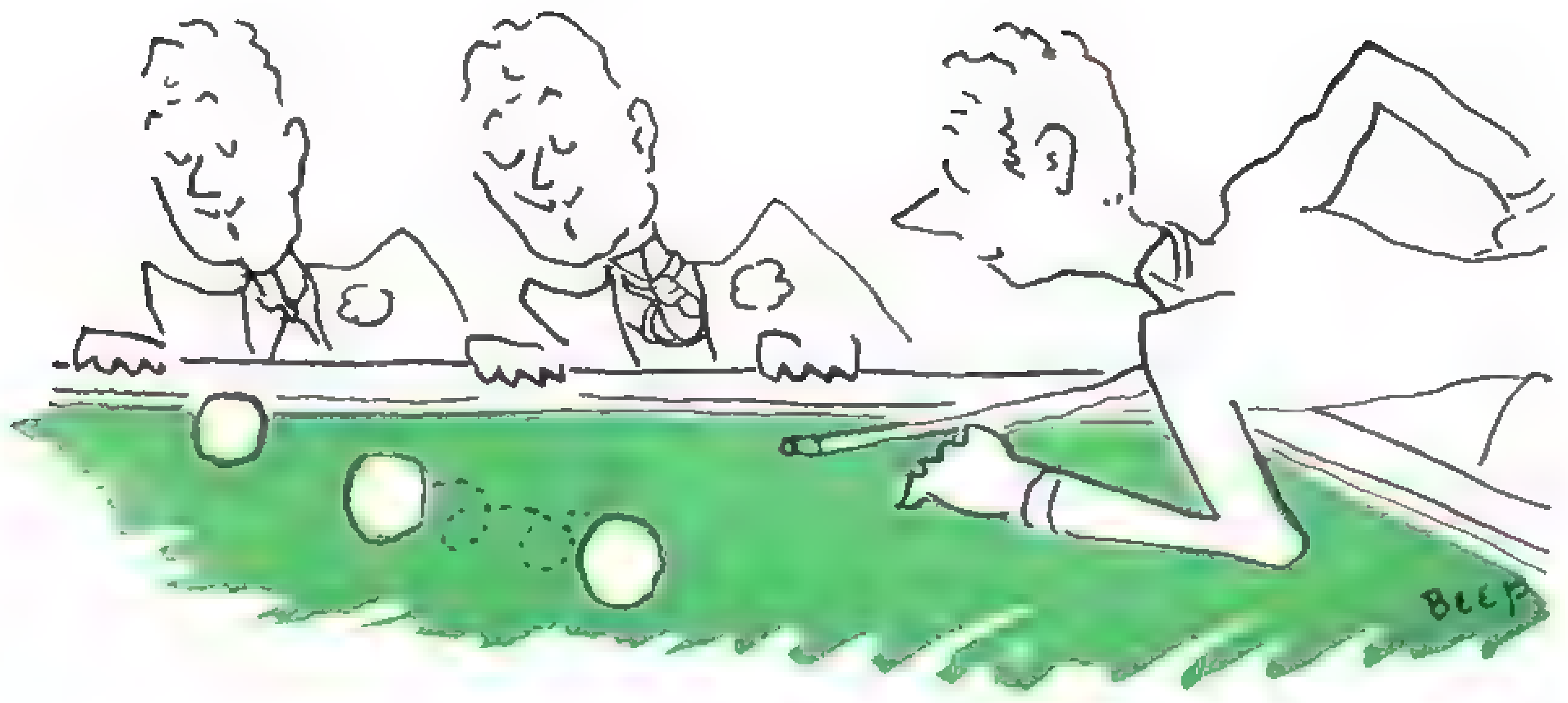
I enclose________, payment in full U. S. ORDERS ONLY

name____________________________________

PLEASE PRINT NO STAMPS PLEASE

address____________________________________

city__________________state________



The Original Screw-Ball

Jack Carr was only an obscure helper in an English billiard parlor, but in the 1820's he made an accidental discovery which revolutionized the game of billiards and gave a new expression to our language.

When Carr's daily chores at Bartley's in Upper Bath allowed him an idle moment, the helper and his employer, Bartley, amused themselves by practicing what the English call the "spot shot." The two placed the object ball in the center of the table and tried to knock the cue ball in the side pocket without bringing the object sphere back to the balk space at the foot of the table. Although the table surfaces of that day were crude and rough, Carr chanced on the discovery that by applying a "side" or "twist" stroke, he could achieve the shot.

His new-found ability to make billiard balls do strange tricks attracted wide attention. The wizard courted such notice and when asked the secret of his magic touch, he informed onlookers it was due to the chalk which he applied to the end of his cue.

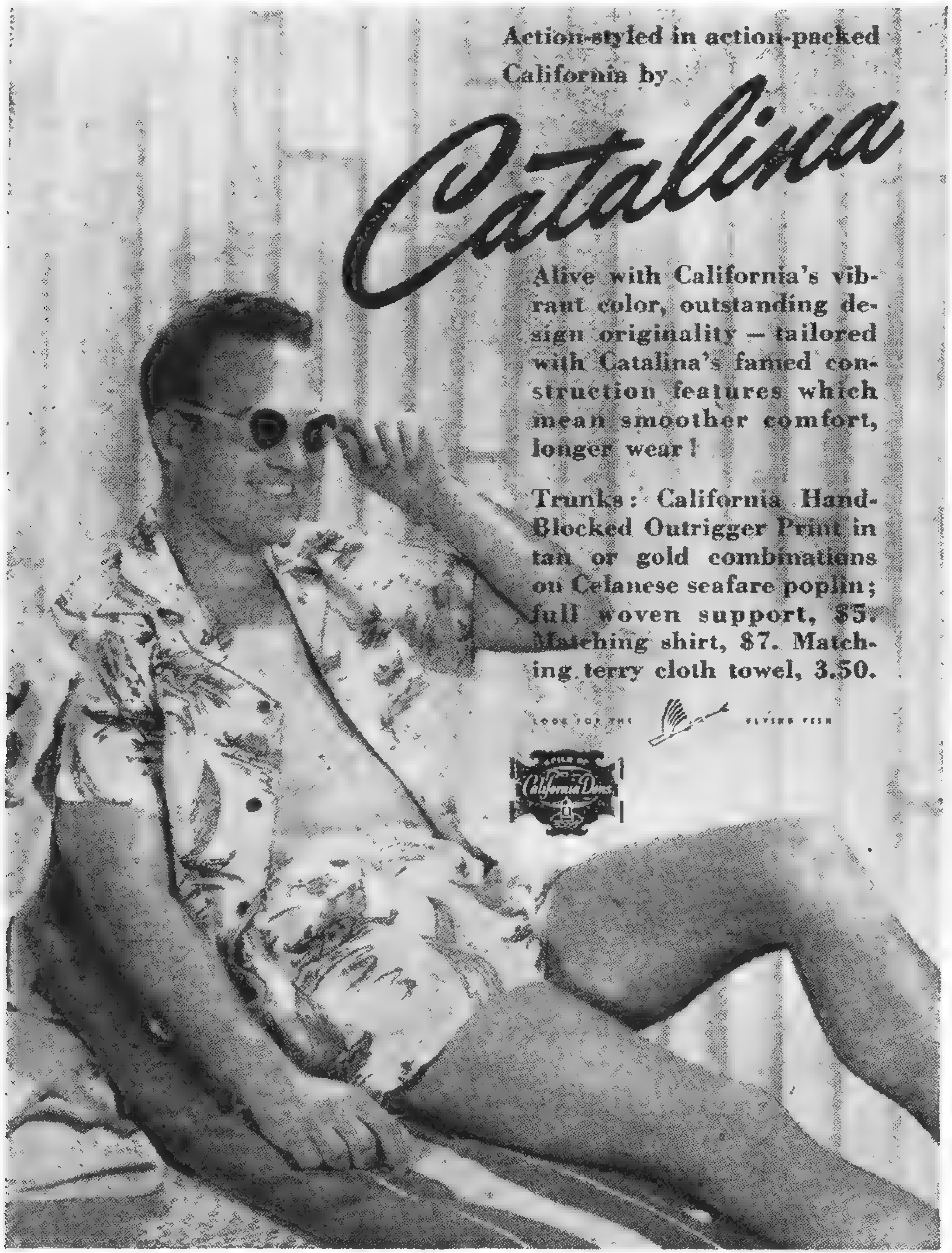
"'Tis a special chalk," Carr explained. "However, since many of you have pressed me, I'll sell samples of it to those who have ambitions to become expert. The price is only a half-crown."

Since chalk was not widely used at the time, English billiardists put enough credence in Carr's claim to enable him to realize a handsome profit on the hoax.

He swindled enough money from the sale of his famous "twisting chalk" to travel extensively through France and Spain demonstrating his magic. The Europeans admired this talented Englishman with open-eyed wonderment and later adopted his twist, or side, technique.

Although it is still referred to as "side" in England, followers of the cue throughout the rest of the world honor Jack Carr, the swindling billiardist, by calling the stroke "English."

—Ernie Harwell



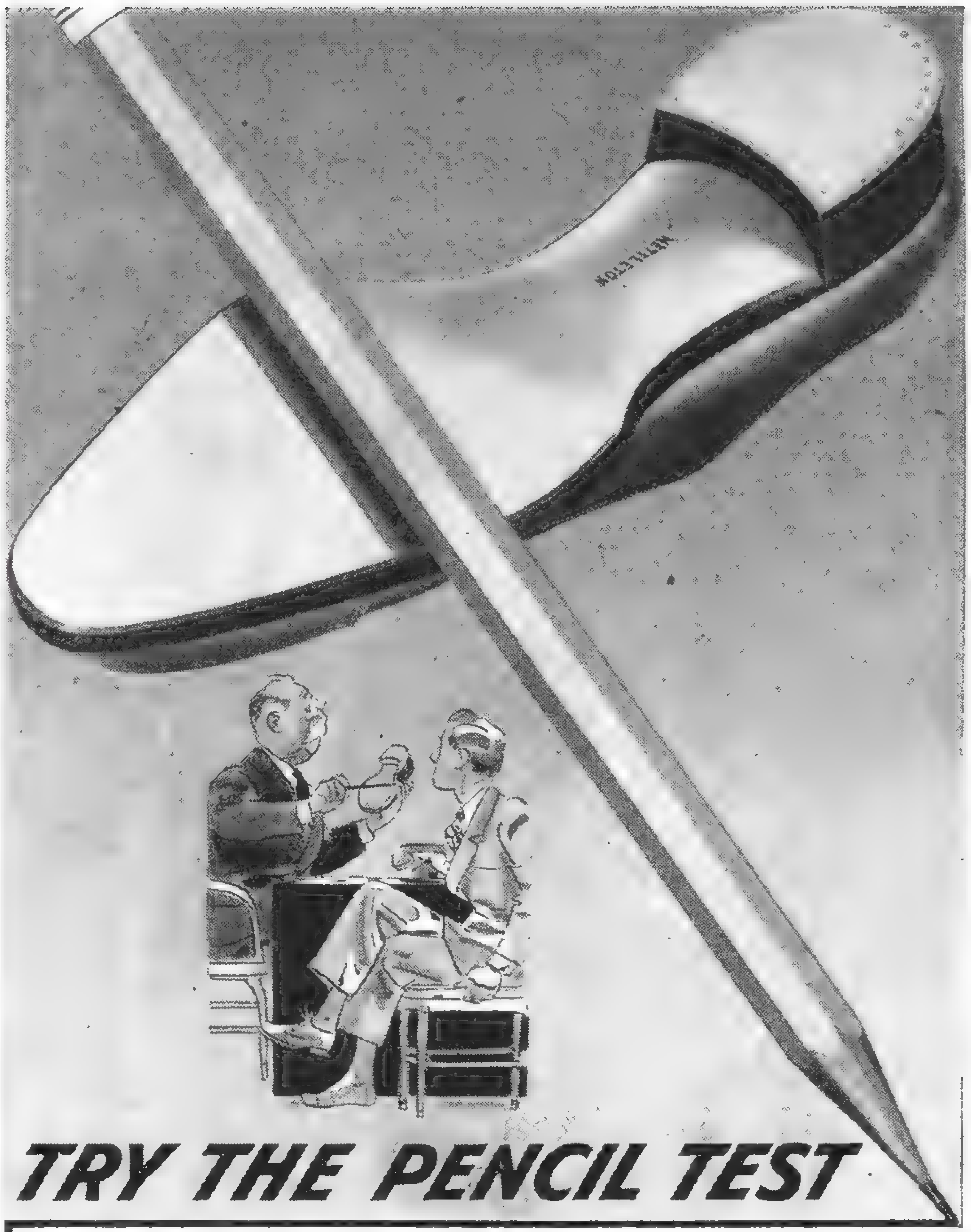
Action-styled in action-packed California by Catalina

Alive with California's vibrant color, outstanding design originality – tailored with Catalina's famed construction features which mean smoother comfort, longer wear!

Trunks: California Hand-Blocked Outrigger Print in tan or gold combinations on Celanese seafare poplin; full woven support, $5. Matching shirt, $7. Matching terry cloth towel, 3.50.

Featured by fine men's shops and department stores. For name of your nearest store, write

CATALINA KNITTING MILLS 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, California



Machines NEVER MADE A HIDE

Nor did they ever improve upon the skill of the human hand in the making of fine shoes.

For example, the soles of Nettleton shoes are made *flat* on the bottoms. That eliminates "high" spots which are *pressed* flat in walking, wear out too fast near the center, and tend to pull the uppers out of shape. Only skillful hand leather-working can produce flat bottoms.

Many other skilled shoemaking practices are hidden from sight, but flat bottoms are easily detected simply by holding a pencil across the sole. That's why we say—"Try the Pencil Test." Try it on Nettletons.

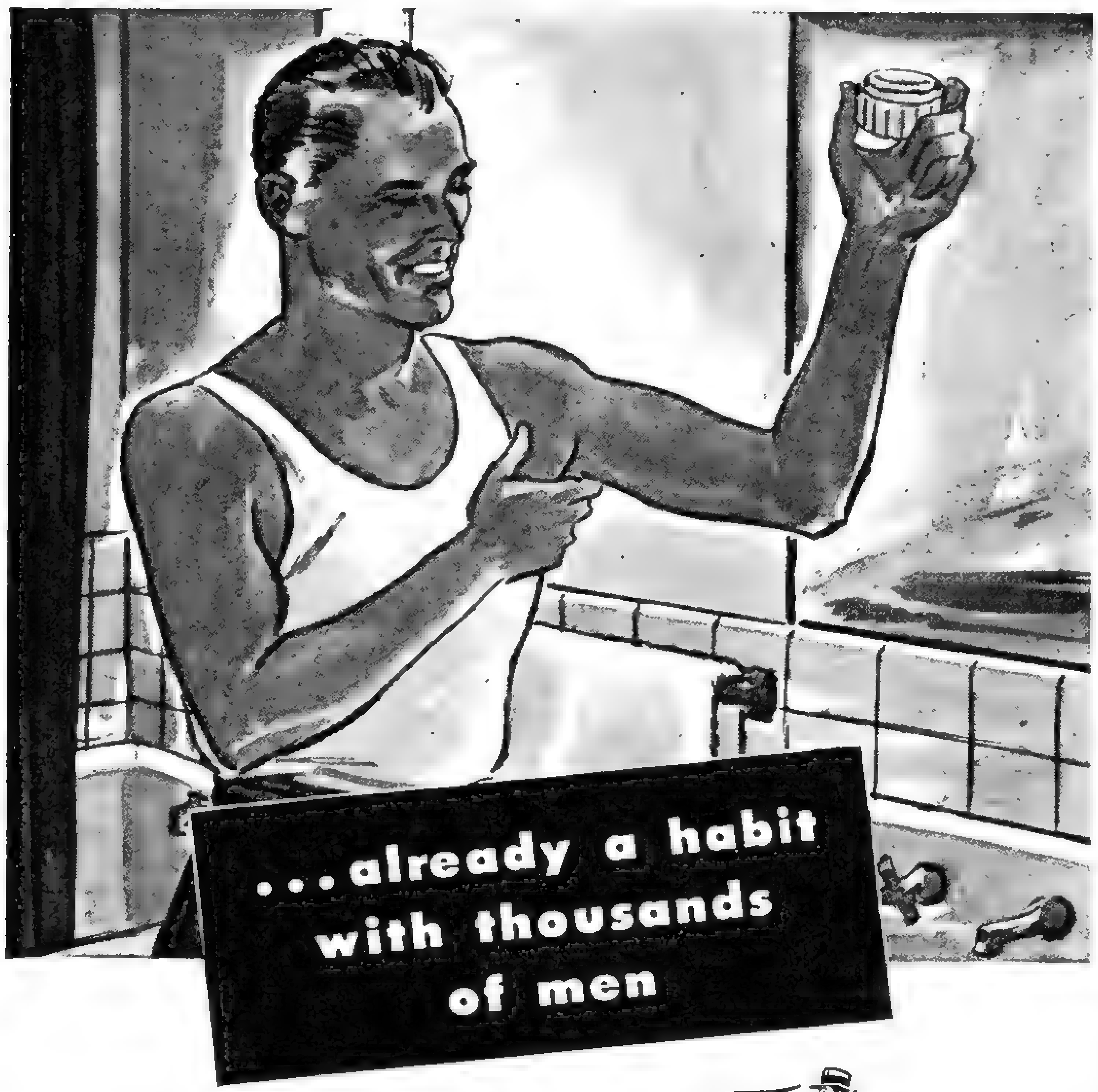
A. E. Nettleton Company • Syracuse, New York

Fine Shoemaking since 1879

Nettleton Shoes

$9.95 to $20

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!


...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

A Night on the Barrier Reef

Continued from page 49

around the grounded boat. I crouched down, gripping my rifle. Rattle, clank, rattle, clank, hiss, buzz, scratch, scratch.

Unable to stand the suspense any longer, I peered over the side; I struck a match and looked down. The match flared momentarily on a moving mass and went out. I lit another. It blazed. In the tiny glare I saw a vast army of great, clawy reef crabs, hunting for food. Theirs had been the whispers and the rattle, the buzzing and the clanking.

With lighter heart I set about making myself more comfortable for the night. I had no means of righting the boat, and could only wait for the turn of the tide. The mess and stench in the boat itself repelled me, so I perched myself in the port bow.

Suddenly there was a plop and a scuffling inside the boat. My heart hammered again. With trembling fingers I lit a match. Only some crabs. They had scented my fish bait. Another match. Frantic crab activities showed that they were ravenous and, as the growing noise indicated, were crowding into the boat. Must have another look. The invaders were pouring in by hundreds. They scuttled about inside like mad things. Then they saw or smelled me!

With claws clacking and mouths bubbling whispers, they came after me.

I fumbled for another match, but my trembling hands dropped the metal box into the struggling mass. On they came. I could hear shell scraping and rasping over shell as they fought to reach me. Standing athwart the bows, I crashed the butt end of my gun down into the dense mass, the weapon smashing through their bodies with a sickly crunching noise. I struck again and again until my arms ached. But the crabs simply piled up, the live scrambling over the dead.

The few I had killed were nothing compared to this huge army. And there was an ever-increasing danger of slipping from my perch and falling into the sharp claws. I snarled and cursed loudly as I swung my rifle. Every hit I made splashed a strange green, phosphorescent fire in the darkness. The pile of living and dead crabs grew higher in front of me. Then the sounds alongside told me the army of crabs surrounded the boat and I was cut off from escape on the reef, hemmed in a corner from which there seemed no escape.

My only hope was a six-foot flying leap to the mast. With a shudder I realized what would happen to me if the huge pincers started to work with me prostrate among them. I was clad only in shirt and shorts. The boat was vibrating with movement. I knew then that I had made a big mistake. By killing some of the in-

Please Mother with a Jillfold

Jillfold

A BILLFOLD FOR LADIES

Beautifully styled in colorful leathers, with ample room for cards, money and licenses. Jillfold is the perfect gift for Mother's Day.

Seven-Pass

A BILLFOLD FOR MEN

This handsome, sturdily built billfold for men has pockets for currency, tickets and stamps. Removable pass case has seven spaces for photos, passes, cards.

Ask Your Dealer for Leather Goods by

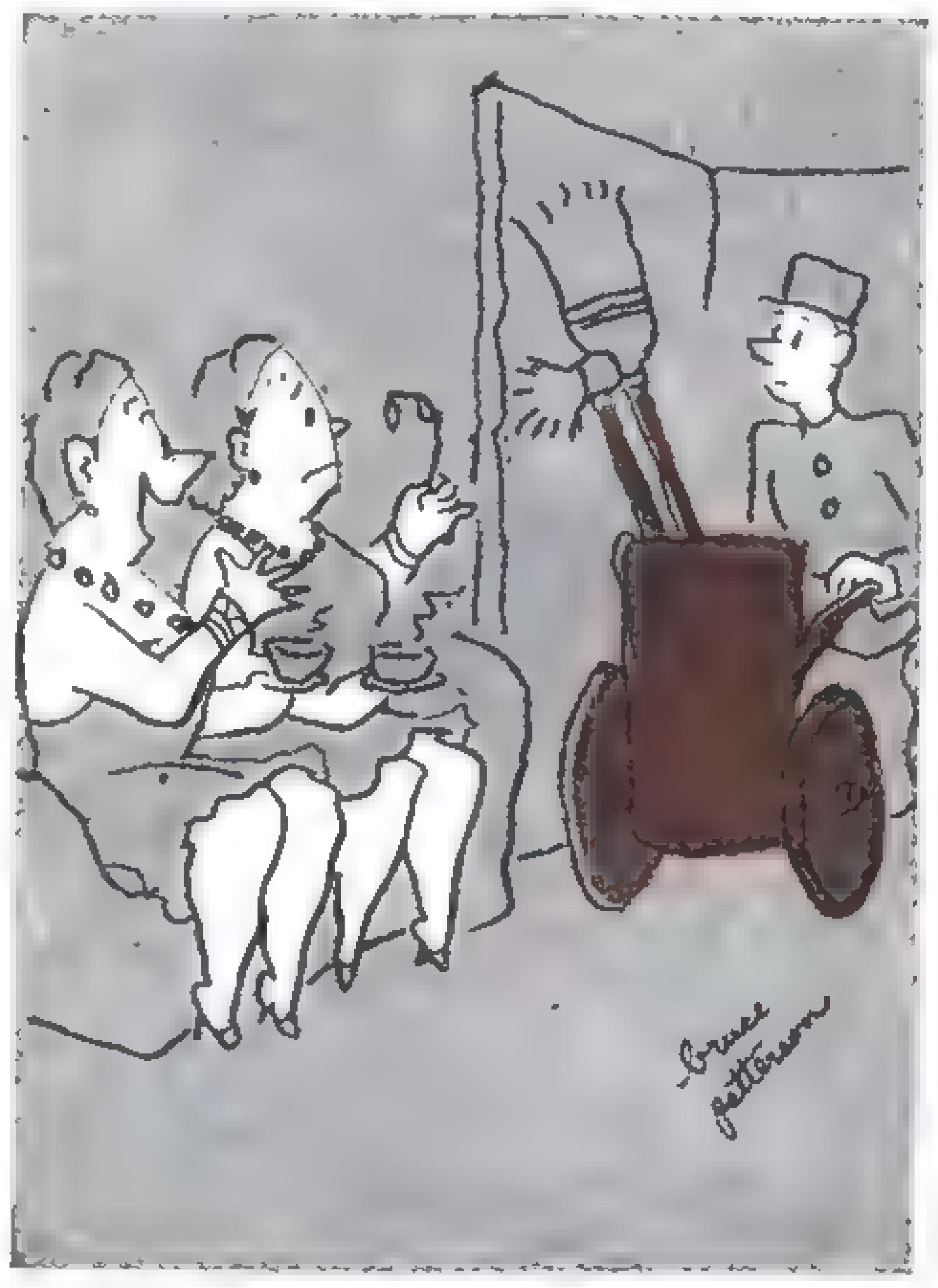
ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
E-K

BUY WAR BONDS
BUY WAR STAMPS

vaders I had unwittingly provided food, a lure for many more. The air reeked, a foul musty mixture of slime and mangled crab.

How long I stood there, debating the jump, I do not recollect. It could only have been seconds, but in mental agony it was a lifetime. I was teetering on the edge of a pit of cruel pincers.

The crabs below me were rising higher, a living, fearless mound of moving shell. One touched my foot. That spurred me into action. I leaped. But as my foot touched the center seat the thicker slime threw me off balance and I crashed into the lower side of the boat, on top of a milling mass. The tiny spines of their shells drilled into my bare flesh as I tried to rise. But although the pain spurred me to frenzied activity, there was no firm grip to be found.


"Hello, Charlie—I was afraid you weren't coming"

In a moment I was in a clawing, gouging upheaval. Nippers caught my hands and arms, tore into my flesh. Everywhere I twisted, heaved and writhed, was crab. Relentless, pitiless crab. I could smell their bubbling exhalations. Wild with rage and fear, I struck out with bare fists. Always there was a live target. But although I felt shells crushing and breaking under my fists, I felt also the fire-sharp grips on my body and limbs, the warm oozing of blood from my wounds.

With a last frantic heave I lumbered to the mast. The crabs still grabbed new holds and bit new flesh. My legs were afire with pain. With a slippery hold on the mast I drew myself upwards, sobbing at every effort I made to shake the giant crustaceans off. Those hanging to my arms I dashed against the mast, agony following as I wrenched them off. Others I tore apart as I beat them off, one by one. I was racked with pain and sick physically and mentally, as very slowly I began inching my way up the mast until I felt the hull of my eighteen-footer quiver with the outslung and overhead weight.

With hands that trembled I

Continued on page 168

THERE will continue to be a shortage of Gilbert Chocolates as long as the boys and girls in the Service need them. . . . Gilbert's, the rare candy treat from Michigan's rich countryside, is going to Africa—to Alaska every day. Those who appreciate Gilbert fine quality will find this same quality available again after the war. . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan.

GILBERT
Chocolates
THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

As light as a cloud . . .

"THE PENNY WATE"

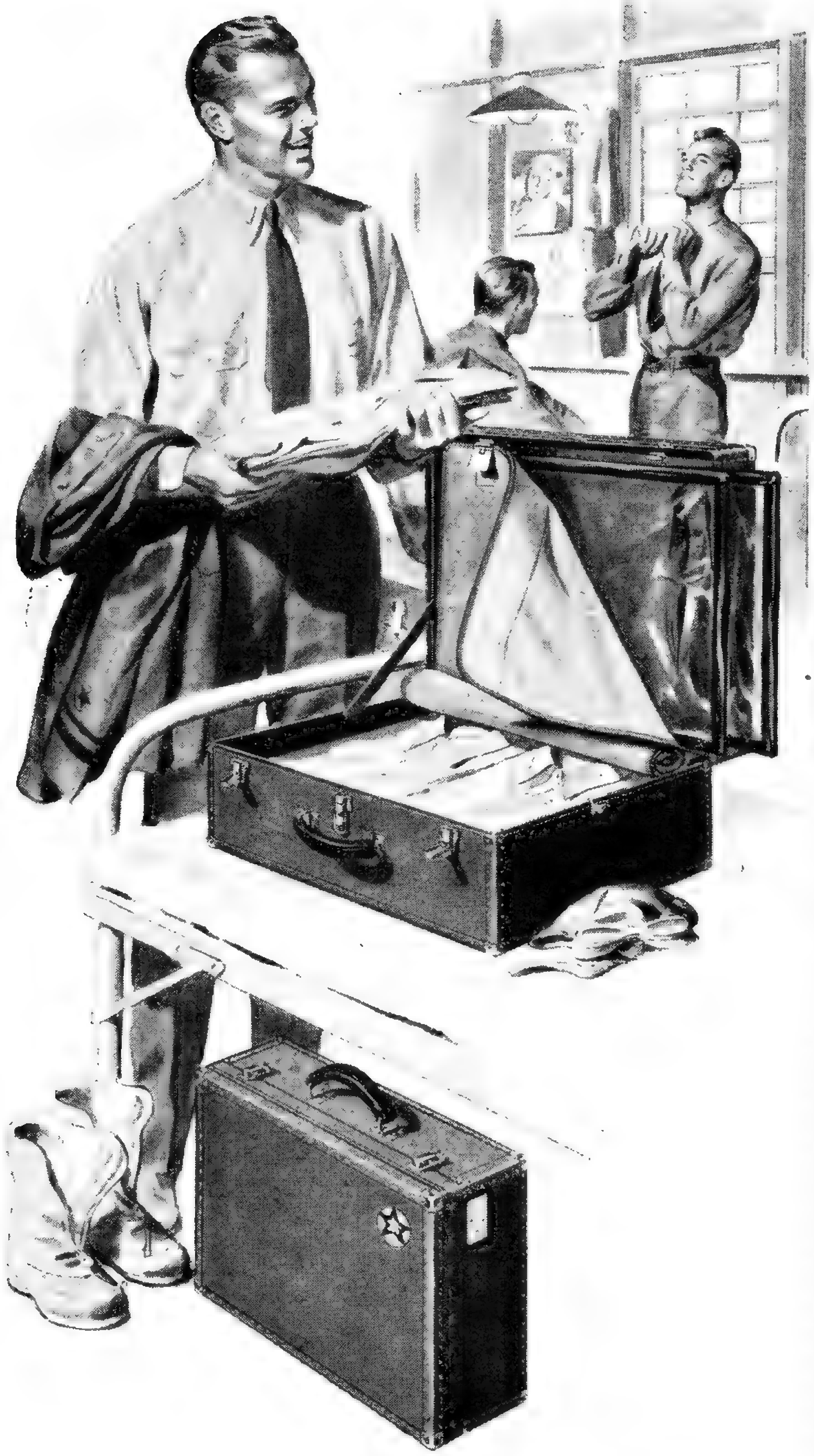
tailored by Disney

So light, you'll forget to take it off! . . . the "Penny Wate," designed by Disney, for those men who are allergic to weighty, cumbersome headwear. The exclusive "Glove-tex" finish is luxuriously soft and smooth . . . pliable as fine kidskin . . . yet tailored with smart youthful lines.

See the "Penny Wate" and
other famous Disney Hats
at your local Disney dealer.

DISNEY
HAT MAKERS

558 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY



"Boy! This SEAPACK* is just what the doctor ordered!"

"Seapack" luggage was designed in co-operation with the Navy. According to the flyers themselves it's "just what the doctor ordered" for "shipshape" stowage of valuable personal equipment in sub-zero or tropical climates. Made now only for the U. S. Navy.

HARTMANN
Luggage

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN
*Trade Mark 402,791 Registered U. S. Patent Office by U. S. Navy

A Night on the Barrier Reef

Continued from pages 49-167

gathered the mainsail halyard and made a kind of bosun's chair into which I managed to wiggle my hips. I was all in and clumped into a dazed stupor. When I wakened the crabs were still moving, still shuffling inside the boat. But why the silence? Where had the evil chorus of whispers gone?

Suddenly I knew. Water was lapping the outside of the hull. The tide was flowing in. Thank God the army of crabs, except those trapped inside the boat, had gone.

* * *

That evening towards the fall of the tide, I rowed my boat just near the inner edge of the channel at the spot where I had anchored the evening before. It was another night of calm after a day of heat with no wind.

I wanted to see the thing that had been in the boat. My most difficult problem was light, but I counted on the phosphorescence.

Slowly the tide drained through the channel, dimly exposing the coral banks. Though the heavens were atwinkle with starry light, the darkness along the surface was intense. My rifle lay beside me. The boat oars were handy. I watched the water intensely below, where it was a mass of phosphorescent jewels that bubbled to nothing when they reached the surface. The night was full of magic. But death, grim and horrible, lurked in the sea.

Soon the evening hunt for food began. Watching underwater trails crossing in lines of fire, I sat there breathing the soft sea air, scarcely seeing anything but that sub-sea world below. Suddenly I tensed and felt a wave of revulsion. Down there in the water I had seen something on the move, something that resembled a huge starfish. It changed its shape and grew in size as it emerged from the shadows. I shuddered. Tentacles, as thick as the trunk of an elephant and three times as long, were dragging with them a sac-like body that seemed as big as my boat. It was the largest octopus I had ever seen! Its contour was outlined with the strange, weird radiance of the coral sea. Fish fled as the monster moved into deeper water. Fascinated, I followed it in the boat until it disappeared in the depths.

I rested on my oars and shuddered again. I had seen enough. That night there were ten fathoms of water between the ocean floor and my boat. And I sat awake with my rifle across my lap, waiting for the dawn.

Since this experience I have talked with many old-timers along the Barrier Reef, and they nod silently when I mention that night of horror. They know the monster octopods and the cannibal crabs. I never venture alone along the Reef at night, and neither do I eat crab now. ⧺

"Rain's OK!"
says Jay!

He buys clothes treated with "ARIDEX"

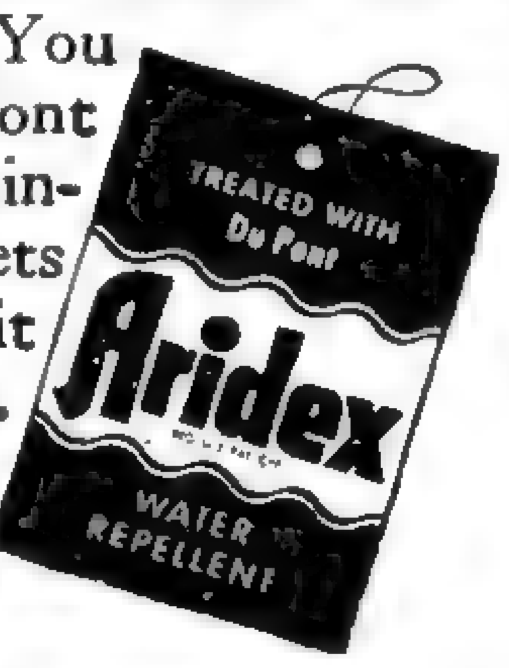
DU PONT "ARIDEX" TREATED

He asks his cleaner or laundry to RENEW IT!

IT'S TREATED WITH "ARIDEX"

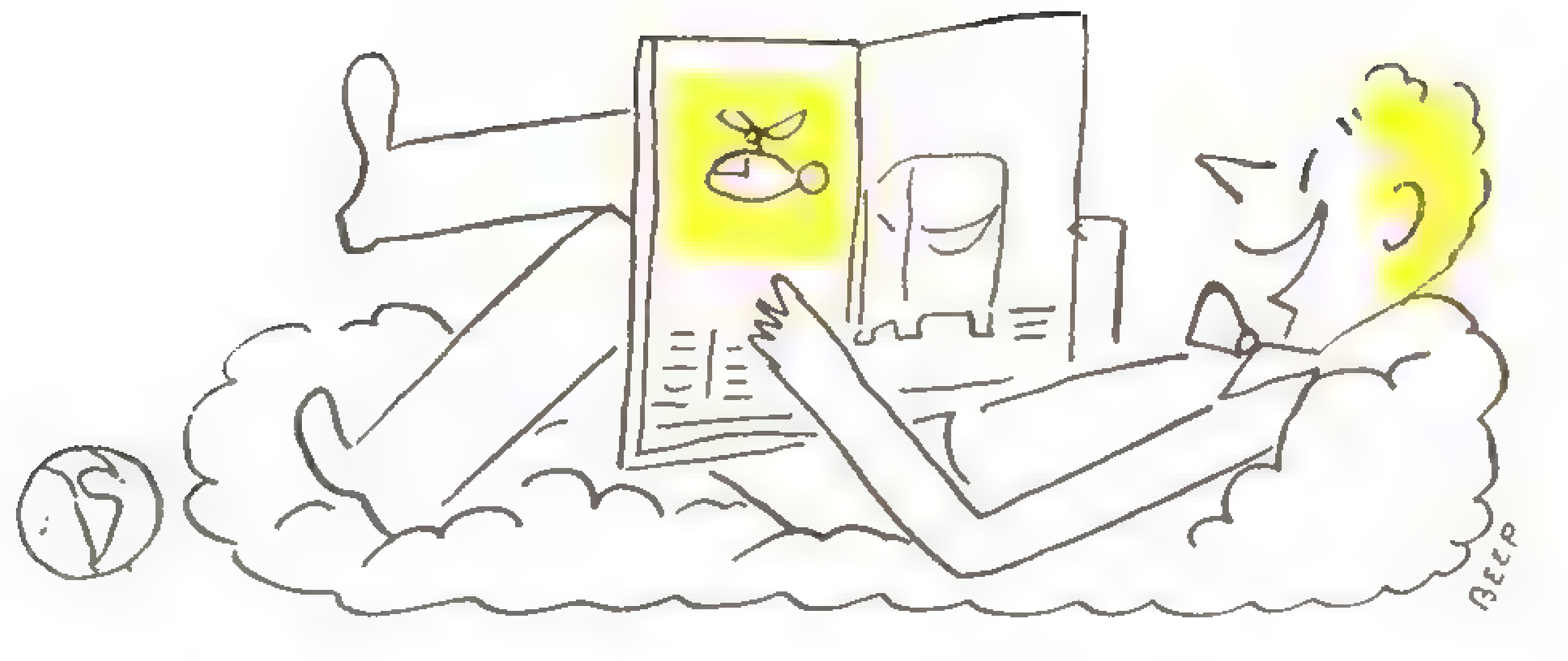
..So he always keeps DRY when it's wet!

Forget weather forecasts! Just remember to look for the "Aridex" label on all outdoor wear. You can find this Du Pont rain protection on raincoats, topcoats, jackets and sportswear . . . it works on *all* fabrics. And—your laundry or dry cleaner can easily renew it!



Du Pont
ARIDEX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Renewable Water Repellent

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Desire under the Ads

Um. Look at that ad! Old Blunderbuss Whisky. Finest whisky in America with decades of tradition behind it. Makes the smoothest mint julep, the zestiest highball you ever tasted. Oh, boy, oh, boy, let's—hm. Wait a minute. What's that it says? "Don't be impatient if you are unable to procure any at this time. Our stock is short, and it may get shorter. It may be months or years—"

Oh, well, we don't have to drink whisky. Look at that icebox! Transparent doors. Freezes ice cubes in five minutes, makes ice cream in three. Big enough to store two weeks' supply of food. Special hammock-equipped "kool-off kompartment" into which you can crawl to keep cool on a hot day—and all for a cost of only three cents a month. Whadaya say we—whoops. "This is the icebox you may expect when the war is over," it says downatthebottominsmallprint, "and Amalgamated Refrigerated reconverts from making bomb sights."

Look at that bedroom suite of furniture! Eight pieces. Fanciest drapes. Can be folded into wall, converted into ping-pong table, television set or bookshelves by pushing the right buttons. The ultimate in furniture. Combines beauty with practicality at the lowest cost in human history. "Available after the K.O. of Hitler and Hirohito." Oh, well, things are looking up. A while ago it used to say: "Available after the K.O. of Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini."

Nice looking airplane that. Family size, lands on a dime, goes a hundred miles on a gallon and is so safe a child of five can run it. Breakfast in Boston and picnic in Colorado in the afternoon, it suggests. Suits me fine. "Some day you'll ride in planes like this," it says. Good old some day.

Pipe the television set, would you? See an Australian beauty contest on a set that will cost less than three ham sandwiches—"in some day not too far distant."

And look at that! Perfectbake Bread! The enriched bread, full of vitamins and perfectly cooked. Boy, oh, boy, won't it be wonderful when we can buy a loaf of bread and—what? You can buy that bread right *now* in practically any store in the country? Then what the heck are they *advertising* the stuff for?

—Parke Cummings

The GLENEAGLE

The Edwin Clapp Shop

Quality is remembered

Men who know Edwin Clapp shoes know them for their distinctive lines, their built-in wearability, comfort and fine appearance that long wear cannot diminish. With these men, Edwin Clapp shoes become a custom—a buying habit in which they pride themselves.

Yes,—quality is always remembered—the quality of Edwin Clapp shoes, and of the stores that sell them.

Edwin Clapp AND SON, INC.
EAST WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

For those who enjoy fine liquor

Rum is the Drink AND Riondo is the Rum

WEST INDIES
Riondo
DISTILLED
PUERTO RICAN RUM

GOLD LABEL

WHITE LABEL

Try it and you'll understand why thousands everywhere are saying—

"Make it with Riondo"

PUERTO RICO'S FINEST

86 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

THE RAINS CAME . . .

AND STAYED WITH BUGBEE!

"Bugbee, the walking reservoir." That's what his friends call him after a shower. His back-number rainwear just "natcherly" invites the rain to stay... which is another reason why Bugbee should be told about Wat-a-tite.

Wat-a-tite treated rainwear REPELS rain, wind and snow, doesn't absorb them. Furthermore, Wat-a-tite LASTS; a normal amount of dry-cleaning will not remove it. Wat-a-tite leaves fabrics porous, insures cool, dry comfort, eliminates that steamed-clam feeling. Also Wat-a-tite treated garments won't crack or crackle in cold weather.

Wat-a-tite is also available on hats, hunting and fishing togs and other garments. As hundreds of satisfied rainwear customers are finding out daily, many leading clothiers including Wallachs' stores in metropolitan New York and Lord & Taylors carry Wat-a-tite.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING COMPANY
North Dighton, Massachusetts

*No Soap in Cleansing Solution

LASTINGLY WATER REPELLENT
WIND RESISTANT
Wat·a·tite
CLEANABLE
Wat-a-tite fabrics retain their strength, retard mildew, resist spots and stains.
LABORATORY TESTED

Wat·a·tite
Trade Mark Reg.
A LASTING Water Repellent Finish
FOR COTTON AND RAYONS

Rise of the Hot Dog Dynasty

Continued from page 64

cided to supply the fans with better score cards. He bought the concession on credit for 500 dollars and sold the advertising space for 750 dollars, clearing a neat profit before he had peddled a single card. This success soon brought him to larger fields.

He lost no time shifting to a big league park and 1893 found him commanding attention during National League ball games in Pittsburgh where he made a big hit with a catcher named Connie Mack. He called attention to his peanuts and score cards with a bright-red cap and coat, profuse quotations from his beloved Shakespeare and the original cry, "You can't tell the players without a score card!"

At Pittsburgh he met up with another itinerant hopeful who was selling an all-purpose cleaning fluid. They exchanged ambitions, dreams and sales techniques and became fast friends. When John Montgomery Ward, manager of the Giants, suggested that the enterprising peanut hawker come to New York and sell his wares at the Polo Grounds, Stevens proposed a partnership to his new-found friend. The friend was willing, and Stevens decided to go on to New York the very next year, 1894.

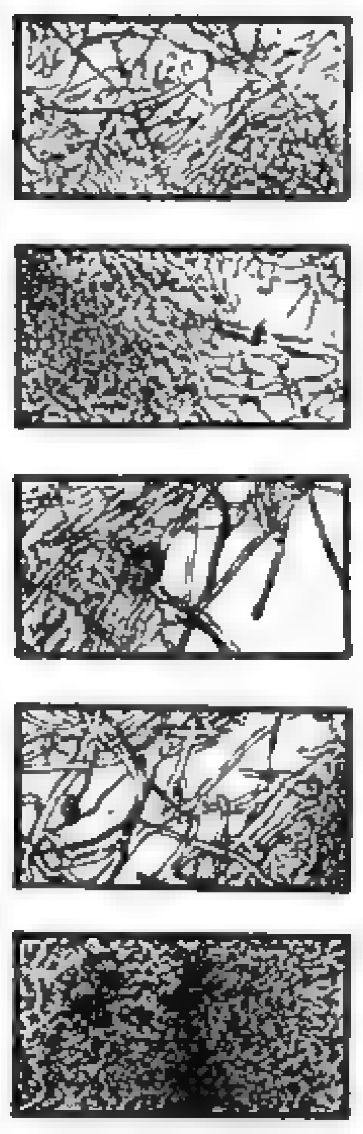
He wrote back a glowing report of fame and fortune in a fertile field and an urge to hurry. But by then the young friend had organized a baseball league in near-by Ohio. He liked a different side of the game and went on his way. He reappeared later in Old Harry's life as Edward Grant Barrow, discoverer of Honus Wagner, International League president, manager of the 1918 championship Red Sox, prime factor in the growth of the New York Yankees as the Colossus of baseball and boss of the big Yankee Stadium where the Stevens concession is a gold mine for all concerned.

Virtually every innovation of catering in sports can be traced to the hustle and bustle and astuteness of the Old Harry. Pies, cakes, popcorn, hot coffee, cold lemonade—anything that could be sold reasonably and at a profit was placed before the guinea-pig fan to test his taste. When it was fully established in later years, nothing was spared to preserve his good will by preserving his food and drink. Thus, Stevens introduced straws for soft drinks and napkins for hot dogs, both of which pleased the growing number of feminine fans; a dry-ice chamber for the metal cold-drink baskets; hot dogs served from a chamber of hot water, and many other innovations which are in use to this day.

Nor was the second generation long in taking up the struggle. When Connie Mack moved to Milwaukee in 1897 and tipped off

WHEN YOU FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED



Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.

●

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

●

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

●

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol *—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T
UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues.
McKesson & Robbins,
Bridgeport, Conn.

MONEY BACK —if Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP
—TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI

Harry to the concessions, young Frank quit school at sixteen and entered the new territory to sell peanuts and score cards. With a heavy percentage of German fans, Frank made a big hit, and bigger sales, by printing the score card daily in German as well as English.

The Old Harry conceived the idea of the frankfurter within a roll around the turn of the century. It was a chilly day and his cold drinks, pies and sandwiches couldn't tempt Polo Grounds patrons. He sent out for some German-style wiener sausages and some long rolls of Austrian origin. Not certain that they would sell, he heated them in hot water, and then placed one in the slit of the long roll. He shouted, "Get your red hot 'dachshund sausages'!" They disappeared so fast that the enterprising entrepreneur emptied the surrounding butcher shops of sausages and the bakeries of Vienna rolls.

Contrary to popular notion, the delicacy wasn't a sensation at first, because the early frankfurter carried the stigma of "waste meat." And not without reason, for conditions of the day were soon to force the passage of Dr. Harvey Wiley's Pure Food Laws. But Old Harry made a lifelong fetish of the best food for his catering and served it cooked properly. It was his boast that he knew "every frankfurter personally until Tad came along."

Tad was the great cartoonist, T. A. Dorgan, who left San Francisco after the 1906 fire and began drawing for the New York *Journal*. The Old Harrys hot-dachshund appealed to him as whimsy-material, and hardly a day's cartoon was without the dancing frankfurter which Tad called a "hot dog," cavorting in the corner and uttering some new creation of slang or Americana.

The Old Harry's accelerating success paralleled the growth of baseball and the giants of sports writing whose genius ballyhooed it. Thus, the head of the Hot Dog Dynasty developed an undying respect for and devotion to any

Continued on page 172

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the subscription department one month before they are to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given.

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Not the least of the enjoyable features about wearing Holland-Racine shoes is the amazement that any shoes could be so good looking and fine feeling in these difficult shoe-making times. Reason: Quality is still the first consideration at Holland-Racine.

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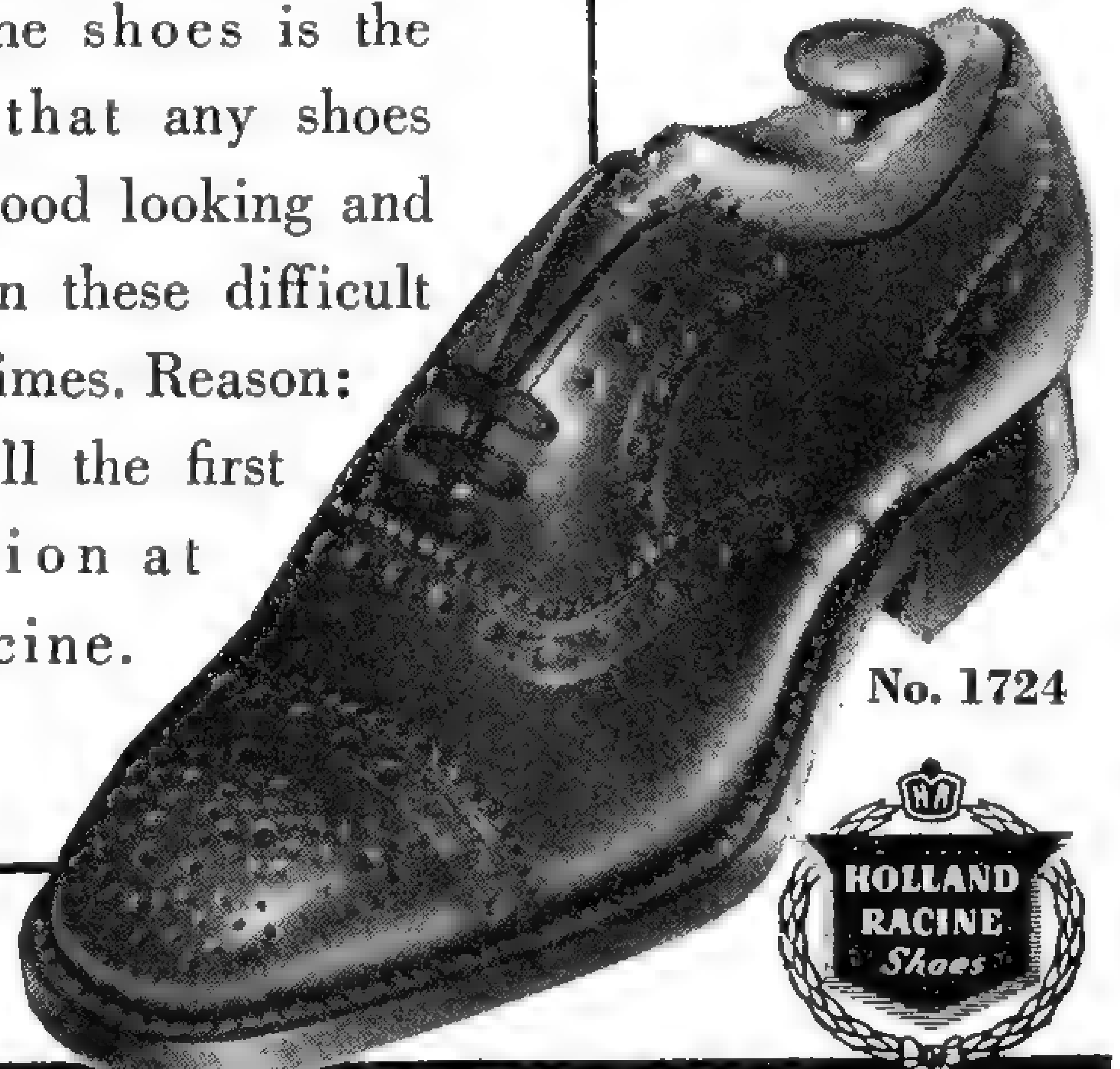
Famous for its Stabilizer and Normalizer Arches



No. 1724

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Every day more and more men are wearing Marlboro Shirts. And men wearing them for the first time are making a note to get more. That's because Marlboro Shirts are a "noteworthy" addition to any man's wardrobe . . . noteworthy styling, trustworthy quality. Ask for Marlboro Shirts at better dealers everywhere.

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By Tom Kelley Hollywood

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The **MC** *Flyweight*

You'll like the Flyweight for its soft, resilient construction . . . for its trim swanky drape . . . for its superior quality . . . for its easy, feather-light comfort. And when you see the amazing come-back it has to rough treatment, the way it retains its original smartness, you'll agree that this cap *definitely has* what it takes on every count.

Ask to see the Flyweight and other M-C caps in all regulation materials for Officers and Enlisted Men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

PACK IT! CRUMPLE IT! CRUSH IT!

Mid City
UNIFORM CAP COMPANY
2330 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 8, Ill.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF QUALITY CAPS FOR OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

Rise of the Hot Dog Dynasty

Continued from pages 64-171

and all sports writers. That was still flaming during his final World Series, 1933, when he greeted many of his old newspaper heroes—and all of the new—from a wheel chair in his commissary at the Polo Grounds. His matchless memory reeled off names and incidents as fast as the persons appeared. He was almost seventy-four, and his four sons had successfully assumed control of the nationwide enterprise that was serving upwards of 20,000,000 hungry sports fans each year.

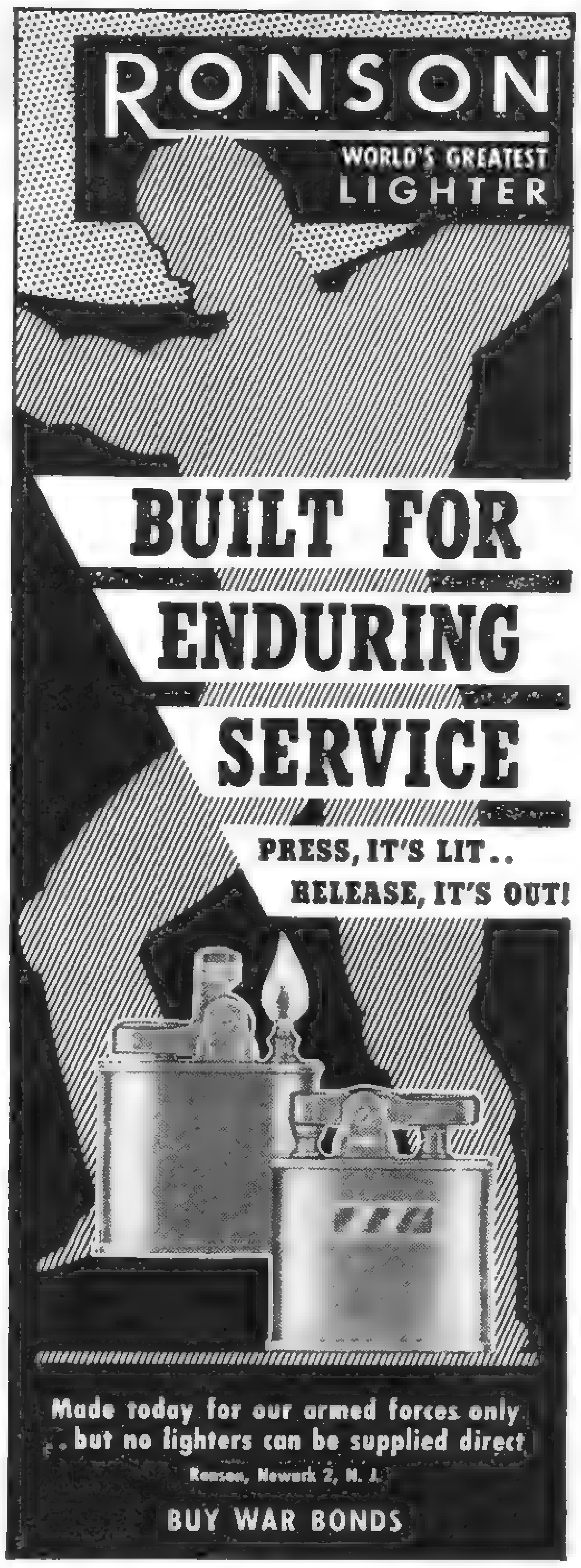
The boys were selling almost twenty tons of hot dogs annually at the Yankee Stadium alone and selling them exactly as the Old Harry had offered them originally—from a container of simmering water. Opinion is that the sons spurned the broiler and boiled the dogs as a sentimental tradition.

"Try serving a left-over broiled frankfurter," Joe Stevens scoffs. "Try keeping one broiled for a half hour, and see how much sentiment there is in a hot-water frankfurter. Father simply figured out a perfect combination of taste and economics. Once broiled, a frankfurter wrinkles like a prune, and stays that way because its moisture is gone. But a frankfurter held at a simmering temperature of 140 degrees will keep pink and moist and tasty in the water all afternoon. If necessary, they can be held over a day, reheated in the water—never boiled, though, because they split in high heat—and still retain color, flavor and food value. That, and not sentiment, is the reason why we serve frankfurters as father did.

"It's much the same with coffee," he went on. "Father knew the secret of good, strong coffee—heat. Not only must the water be boiling, but every utensil the water or coffee touches must be scalding hot. The chemistry of heat not only brings out the flavor, but gets everything from the coffee. Lack of heat gives rancid oils a chance to congeal and spoil flavor and, worst of all, wastes some of the coffee.

"Our coffee is as good as any and stronger than average, but not because we use more coffee. It's because we do it father's way, which once again happens to be the most economical. Father credited two things for his success—creating good refreshments at a low cost. The coffee is the same at a Boston ball park or a Mexican race track."

While the four sons were schooled thoroughly in practical catering, only little Joe went to college—Yale. But they have wrestled with and defeated problems that the Old Harry was fortunately spared. The first came with unionizing of industries that rocketed their costs and, in many instances, distorted their hired help, especially in the kitchens. But most of their ball park butch-


RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

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PRESS, IT'S LIT..
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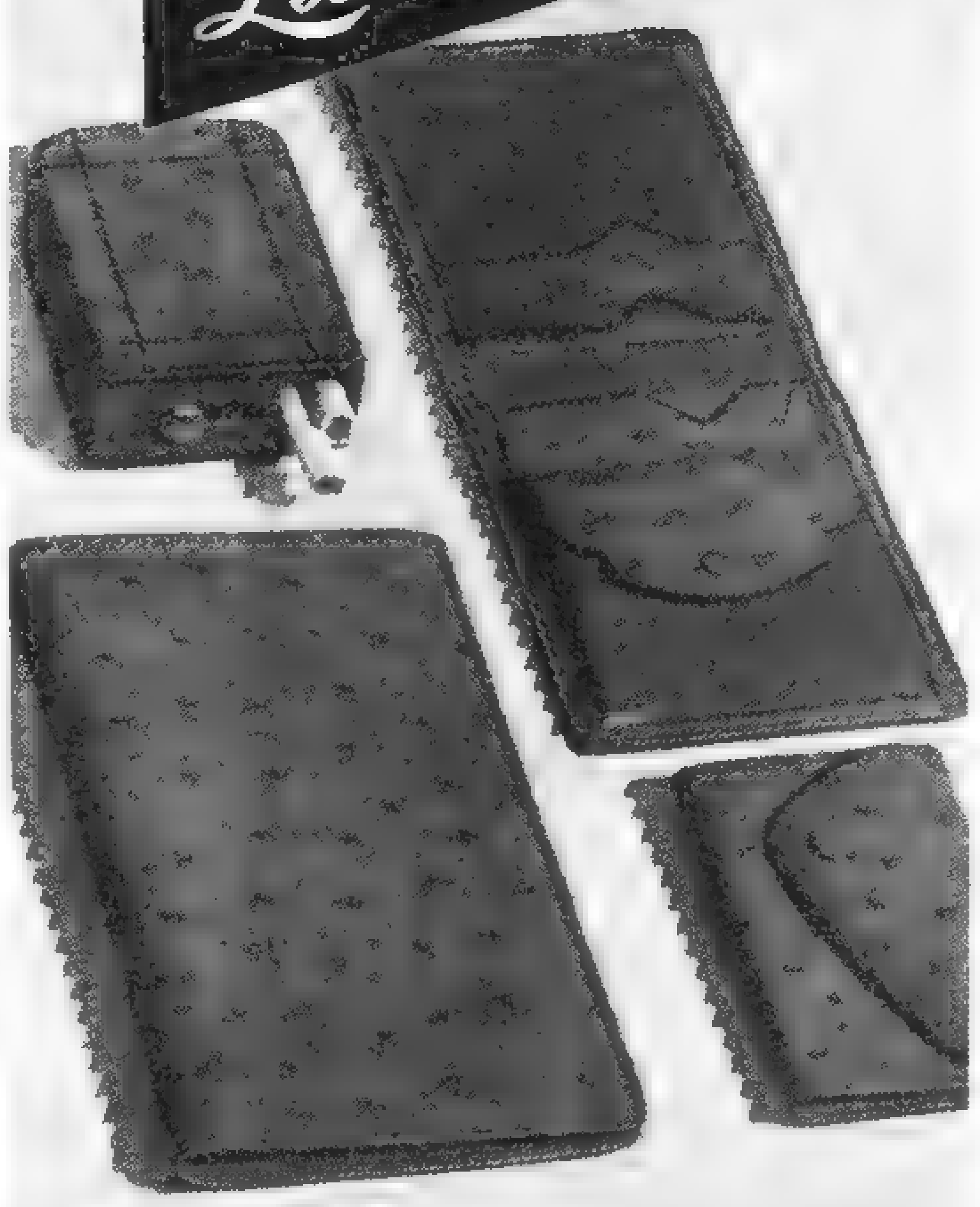
Made today for our armed forces only . . but no lighters can be supplied direct
Ronson, Newark 2, N. J.
BUY WAR BONDS

Leather Luxuries



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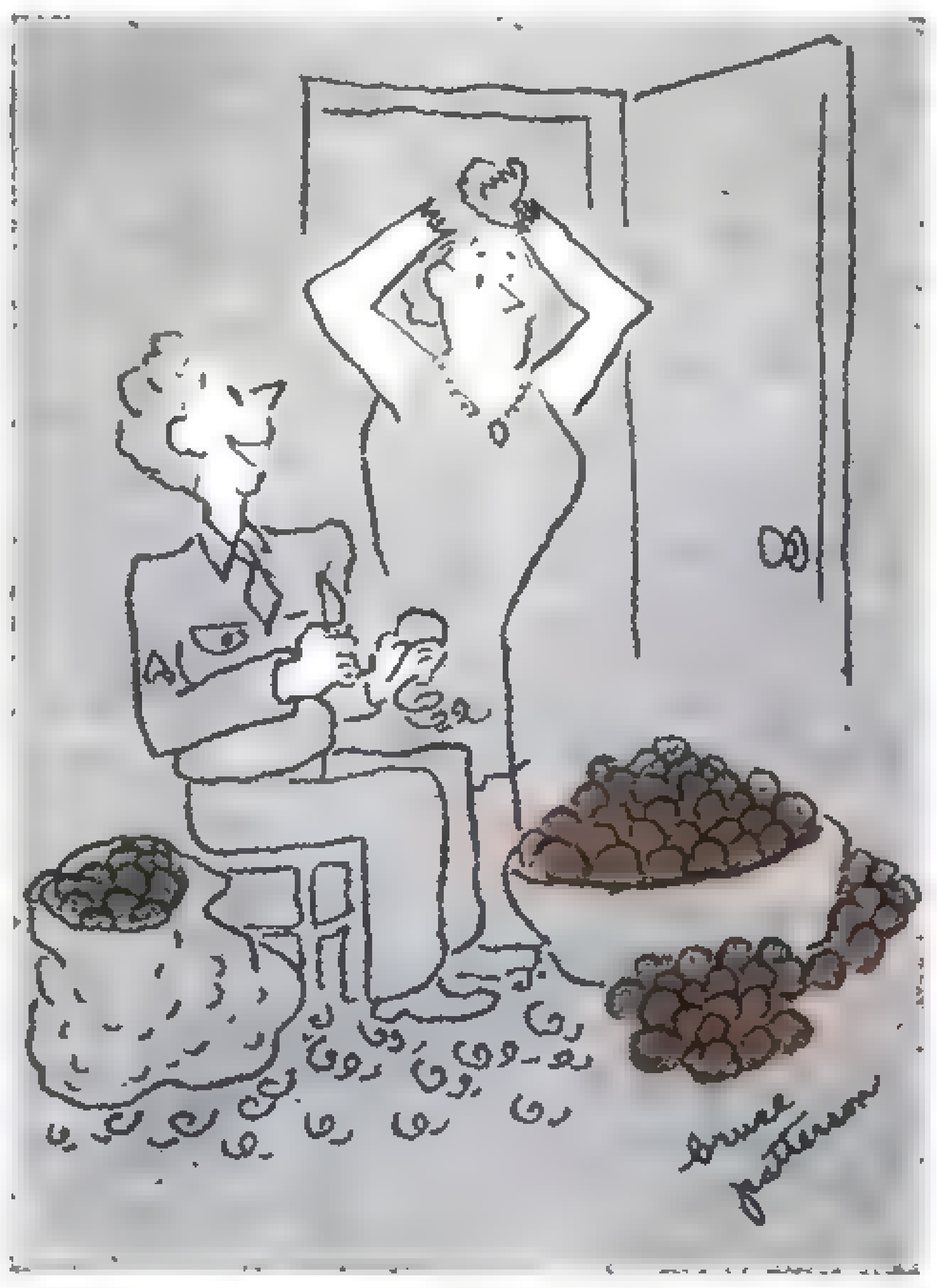
BENNER
LEATHER GOODS CO.
315 W. WRIGHT ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

ers, working on commission, realized that the greatest gains could be made by hustling rather than by a rate increase at the expense of the customer, and so they voted against unionizing.

But the five cent items of the Old Harry's day, which brought him his fortune, are gone forever. The hot dog is now fifteen cents, though larger than the old ten-center. Moreover, it is rationed severely, and no longer do the boys saunter through the spectators, pleading for customers. There aren't that many frankfurters, and so the customers stand three and four deep at the counters in the rear of the stands and clamor for the day's supply. Against an unexpected scarcity, the Stevens boys have stored a supply of canned hot dogs from pre-ration days which, when or if sold, will net them a neat loss of about 1½ cents per hot dog.



"Mom—look what I learned in the Army"

Ham and cheese for sandwiches is even scarcer, but spoilage and waste have been reduced to an absolute minimum by the unprecedented demands of the hungry. Operating a concession today amounts to a sellout, but hardly a push-over, because the man-power situation has riddled the ranks of basket butchers and counter men, leaving veterans to filter through the grandstands. Gone is the bold youngster who could bull's-eye five boxes of Horton's ice cream with a 50-foot throw and catch the half dollar while spotting the next customer.

He has gone to war, along with Frank's son, Harry, who took off fifty pounds of weight to qualify for a Navy commission; and Spike Rose, Annie's son, who enlisted in the Army; and Young Joe, Joe's son, who joined the Navy, just as his father did in World War I.

"It's raised the devil with our administrative department," Joe explains, "and I don't know how it's going to turn out. It's got us hustling as we never have hustled before, and, if it gets any worse, one of these days we'll be working almost as hard as father did." ⧺

Along the Romantic Gulf Coast

it's Crabmeat Stew at The White House in Biloxi

RECIPE

for Gulf Coast crabmeat stew as served at The White House

For six servings, saute two medium-sized chopped onions in butter or butter substitute with one teaspoon parsley.

Add three medium-sized tomatoes, quartered, two and a half cups of cream corn, one and a quarter cups of stock or beef bouillon, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, three dashes tabasco sauce, black pepper and salt to taste.

Add one pound of crabmeat. Bring to boiling point. Serve immediately with melba toast.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

You need only try Goebel Beer once to know you've met the good taste that won America!

GOEBEL BEER

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Stetson's men's shoes, $10.95 and up. The AVENUE (shown here) is priced at $12.95.

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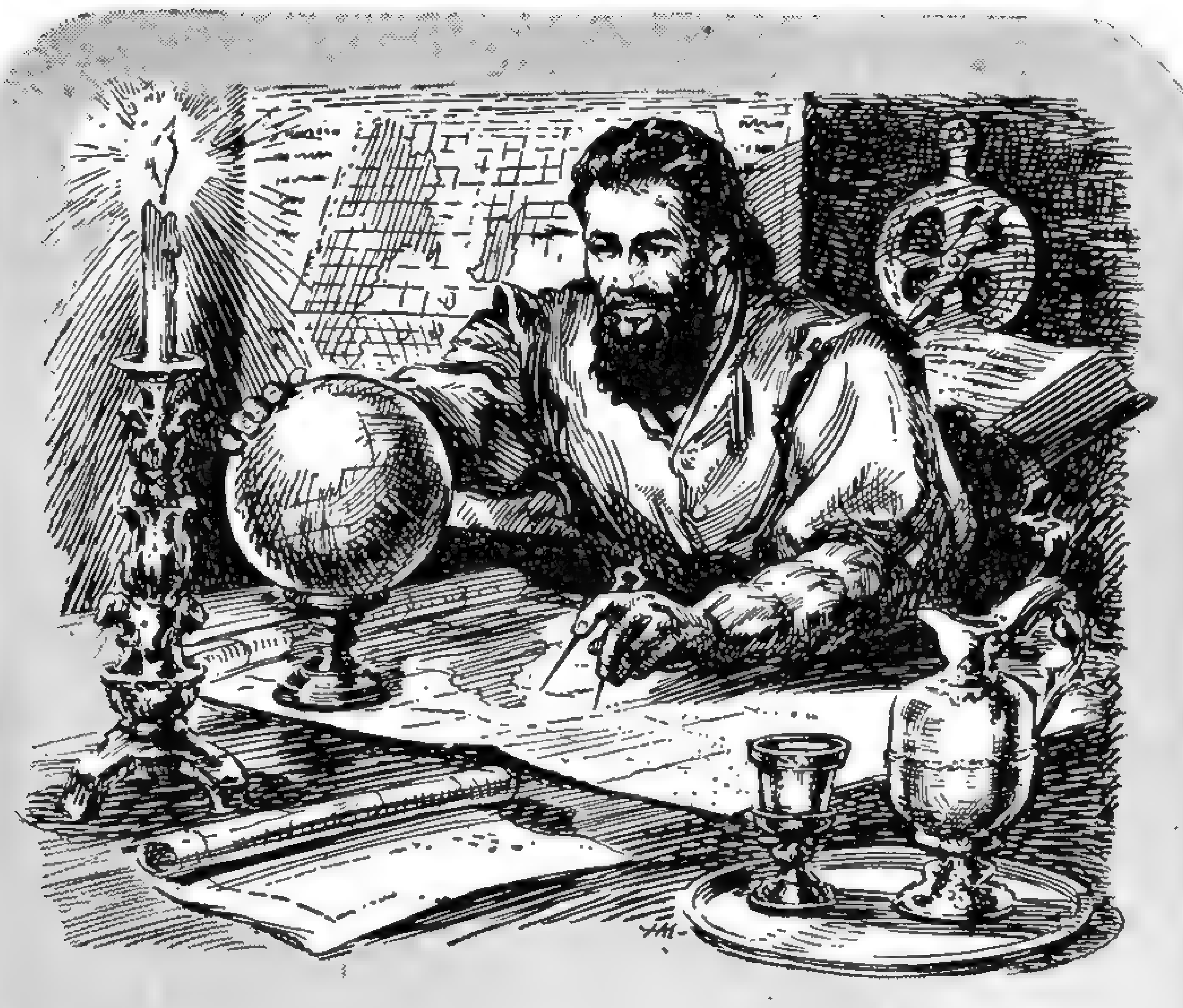
QUALITY you can tie to

The high quality of Stetson shoes is based on an ideal that is two generations old. It is something you feel in their fit, something bred in the leather and carried out to the last stitch by Stetson craftsmen.

To us Stetson quality means living up to certain standards of fine shoemaking. But it results in three values of real importance to you: (1) thoroughbred styling, (2) more comfort, from their being "longer on the last" and (3) greater dependability in the way they wear. THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., South Weymouth 90, Massachusetts.

STETSON SHOES

"More by the Pair, Less by the Year"



Around the World
with Magellan in 1519

Could Magellan have carried with him a few casks of Merito Wine when he sailed on his famous voyage in 1519? He could—and probably did. For already in the sixteenth century the ancestors of the present Marques del Merito had been making fine wines in Spain for several hundred years...Today the Merito name is known the world over as standing for magnificent sherries and ports—as fine today as ever in their long and distinguished history. In spite of the war, you can still buy Merito Wines here in America at most good dealers.

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SHERRY *and* PORT WINES

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION · NEW YORK

Even Bets for This Year's Derby

Continued from page 50

to admit it after the fact has been proved. But there seems little real likelihood that anything of much quality will emerge from this group of two-year-olds. The stuff may be there, but it hasn't shown yet. If they have been beating each other because they are all extra good, like Equipoise, Twenty Grand, Jamestown and Mate in 1930, then 1943 will go into the records as a year extraordinary for production of horse quality in quantity. But to hope for that would be to possess optimism as fact-blinking as the chaps who expected the end of the war by last Christmas. Anything can happen, but it usually doesn't, particularly when "anything" is the appearance of half a dozen really fine horses in a single year.

One point about the 1943 two-year-old colts and fillies calls for notice. As a group they possessed a tremendous amount of sheer and mere speed, at least for sprints. I cannot remember a single year within the past ten or fifteen when so many individual colts or fillies, whether or not winning, ran to time of about one minute and ten seconds for six furlongs down the Widener Course at Belmont Park. Even so relatively inconspicuous a colt as Brevity's Lou-Bre ran as fast or faster.

Real speed and real class are practically synonymous terms in relation to the modern American horse, provided the animal is consistent in developing the speed when necessary to win. And yet the undeniable speed of the 1943 two-year-olds may be another indication that they will amount to little at three. Blazing foot for six furlongs only does not indicate in its possessor ability to go with top-class opposition over routes of a mile and a quarter or a mile and a half; usually, in fact, it indicates the horse cannot stay over classic distances, is strictly and merely a sprinter. Yet a horse which lacks speed is not going to get anywhere in racing these days, whether in sprints or over distances, and the 1943 two-year-olds apparently at least had the speed.

Speed shown by numbers of the juveniles in sprints was matched by no one of them in late season races at a mile or more. Pukka Gin won the mile Champagne at Belmont Park, beating Pressure and Calumet Farm's long-touted Pensive. The time was 1.38 1/5. The mile and a sixteenth Pimlico Futurity was won by Platter, which beat By Jimminy and Smolensko in 1.47 3/5, and the same colt won the Walden, again at a mile and a sixteenth, narrowly by a neck over Royal Prince in 1.48 3/5.

All of these times, at the distances and for the tracks involved, are on the slow order. Compare

One man tells Another

"Personna is the Blade to Buy"

"How come?"

"Just because they give the finest shave you ever had. A once over with a Personna is as good as a twice over with any other blade I ever used. And every one is perfect! No duds. It's a joy to know you don't have to try 2 or 3 to find a good one. Is Personna worth what it costs? To me, it's worth many times more!"

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PROPER FILLING MAKES GOOD PENS WILLING!

An Inkograph Instruction Sheet from your dealer (or send us a 3c self-addressed envelope for one) will show you how to fill your Inkograph correctly . . . insure performance equal to that of any high-priced pen.

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Use *any pen* to sign up for more WAR BONDS!

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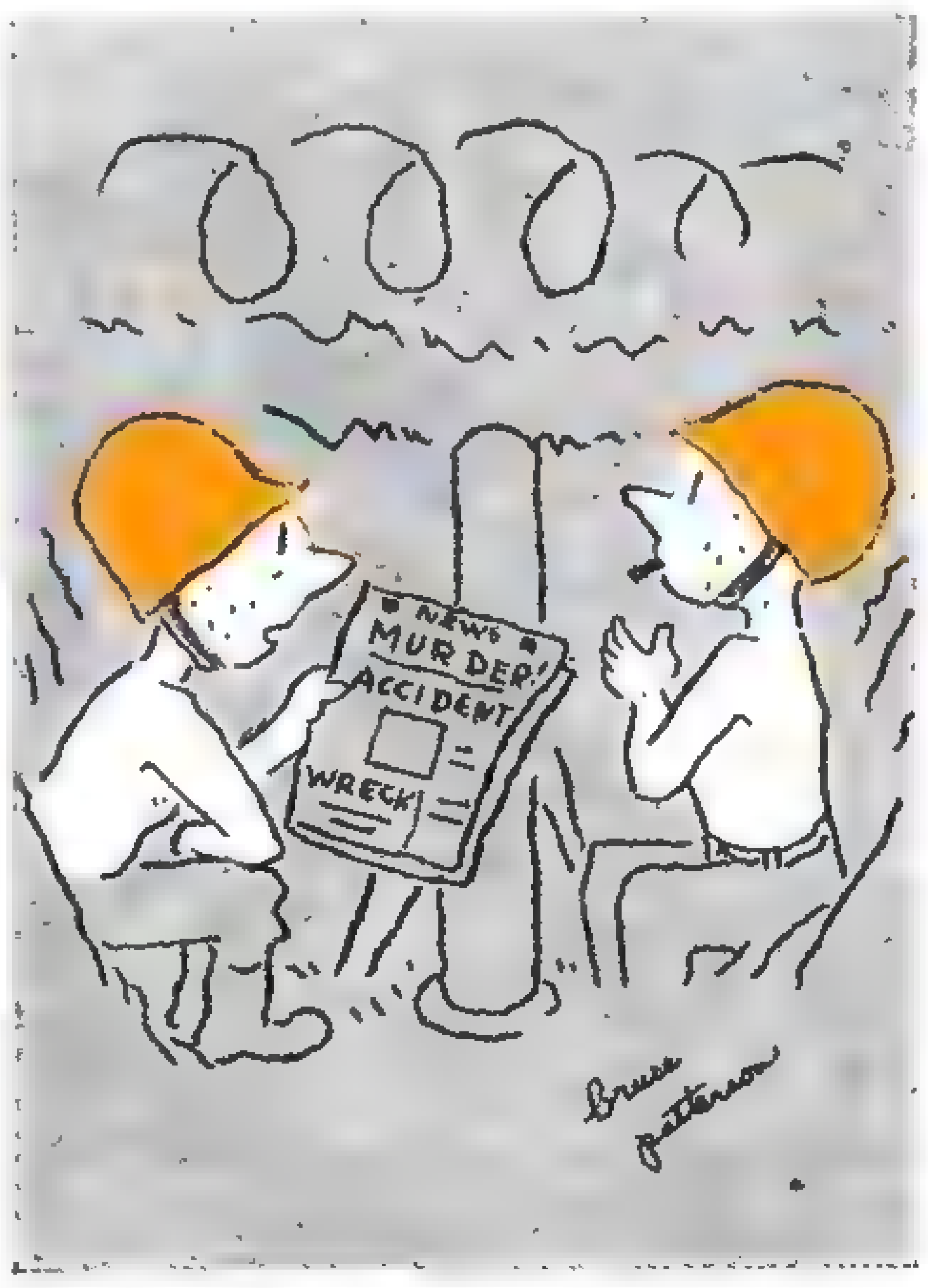
the Champagne and Pimlico Futurity times in 1943, given above, with the figures set by Count Fleet in the same races of 1942—1.34 4/5 in the Champagne (fastest mile ever run by a two-year-old), 1.43 and a fraction in the Pimlico Futurity. The comparison does not make Pukka Gin and Platter look like world beaters.

I cannot surely single out any two-year-old of 1943 as probable Derby winner this year, and I do not believe anyone can do so with assurance and honesty. Available evidence boils down to the broad facts that the colts beat each other, that fillies beat colts, and that all route-races for two-year-olds were won in slow time—often with the winner under quite a bit of pressure.

There are other indications of lack of quality in the two-year-old crop of 1943. Take the case of Weyanoke, a Peace Chance gelding out of an Equipoise mare. For one thing, he was unsexed, which is an indication his owner didn't think much of him in the beginning. In the second place, he was entered at only 2,000 dollars in a claiming race at Jamaica in July, where he finished third. But later, when entered for 4,000 dollars, he ran second by a head, won a maiden special weight event, won easily at a mile at Belmont, when entered for 5,000 dollars, won an allowance race at Jamaica at a mile and seventy yards, and then won the 10,000 dollar first division of the Ardsley Handicap, at a mile and seventy yards, beating Pukka Gin by three lengths, with Platter coming in third.

Weyanoke's beginnings show that his owner originally held him of little worth, and, viewed in one light, his subsequent success may be accepted as evidence that the 1943 crop of juveniles amounted to very little. But I prefer to take a somewhat different viewpoint. None of them is a world beater, and I am not claiming that Weyanoke is a world beater. However, he never ran a bad race, he worked his way up by improving actual

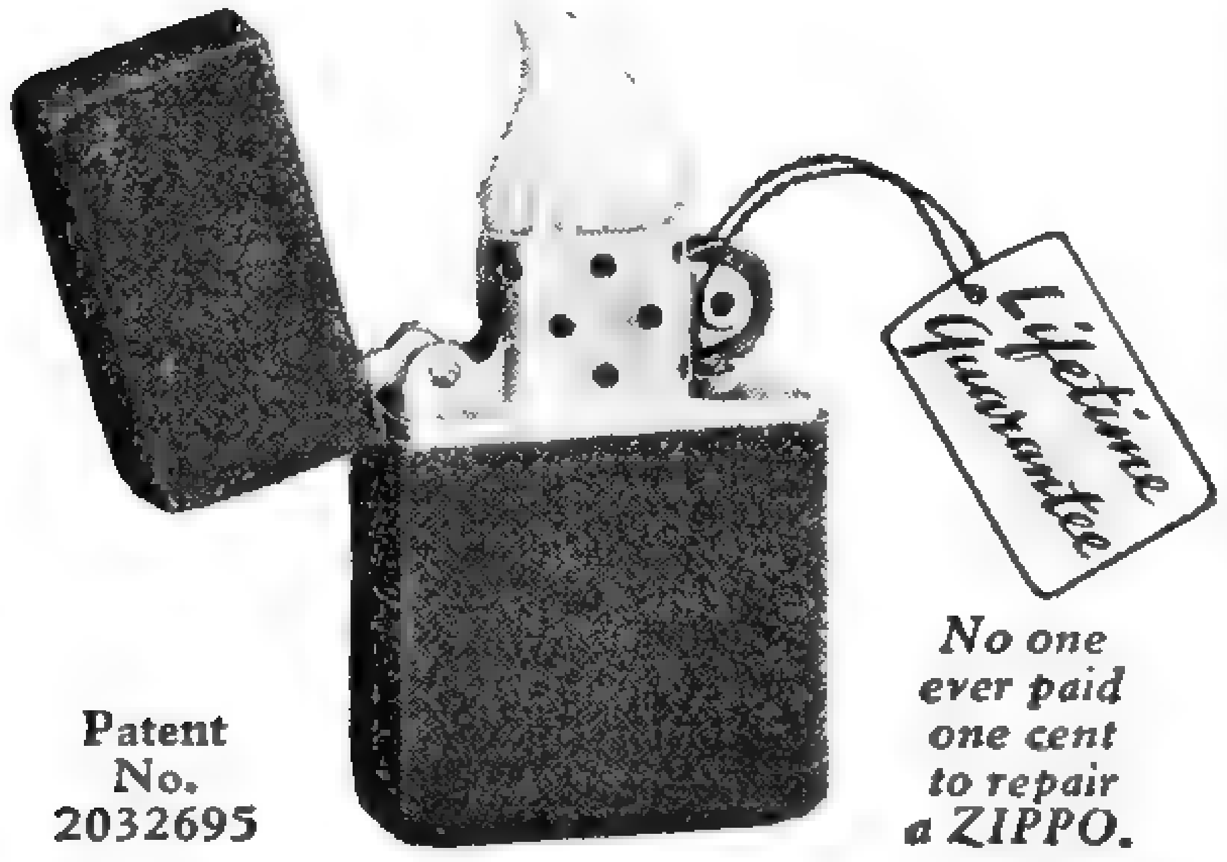


"I wish Marie was here where I could look after her"

Continued on page 176

Frank Beaven

"WANTA BUY A WIN'PROOF LIGHTER?"



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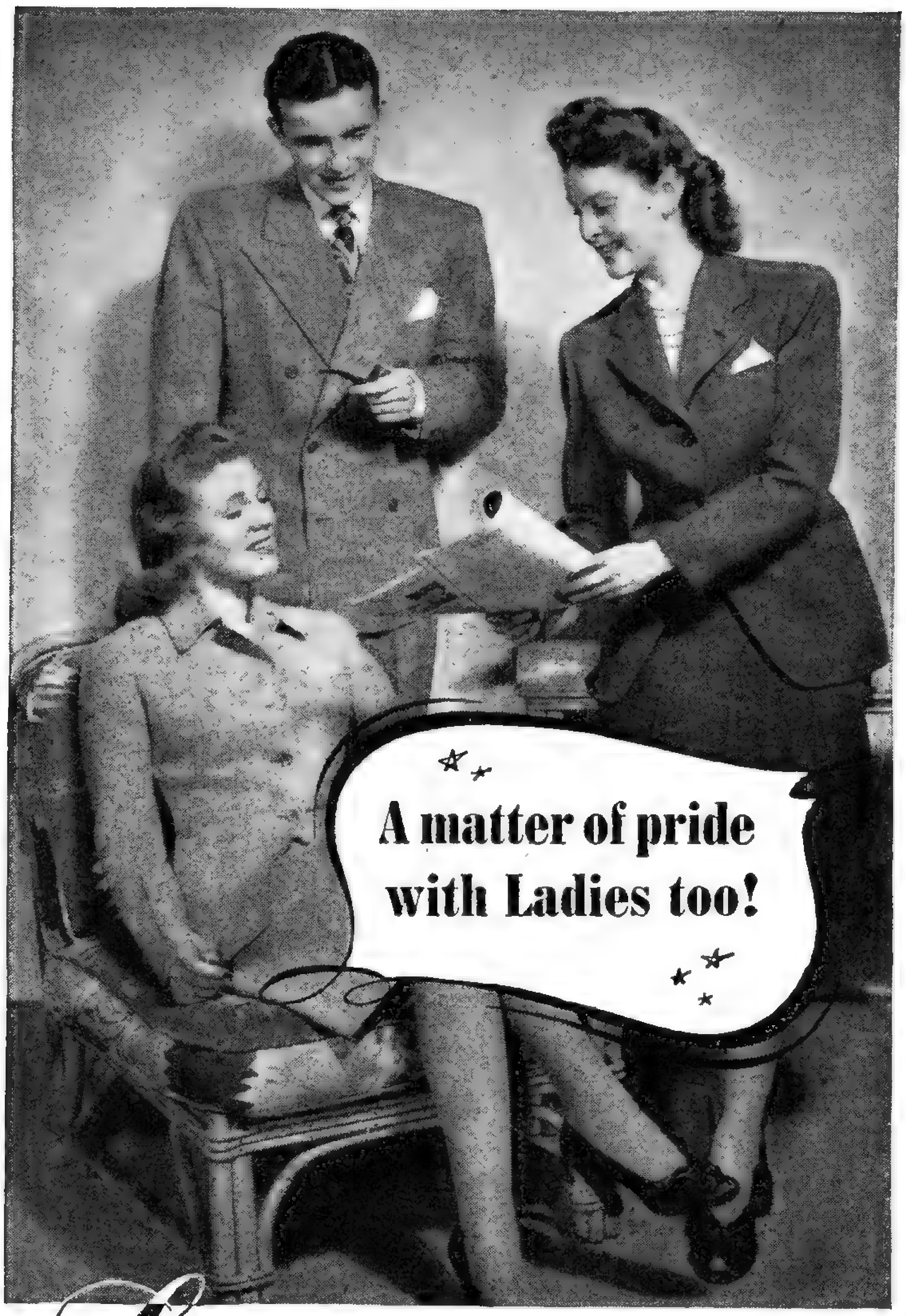

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The Simpson-tailored man is a proud sort of fellow. He likes his clothes and he brags just a wee bit about his tailor. Such pride is contagious and it was inevitable that the woman in his life should become envious. Simpson fabrics are so luxurious in quality and extensive in variety (100% pre-war) . . . Simpson tailoring is so completely an expression of *your* personal requirements . . . that our skilled tailoring men who call direct at your home or office can serve both ladies and gentlemen. The cost is so very modest—the satisfaction so great—we think you'd enjoy knowing a Simpson representative too!

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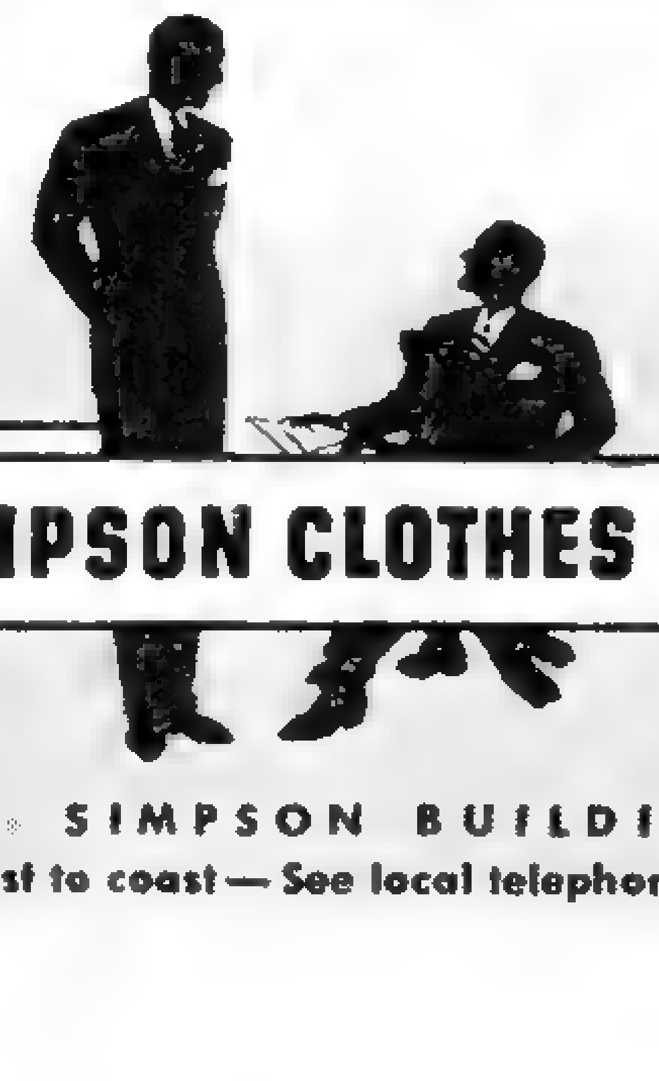
EXCLUSIVE WITH SIMPSON . . . World famous Botany worsted fabrics specially woven to exacting Simpson specifications can now be yours *Tailored by Simpson.* Ladies, too, may choose from the luxurious Simpson presentation for their individually man-tailored wardrobe.

Free! Spring and Summer style guide for men and women is handsomely illustrated in full colors. Drop a card to Dept. E-5 for your copy. Address J. B. Simpson, Inc. Simpson Building, Chicago 7, Ill.



J. B. SIMPSON, INC. ★ SIMPSON BUILDING, CHICAGO (7)
Branches from coast to coast—See local telephone directory

Even Bets for This Year's Derby

Continued from pages 50-175

performance against better and better opposition and he ended his season by beating both Pukka Gin and Platter, winners of the Champagne and Pimlico Futurity, respectively. John B. Campbell, official Jockey Club handicapper, has rated Pukka Gin as tops of the 1943 two-year-olds at 126 pounds, with Platter second-best at 124 pounds and several others, including four fillies, ahead of Weyanoke, who comes in at 118 pounds. But the raw fact remains that Weyanoke beat both Pukka Gin and Platter in the Ardsley, and on the basis of his steady improvement throughout his 1943 season, and the fact that he has never quit nor tired at any distance up to a mile and seventy yards, I am taking him as my selection to win the Kentucky Derby of 1944, which will be the seventieth renewal of the race. He most certainly is not a cinch, as the contest shapes up far in advance of its running. But other horses that probably will be more heavily favored have done no more. Pukka Gin was beaten several times by fillies; Platter tired in the mile Champagne to be beaten by Pukka Gin, Pressure, Pensive and another. For my money Weyanoke is as good as any other probable for the Derby and definitely better than most of what I can regard only as a group of relatively mediocre horses. Animals that come up the hard way by winning against better and better opposition have falsified their connections' original estimates of their worth by doing just that; I could name offhand a dozen or more that have reached the heights. Weyanoke may be another—and does not have to be another to win the Derby in May against comparatively weak opponents. He has done everything asked of him to date, and there is great racing blood in him. It is unnecessary to outline the record of Equipoise, the Chocolate Soldier, his dam's sire, and his own sire, Peace Chance, who ran and won a beautiful Belmont Stakes some years ago.

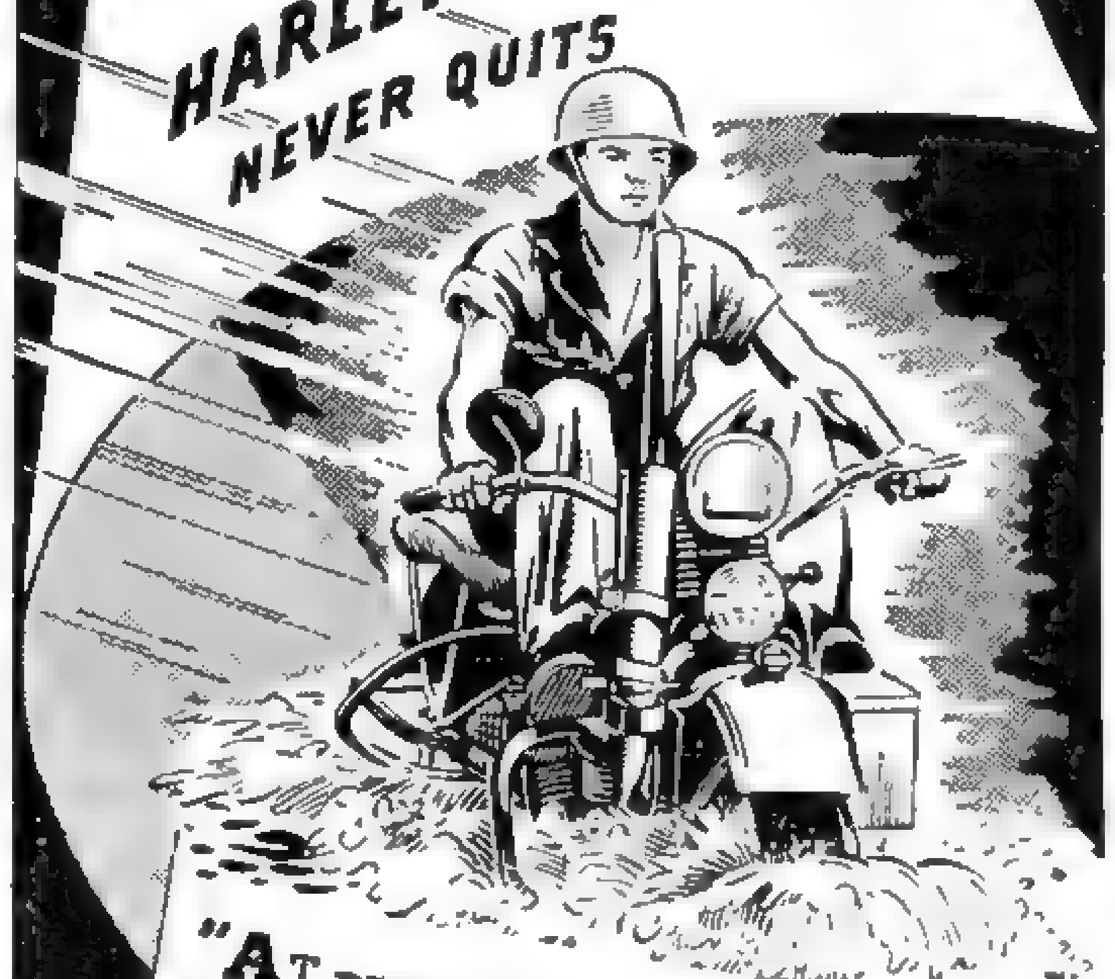
This is my tenth attempt to select the winner of the Kentucky Derby for readers of Esquire in an article necessarily written many weeks in advance of the actual running of the race. In my nine previous attempts I have named three horses that won—Omaha, Whirlaway and Count Fleet—five that finished second, and a single non-starter. If any public selector, naming his choice in a newspaper on the day of the race, has equalled this record, I will take pleasure in sending a box of cigars of any brand desired to the reader who sends me the proof through this magazine. The scoring will have to be on the basis of a consensus—5 points for a winner, 3 for a second horse, and 1 for a horse that finished third. ⧺

WHEN FINE AMERICAN WATCHES CAN AGAIN BE MADE *Hamilton* WILL MAKE THEM

Sorry you can't buy that Hamilton Watch today. Hamilton is making precision timepieces for Uncle Sam only now. But, when American watches can again be made, Hamilton will once more make America's preferred gift watch—a watch worth waiting for.

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

LIKE A HIGHSTRUNG *Racehorse* HARLEY-DAVIDSON NEVER QUITS



"At present I'm in————, doing some throttle-twisting for the Army on a 1943, 45. You'd really get a thrill if you'd see the Harley-Davidsons plowing through mud and rain at the front. They remind you of a high-strung race horse—they never quit. I want to ride a Harley-Davidson again after the war."

Thousands of riders in this country and abroad are yearning for the days to return when there'll be races, hillclimbs, endurance runs and other exciting motorcycle events. Buy War Bonds now for your Harley-Davidson after the war.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Enthusiast
NAVY

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE, filled with motorcycle pictures and stories.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

Time and the Dream Mine

Continued from page 104

as only men can who feel they've been fleeced. They had the sucker's rabid desire for revenge. With such witnesses, Koyle was doomed. He remained unperturbed.

"When the witnesses got on the stand, they changed their minds," he says. "Instead of testifying against me, they began whooping it up for the Dream Mine. Case was dismissed. Knowed it would be from the start."

Cross stripes of this knitted cotton shirt appear in Campaign Colors.

He accepts this incident as a matter of course. He just knows he can't be licked. What caused the witnesses to have their faith restored—his presence? There is no outward sign in the stooped figure in his faded work clothes to hint at his uncanny power to sway men.

He is as mild as he is soft-spoken. He can listen as well as talk. He doesn't orate; he doesn't rant. He doesn't force his opinions on anyone. Yet he has kept the unshaken faith of thousands of Dreamers for forty-nine years. He has had both Church and State arrayed against him. At one time, seventeen deputy marshals were hunting him. Yet he is still going strong, and, right now, he says, the Dream Mine is on the brink of the biggest boom of all.

They did stop him once, back around 1914. For six years the Dream Mine was idle. No lines grew on Koyle's face. He knew things would straighten out, and they did, at least to his own satisfaction. When they did he renewed operations.

When he needed money, he simply sold stock. Things were a bit tough at times. But about the time stockholders began wondering about dividends or muttering about court action, Koyle would somehow manage to "find" a new metal in the ore or run into a sign—a blaze, as it were, to show he was on the right trail. For instance, a hog's-back in the rock formation of the tunnel. He had predicted it would be there, and it was. Again, a map of North America was revealed in a stra-

Continued on page 178

"Give him any excuse, and he shows up in his Fruit of the Loom Pajamas."

True enough, gentlemen, these pajamas have plenty of eye-appeal. Comfortable in bed or out . . . won't bind or chafe. With many custom-type features . . . plus the unconditional Fruit of the Loom guarantee. $2.95

FRUIT of the LOOM
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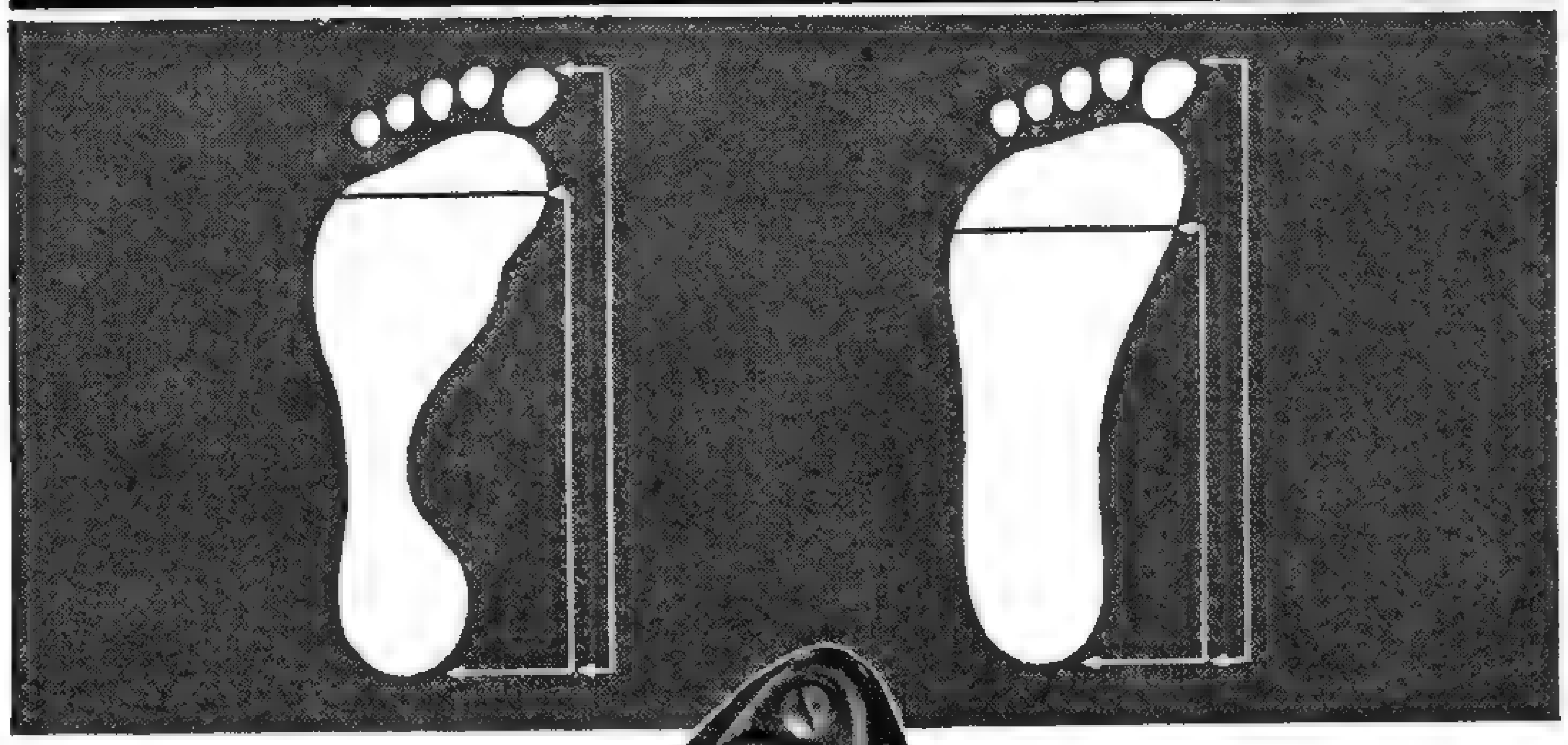

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Time and the Dream Mine

Continued from pages 104-177

tegic spot. There was a right turn to the vein as predicted. Faults made perfect north and south walls to the tunnel for a hundred yards or so—just as he'd said they would! John Koyle knew where he was going.

At the proper time Koyle had started a tunnel straight into the mountainside some distance below the original diggings. A ditch had to be made as they went along to carry off the water. What water?—never mind, there'd be water. The workers grumbled about the ditch. It was a nuisance to make, and anybody knew there was no water in the mountain. No sign of water. They went 2,000 feet with no water. Koyle calmly ordered the ditch built foot by foot as the tunnel progressed. At 2,400 feet the water appeared and filled the ditch. Clear, pure, icy water, a priceless thing in the desert.

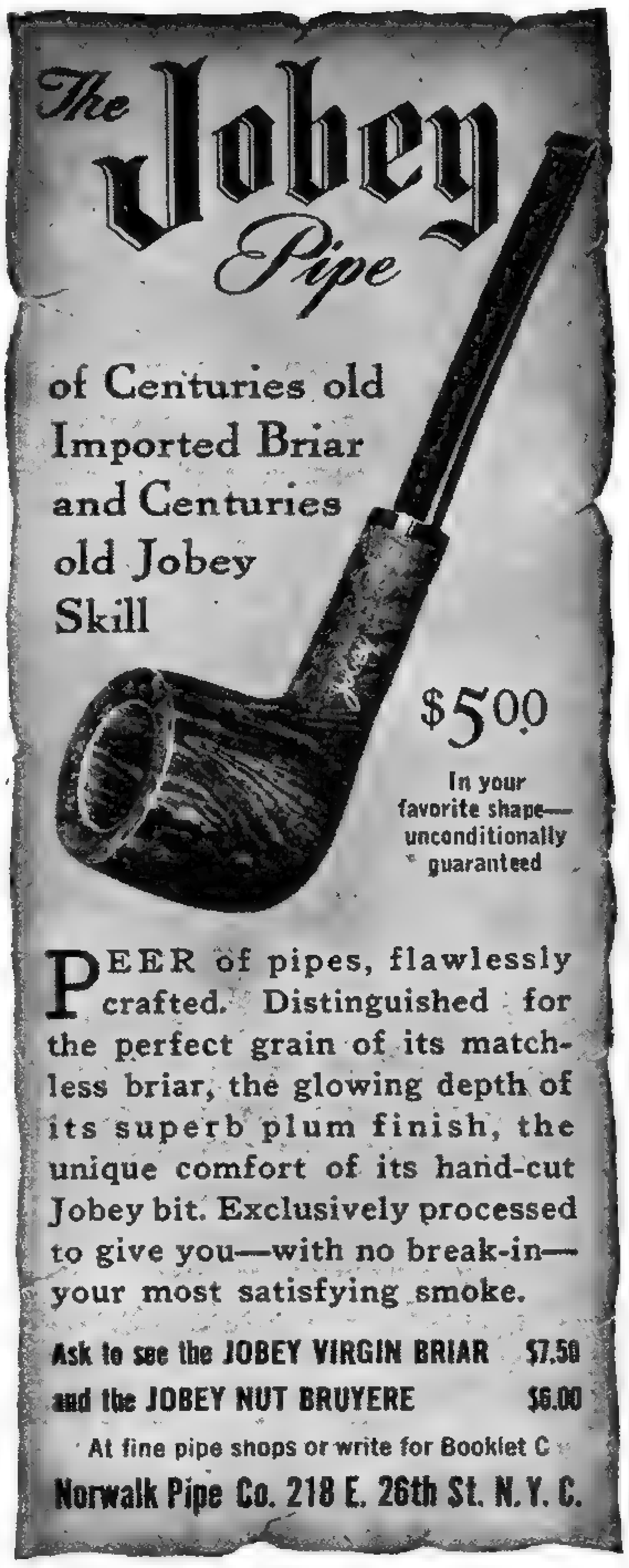
Koyle was his own surveyor on this tunnel. He got back a way onto a ridge and, clinging to a bush with one hand, sighted with his naked eye, to get the thing started. Once going, he just went ahead without sighting. The tunnel is 3,400 feet long, and at the back end you can see daylight from the front. Pretty fair job, Koyle admits.

The geologist who had influence in the state continued his opposition. Koyle, however, always knew what was going to happen. He was always one jump ahead. This baffled the geologist, who had no inkling that his secretary happened to be a Dreamer.

The state denied Koyle a license to sell stock. That should have stopped him cold. The sale of stock was his only source of income for operations. Koyle called in his board of directors and told them what to do. Koyle never has asked his directors to direct. "They don't generally interfere," he explains. So he told them, "Issue me some stock. Fifty thousand shares of special stock." This was in his own name, his personal stock, and there was no law against a man selling his own stock. The Dream Mine continued operations.

Koyle is a man given to predictions, and the number of things he has predicted that came to pass is astounding. One of his more outlandish predictions came years ago when, pointing across the sagebrush desert to a desolate spot, he said, "There'll be a big manufacturing plant right there someday." The place is isolated, on rocky ground above the irrigation level, far from human habitation. Too, the valley had hundreds of better sites. Came the war, and today a powder mill stands on the spot. Isolation is a prime requisite for a powder mill, and the location is ideal.

Another prediction had to do with the geologist who continued to do his utmost to close down the Dream Mine. He wrote articles



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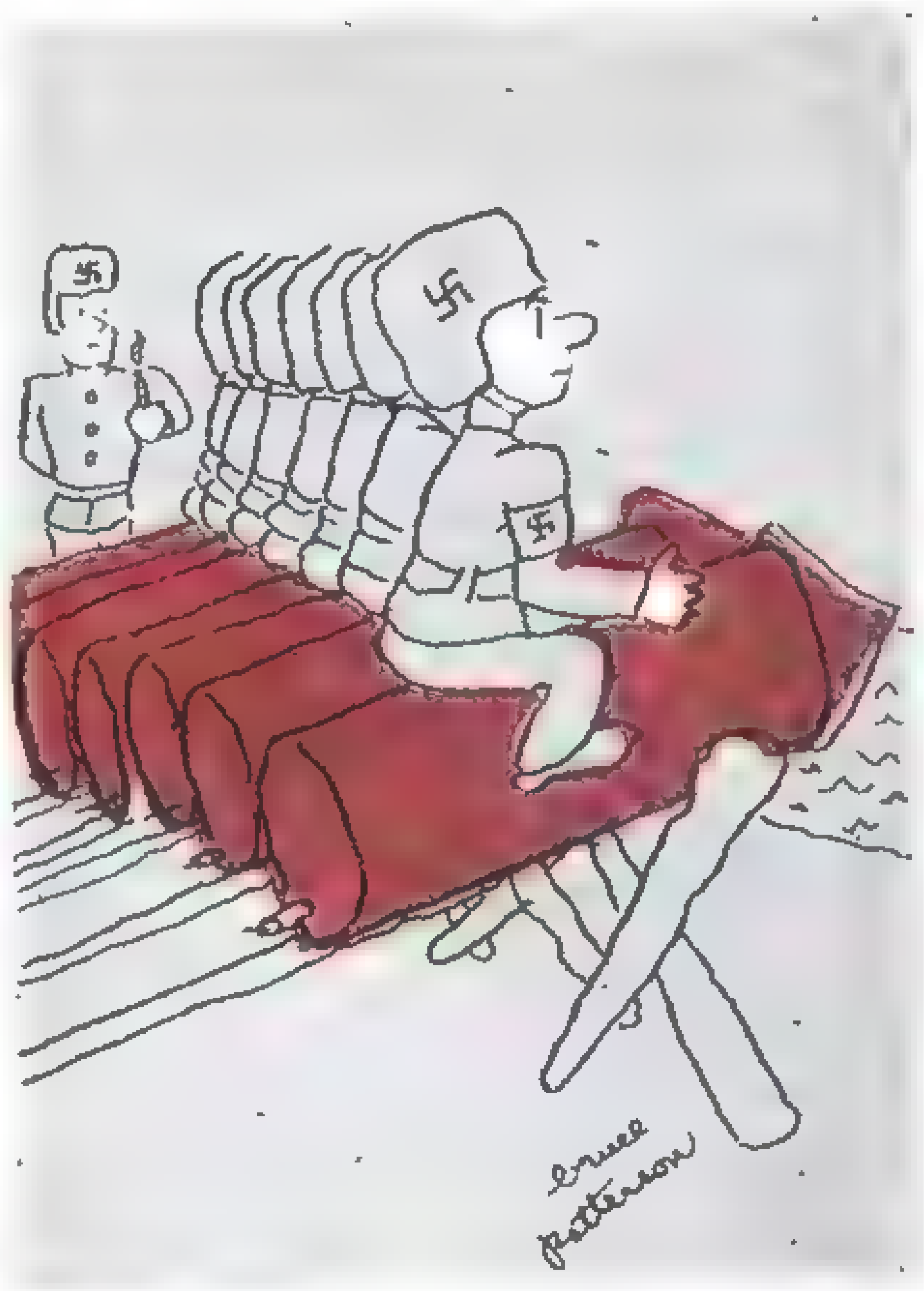
against it for the state press and made speeches. He had a high position and Koyle had none. Koyle's infinite patience became exhausted.

"The day will come," he declared to his stockholders and anyone else within earshot, "when that man will come to me and ask forgiveness."

A short time later the geologist died. Koyle admits that even the most faithful Dreamer sort of doubted him for a spell. They kind of wondered. But he didn't say anything. Didn't try to explain. Didn't try to worm out of it. He just bided his time. And sure enough, Koyle allows, the geologist appeared to him one night in spirit form. Apparently the man had gone just so far on the other side and couldn't get any farther without asking forgiveness from John Koyle.



"Sure, I forgave him," Koyle says. "I didn't want to cause him no trouble over there." And he adds, matter-of-factly, "Seems to me they're more square on the other side. He didn't ask my forgiveness until he got there."

Came the Depression. Remember? Nobody had a nickel. Nobody would invest. Mining was particularly hard hit. World famous mines in the district were closing down or on the verge of it. Mining stock could hardly be given away. Things looked black for the Dream Mine. For seven weeks Koyle couldn't meet the pay roll. Dreamers wanted returns. They wanted cash instead of promises. Koyle explained there was plenty of ore, but it was this special ore, with all these metals mixed up in it. You heat it and a black smoke comes off, all those metals burning up. There was no plant in existence that could handle it.

"We've got to build our own plant," Koyle told his directors. They threw up their hands in horror. Koyle saw it was no use talking with them. "I was afraid to tell 'em," he admits. So without a word he started the flotation mill on his own hook.

This was in July, 1932, at the

Continued on page 180

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The things with which a man surrounds himself pretty much determine his destiny. Even the cut of his clothes can set its outlines upon his character. The man of judgment, therefore, regards fine apparel as a spiritual essential and has a high appreciation of rich fabrics and skillful tailoring. Such men have long since learned that a Skinner label in the lining is one of the sure indications of quality in a suit. William Skinner & Sons, New York 3. Est. 1848

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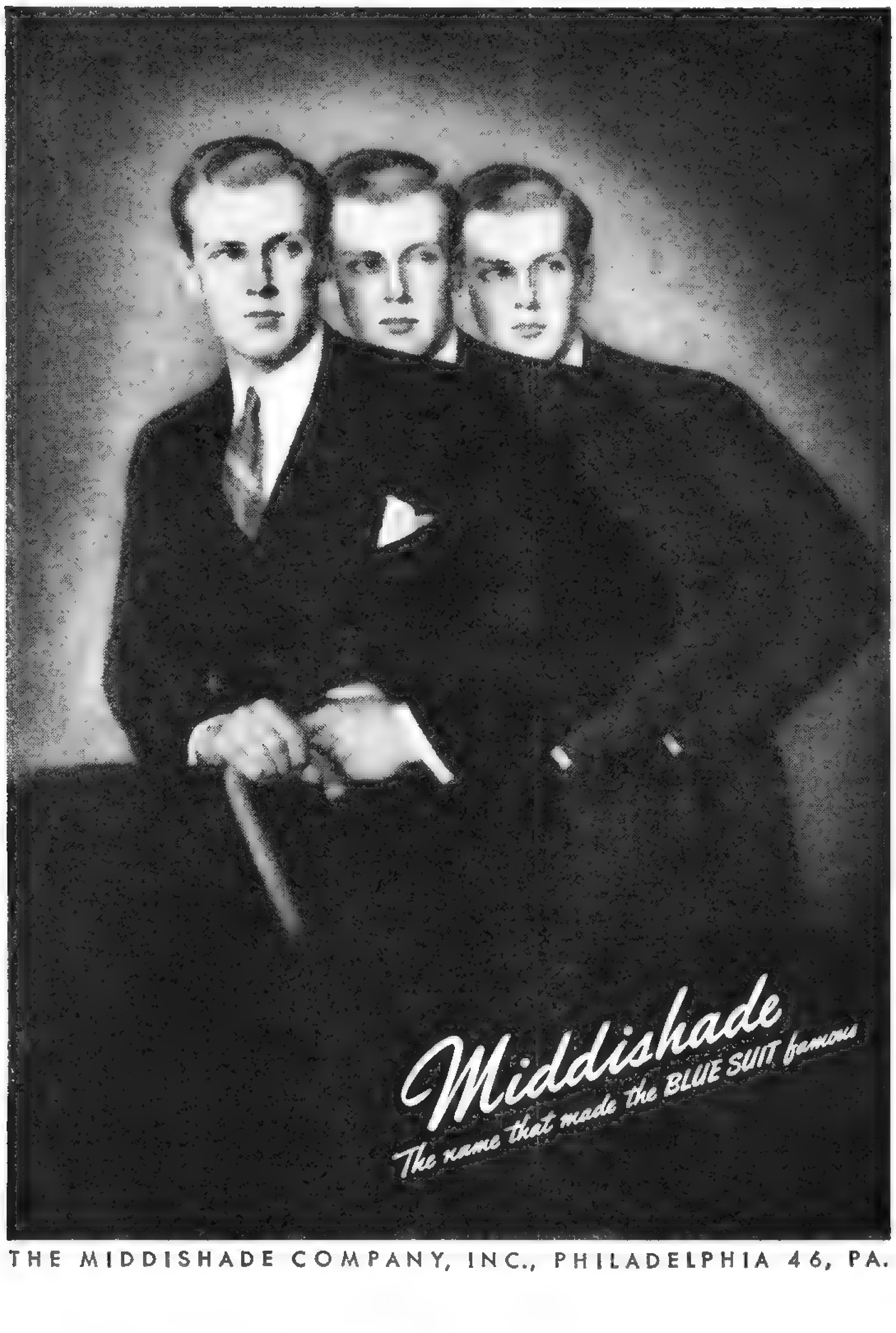
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Time and the Dream Mine

Continued from pages 104-177-179

very bottom of the Depression. In November the mill was complete, and the 40,000 dollars it had cost was paid off in cash. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of machinery was installed. How? Koyle smiles placidly. He isn't talking now. Not yet, says he. It's not the time.

He built the mill in typical Koyle fashion. When construction was under way and things were too far along to recall, the directors demanded an architect. The builder refused to do another tap without blueprints. "I didn't need no blueprints," Koyle says. "I knowed what I wanted."

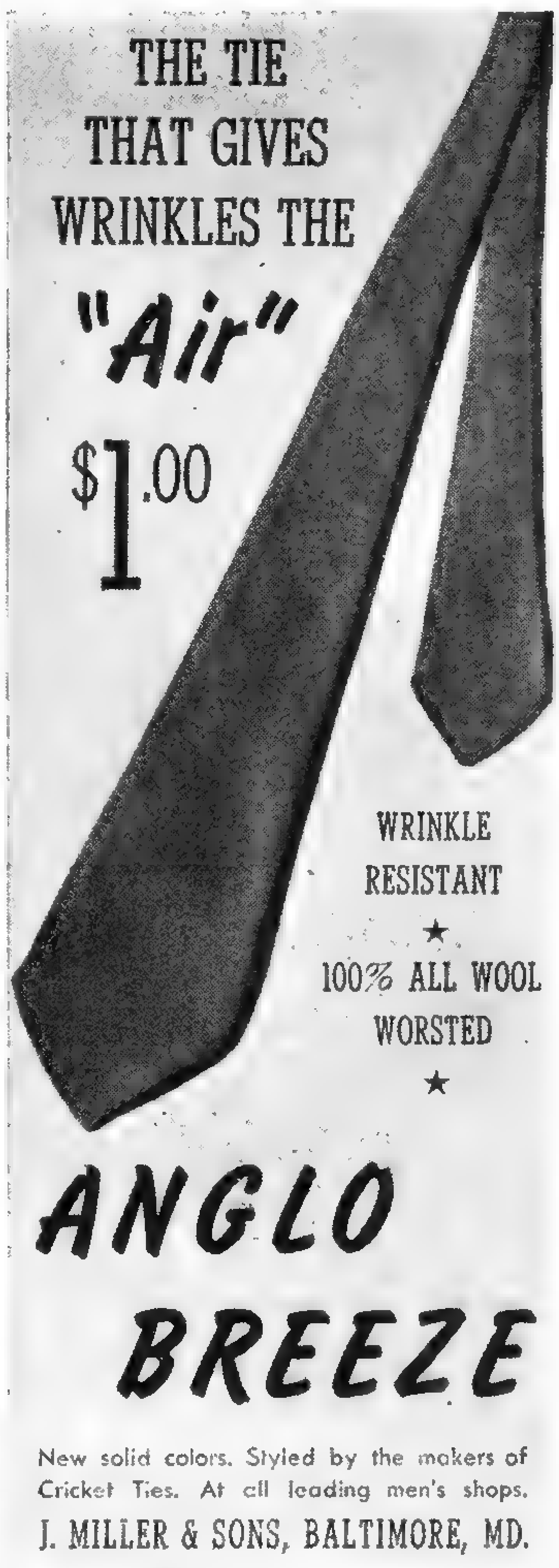
But he did compromise. He hired an architect. The builder, meanwhile, agreed to go on while awaiting finished specifications. "By the time the first section was done, the architect came around with the blueprints for it," Koyle says, grinning. He, meanwhile, had started on the next section, and the architect hastened to catch up. How much influence the architect actually had might be impossible to say, but the finished mill is truly magnificent. It looks like no other flotation mill in the world. Gleaming white, with modernistic horizontal window lines, it appears to be an apartment house, a rich man's castle or a skyscraper built against the mountain. Koyle is justly proud of it.

However, there was a minor flaw in the mill. It couldn't process the ore.

Disappointment? There's a time for all things, Koyle avers placidly. He is not to be rushed. Certain other ore had to be found to mix with the original ore, to make it workable. Too, the mine is not merely a mine. It is a means of saving Utah in time of famine, and is sometimes called the Relief Mine. When the time comes, it will produce wealth to buy large stores of essential foods and supplies. And they—the ones who've been against him all these forty-nine years—they'll be saved along with the rest. The very leaders of the opposition will be in dire straits. The world will be against them. They'll need help badly. And Koyle confidently asserts that he will be the man to lend a hand. When the time comes.

When, if ever, the promised time comes, a Dreamer will be independent on one hundred shares of stock. It's not much of an investment for lifetime security—150 dollars. Of course, some Dreamers would like more than security, and they invest in a few extra shares. Some have their life's savings tied up in it. It is not uncommon for a Dreamer to make an occasional outright donation for the cause.

It *is* a cause. To utter the words "Dream Mine" in any local gathering is to split the group immediately into two factions, for and against. You either believe or you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SPORT SHIRTS
"SPORT TOGS TO FIT THE SPORT"

don't. And the Dream Mine is more than a local affair. In traveling in any of the intermountain states, if a man lets it be known he's from Spanish Fork, he'll be asked about the Dream Mine. Or he can occasionally run into the same question in Los Angeles or New York. And all the Dreamers know is that the time is near. They meet each Thursday night at Koyle's house set below the stucco mill and listen to their leader. They leave burning with enthusiasm. Koyle, to them, is a great leader. For forty-nine years he has made people believe in him and his dream. Few prophets have held disciples that long. While being denounced by the highest ranking officials of the territory, he has continued to operate his mine on the hard-earned cash of the faithful. The number of Dreamers grows with the years. Each season sees new Dreamers added to the fold. Each disappointment adds new converts. Each delay and unexpected expense is cause for a boom. The Dreamers are impatient to provide what is necessary to hasten the great day.

And the time now is near. That it has been near week by week, for almost half a century, has no bearing on the case. This time it's the real thing. The very last obstacle has been overcome, right now. This very week.

Koyle sits in his rocker, a slight old gentleman of seventy-nine. He sits there in his working clothes and rocks tranquilly. He's sorry; he can't talk. He's just sort of rambled tonight, jumping around purposely so you wouldn't get the story. But pretty soon he'll be ready to talk. Right away. Big things are now in the offing. The time is very short.

"But don't mention this latest development," he says with a calm assurance that has won him many followers. "It's a sure thing this time, but they've been against me too long. I don't want to say a word until the right time."

And then he shakes your hand good night, and his eyes are dim again. The story of the Dream Mine will be a good one, when John Koyle gets ready to tell it. ⋕

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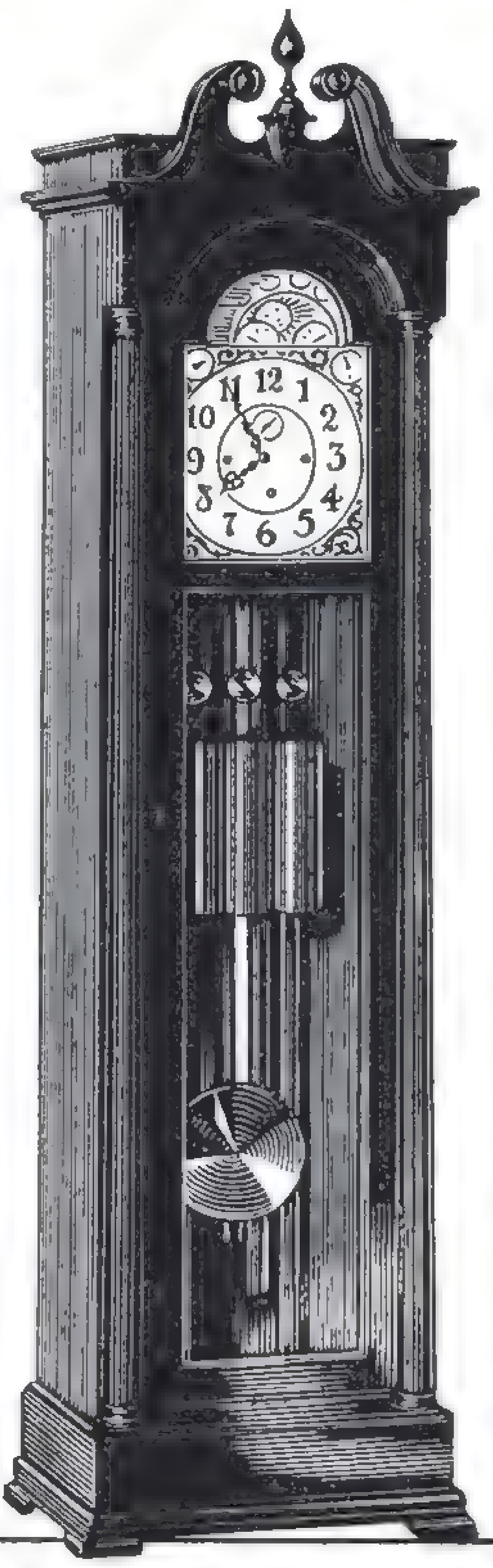

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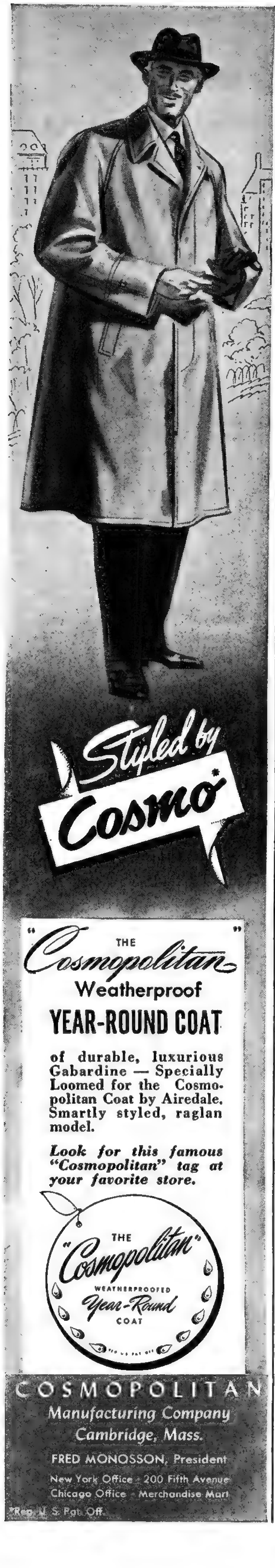
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YOAKUM YARNS

by RAWHIDE TANNER

"THE KILLIN' OF BALDY CARSON"

This limp of mine? I got that back in '79, the night Baldy Carson left off horse stealin' for coal shovelin'... Nope, I didn't have a hand in killin' Baldy. It was like this...

Texas had livery stables in those days. My horse was bedded down in a stall and I was dead to the world on the hay in the loft, plannin' to get an early start for the ranch next mornin'. All of a sudden I was woke up by some feller blattin' right under the open hayloft door. "Sheriff," he was hollerin', "you'd better of stayed in bed. Now I got to kill you!"

Well, I eased over and looked and there in the moonlight was this whoppin' big feller. He was standin' sorta spraddle-legged, pointin' a mean lookin' six-shooter at another man over by the hitchin' rail. The other feller was little and kind of old and dried up lookin'. He was bareheaded and his white hair was all bristly on his banty-rooster head. He had a .44, too, but it was still in its holster.

Just as I peeped down the little feller spoke up: "You ain't killin' nobody, Baldy Carson. I heard you was in town and I've come to take you in for bein' too careless about whose horses you saddle." Awful calm and quiet, the old man was. But it looked to me like he was buckin' a losin' game. This here Baldy was all set to shoot. "Here's where I take a hand," I thought, and I took a flyin' leap for Baldy's shoulders. A split second later three things happened, simultaneous: I landed on Baldy; Baldy's gun roared; and danged if the old sheriff's gun didn't bust loose, too! I never seen him draw, but he done it. Baldy's shot went wild. But the Sheriff's didn't. I got it in my left leg and let out a yelp and rolled off of Baldy, expectin' him to come up shootin'. But he didn't. He was dead. That .44 slug had went through my leg and right on through Baldy's gizzard. Nope, I didn't have a hand in killin' Baldy Carson, but I sure had a leg in it!

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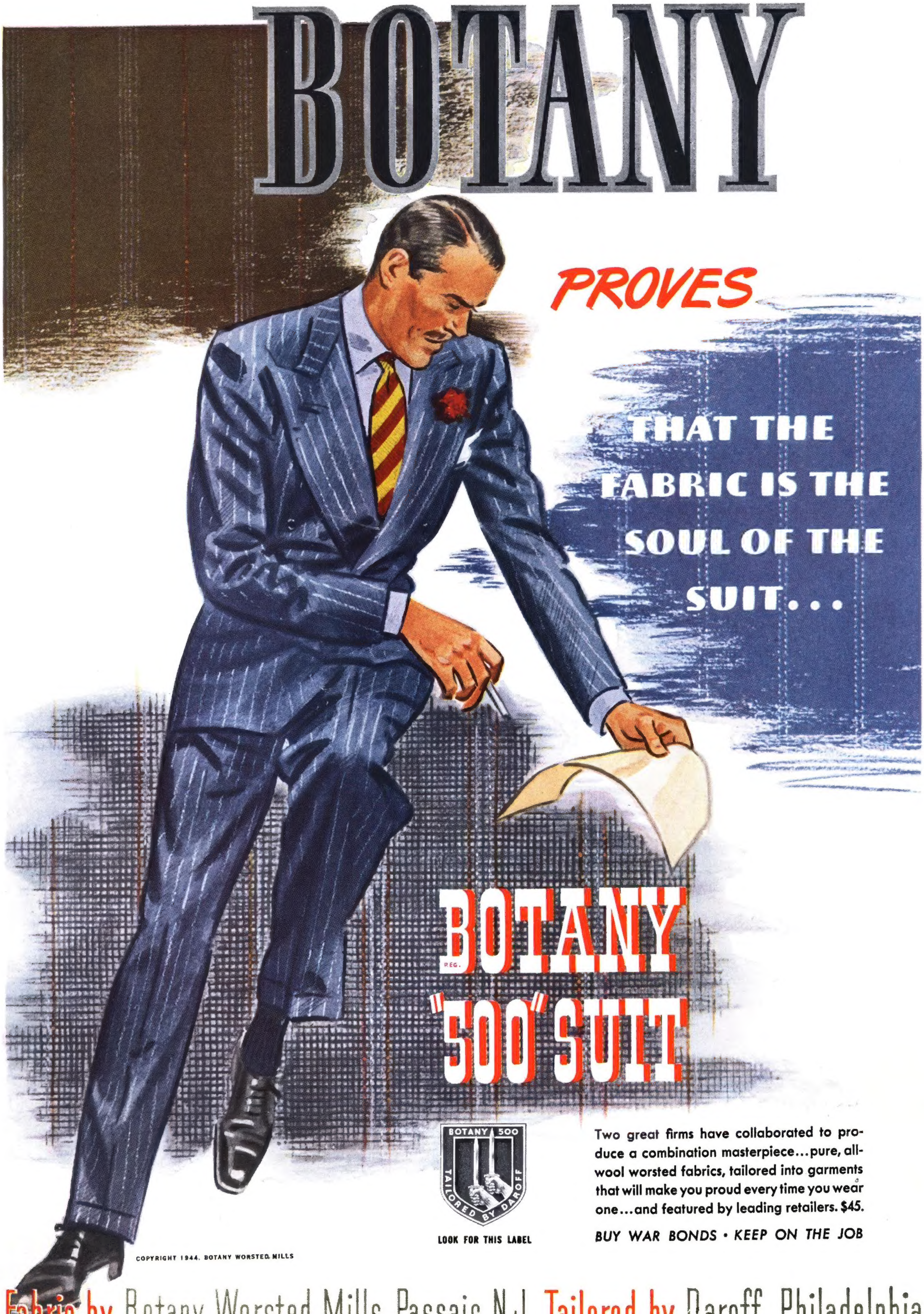

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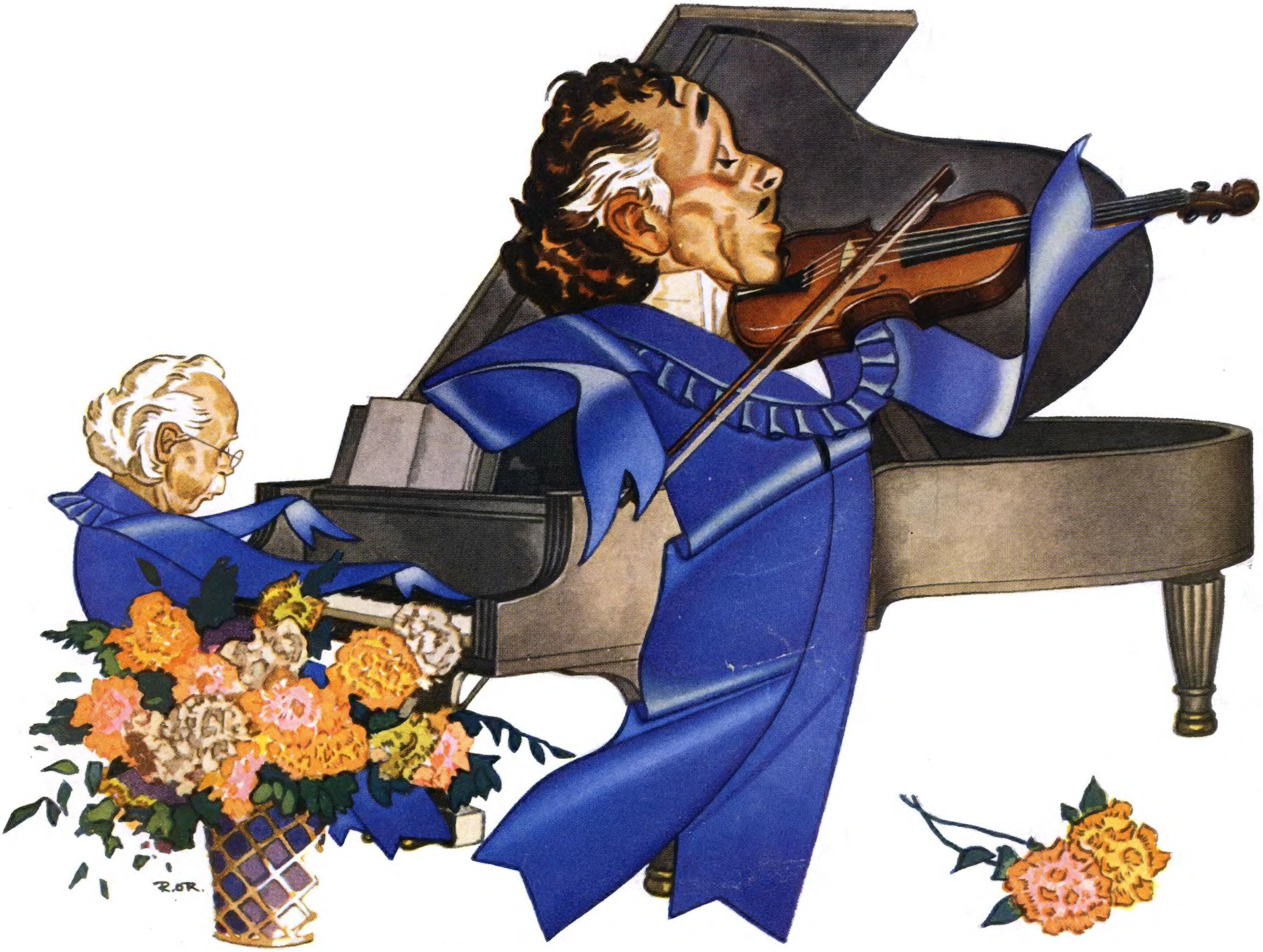

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